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THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

THIRD PAPER: LUXOR—COLOSSI OF MEMNON—MEDINET-ABU

BY ROBERT HICHENS

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

UPON the wall of the great court of Amenhotep III in the temple of Luxor there is a delicious dancing procession in honor of Rameses II. It is very funny and very happy; full of the joy of life—a sort of radiant cake-walk of old Egyptian days. How supple are these dancers! They seem to have no bones. One after another they come in line upon the mighty wall, and each one bends backward to the knees of the one who follows. As I stood and looked at them for the first time, almost I heard the twitter of flutes, the rustic wail of the African hautboy, the monotonous boom of the derabukkeh, cries of a far-off gaiety such as one often hears from the Nile by night. But these cries came down the long avenues of the centuries; this gaiety was distant in the vasty halls of the long-dead years. Never can I think of Luxor without thinking of those happy dancers, without thinking of the life that goes on in the sun on dancing feet.

There are a few places in the world that one associates with happiness, that one remembers always with a smile, a little thrill at the heart that whispers, "There joy is." Of these few places Luxor is one—Luxor the home of sunshine, the suave abode of light, of warmth, of the sweet days of gold and sheeny, golden sunsets, of silver, shimmering nights through which the songs of the boatmen of the Nile go floating to the courts and the tombs of Thebes. The roses bloom in Luxor under the mighty palms. Always surely beneath the palms there are the roses. And the lateen-sails come up the Nile, looking like white-winged promises of future golden days. And at dawn one wakes with hope and hears the songs of the dawn; and at noon one dreams of the happiness to come;

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and at sunset one is swept away on the gold into the heart of the golden world; and at night one looks at the stars, and each star is a twinkling hope. Soft are the airs of Luxor; there is no harshness in the wind that stirs the leaves of the palms. And the land is steeped in light. From Luxor one goes with regret. One returns to it with joy on dancing feet.

One day I sat in the temple, in the huge court with the great double row of columns that stands on the banks of the Nile and looks so splendid from it. The pale brown of the stone became almost yellow in the sunshine. From the river, hidden from me, stole up the songs of the boatmen. Nearer at hand I heard pigeons cooing, cooing in the sun, as if almost too glad, and seeking to manifest their gladness. Behind me, through the columns, peeped some houses of the village: the white home of Ibrahim Ayyad, the perfect dragoman, grandson of Mustapha Aga, who entertained me years ago, and whose house stood actually within the precincts of the temple; houses of other fortunate dwellers in Luxor whose names I do not know. For the village of Luxor crowds boldly about the temple, and the children play in the dust almost at the foot of obelisks and statues. High on a brown hump of earth a buffalo stood alone, languishing serenely in the sun, gazing at me through the columns with light eyes that were full of a sort of folly of contentment. Some goats tripped by, brown against the brown stone—the dark brown earth of the native houses. Intimate life was here, striking the note of the coziness of Luxor. Here was none of the sadness and the majesty of Denderah. Grand are the ruins of Luxor, noble is the line of columns that boldly fronts the Nile; but Time has given them naked to the air and to the sun, to children and to animals. Instead of bats, the pigeons fly about them. There is no dreadful darkness in their sanctuaries. Before them the life of the river, behind them the life of the village flows and stirs. Upon them looks down the Minaret of Abu Haggag; and as I sat in the sunshine, the warmth of which began to lessen, I saw upon its lofty circular balcony the figure of the muezzin. He leaned over, bending toward the temple and the statues of Rameses II and the happy dancers on the wall. He opened his lips and cried to them:

"God is great. God is great. . . . I bear witness that there is no god but God. . . . I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. . . . Come to prayer! Come to prayer! . . . God is great. God is great. There is no god but God."

He circled round the minaret. He cried to the Nile. He cried to the colossi sitting in their plain, and to the yellow precipices of the mountains of Libya. He cried to Egypt:

"Come to prayer! Come to prayer! There is no god but God. There is no god but God."

The days of the gods were dead, and their ruined temple echoed with the proclamation of the one God of the Moslem world. "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!" The sun began to sink.

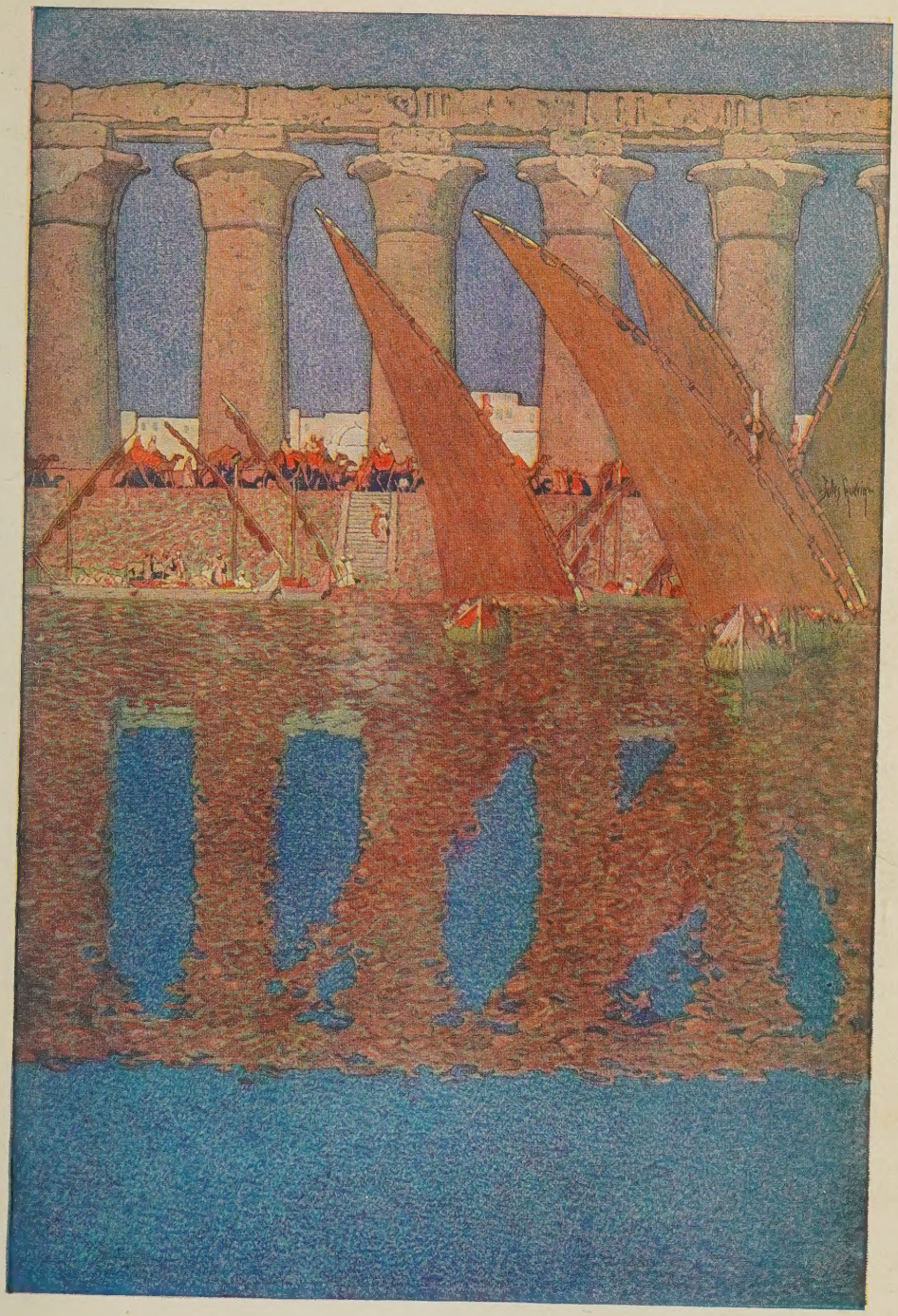
> Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me.

The voice of the muezzin died away. There was a silence; and then, as if in answer to the cry from the minaret, I heard the chime of the angelus bell from the Catholic church of Luxor.

> Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark.

I sat very still. The light was fading; all the yellow was fading, too, from the columns and the temple walls. I stayed till it was dark; and with the dark the old gods seemed to resume their interrupted sway. And surely they, too, called to prayer. For do not these ruins of old Egypt, like the muezzin upon the minaret, like the angelus bell in the church tower, call one to prayer in the night? So wonderful are they under stars and moon that they stir the fleshly and the worldly desires that lie like drifted leaves about the reverence and the aspiration that are the hidden core of the heart. And it is released from its burden; and it awakes and prays.

Amun-Ra, Mut, and Khuns, the king of the gods, his wife, mother of gods, and the moon god, were the Theban triad to whom the holy buildings of Thebes on the two banks of the Nile were dedicated;



THE GREAT COLONNADE, TEMPLE OF LUXOR

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN


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and this temple of Luxor, the "House of Amun in the Southern Apt," was built fifteen hundred years before Christ by Amenhotep III. Rameses II, that vehement builder, added to it immensely. One walks among his traces when one walks in Luxor. And here, as at Denderah, Christians have let loose the fury that should have had no place in their religion. Churches for their worship they made in different parts of the temple, and when they were not praying, they broke in pieces statues, defaced bas-reliefs, and smashed up shrines with a vigor quite as great as that displayed in preservation by Christians of to-day. Now time has called a truce. Safe are the statues that are left. And day by day two great religions, almost as if in happy brotherly love, send forth their summons by the temple walls. And just beyond those walls, upon the hill, there is a Coptic church. Peace reigns in happy Luxor. The lion lies down with the lamb, and the child, if it will, may harmlessly put its hand into the cockatrice's den.

Perhaps because it is so surrounded, so haunted by life and familiar things, because the pigeons fly about it, the buffalo stares into it, the goats stir up the dust beside its columns, the twittering voices of women make a music near its courts, many people pay little heed to this great temple, gain but a small impression from it. It decorates the bank of the Nile. You can see it from the dahabiyehs. For many that is enough. Yet the temple is a noble one, and, for me, it gains a definite attraction all its own from the busy life about it, the cheerful hum and stir. And if you want fully to realize its dignity, you can always visit it by night. Then the cries from the village are hushed. The houses show no lights. Only the voices from the Nile steal up to the obelisk of Rameses, to the pylon from which the flags of Thebes once flew on festal days, to the shrine of Alexander the Great, with its vultures and its stars, and to the red granite statues of Rameses and his wives.

These last are as expressive and of course more definite than my dancers. They are full of character. They seem to breathe out the essence of a vanished domesticity. Colossal are the statues of the king, solid, powerful, and tremendous, boldly facing the world with the calm of one who was thought, and possibly thought himself, to be not much less than a deity. And upon each pedestal, shrinking delicately back, was once a little wife. Some little wives are left. They are delicious in their modesty. Each stands away from the king, shyly, respectfully. Each is so small as to be below his down-stretched arm. Each, with a surely furtive gesture, reaches out her right hand, and attains the swelling calf of her noble husband's leg. Plump are their little faces, but not bad-looking. One cannot pity the king. Nor does one pity them. For these were not "Les désenchantées," the restless, sad-hearted women of an Eastern world that knows too much. Their longings surely cannot have been very great. Their world was probably bounded by the calf of Rameses's leg. That was "the far horizon" of the little plump-faced wives.

The happy dancers and the humble wives, they always come before me with the temple of Luxor—joy and discretion side by side. And with them, to my ears, the two voices seem to come, muezzin and angelus bell, mingling not in war, but peace. When I think of this temple, I think of its joy and peace far less than of its majesty.

And yet it is majestic. Look at it, as I have often done, toward sunset from the western bank of the Nile, or climb the mound beyond its northern end, where stands the grand entrance, and you realize at once its nobility and solemn splendor. From the *Loulia's* deck it was a procession of great columns; that was all. But the decorative effect of these columns, soaring above the river and its vivid life, is fine.

By day all is turmoil on the river-bank. Barges are unloading, steamers are arriving, and throngs of donkey-boys and dragomans go down in haste to meet them. Servants run to and fro on errands from the many dahabiyehs. Bathers leap into the brown waters. The native craft pass by with their enormous sails outspread to catch the wind, bearing serried mobs of men and black-robed women and laughing, singing children. The boatmen of the hotels sing monotonously as they lounge in the big, white boats waiting for travelers to Medinet-Abu, to the Rames-

seum, to Kurna, and the tombs. And just above them rise the long lines of columns, ancient, tranquil, and remote—infinitely remote, for all their nearness, casting down upon the sunlit gaiety the long shadow of the past.

From the edge of the mound where stands the native village the effect of the temple is much less decorative, but its detailed grandeur can be better grasped from there; for from there one sees the great towers of the propylon, two rows of mighty columns, the red granite Obelisk of Rameses the Great, and the black granite statues of the king. On the right of the entrance a giant stands, on the left one is seated, and a little farther away a third emerges from the ground, which reaches to its mighty breast.

And there the children play perpetually. And there the Egyptians sing their serenades, making the pipes wail and striking the derabukkeh; and there the women gossip and twitter like the birds. And the buffalo comes to take his sun-bath; and the goats and the curly, brown sheep pass in sprightly and calm processions. The obelisk there, like its brother in Paris, presides over a cheerfulness of life; but it is a life that seems akin to it, not alien from it. And the king watches the simplicity of this keen existence of Egypt of to-day far up the Nile with a calm that one does not fear may be broken by unsympathetic outrage, or by any vision of too perpetual foreign life. For the tourists each year are but an episode in Upper Egypt. Still the shadoof-man sings his ancient song, violent and pathetic, bold as the burning sun-rays. Still the fellaheen plow with the camel yoked with the ox. Still the women are covered with protective amulets and hold their black draperies in their mouths. The intimate life of the Nile remains the same. And that life obelisk and king have known for how many, many years!

And so I love to think of this intimacy of life about the temple of the happy dancers and the humble little wives, and it seems to me to strike the keynote of the golden coziness of Luxor.

Nevertheless, sometimes one likes to escape from the thing one loves, and there are hours when the gay voices of Luxor fatigue the ears, when one desires a great calm. Then there are silent voices that summon one across the river, when the dawn is breaking over the hills of the Arabian desert, or when the sun is declining toward the Libyan mountains—voices issuing from lips of stone, from the twilight of sanctuaries, from the depths of rock-hewn tombs.

The peace of the plain of Thebes in the early morning is very rare and very exquisite. It is not the peace of the desert, but rather, perhaps, the peace of the prairie—an atmosphere tender, delicately thrilling, softly bright, hopeful in its gleaming calm. Often and often have I left the *Loulia* very early, moored against the long sand islet that faces Luxor when the Nile has not subsided, I have rowed across the quiet water that divided me from the western bank, and, with a happy heart, I have entered into the lovely peace of the great spaces that stretch from the Colossi of Memnon to the Nile, to the mountains, southward toward Armant, northward to Kerekten, to Danfik, to Gueziret-Meteira. Think of the color of young clover, of young barley, of young wheat; think of the timbre of the reed flute's voice, thin, clear, and frail with the frailty of dewdrops; think of the torrents of spring rushing through the veins of a great, wide land, and growing almost still at last on their journey. Spring, you will say, perhaps, and high Nile not yet subsided! But Egypt is the favored land of a spring that is already alert at the end of November, and in December is pushing forth its green. The Nile has sunk away from the feet of the colossi that it has bathed through many days. It has freed the plain to the fellaheen, though still it keeps my island in its clasp. And Hapi, or Kam-wra, the "Great Extender," and Ra, have made this wonderful spring to bloom on the dark earth before the Christian's Christmas.

What a pastoral it is, this plain of Thebes, in the dawn of day! Think of the reed flute, I have said, not because you will hear it, as you ride toward the mountains, but because its voice would be utterly in place here, in this arcady of Egypt, playing no tarantella, but one of those songs, half bird-like, and half sadly, mysteriously human, which come from the soul of the East. Instead of it, you may catch distant cries from the bank of



THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

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the river, where the shadoof-man toils, lifting ever the water and his voice, the one to earth, the other, it seems, to sky; and the creaking lay of the water-wheel, which pervades Upper Egypt like an atmosphere, and which, though perhaps at first it irritates, at last seems to you the sound of the soul of the river, of the sunshine, and the soil.

Much of the land looks painted. So flat is it, so young are the growing crops, that they are like a coating of green paint spread over a mighty canvas. But the doura rises higher than the heads of the naked children who stand among it to watch you canter past. And in the far distance you see dim groups of trees—sycamores and acacias, tamarisks and palms. Beyond them is the very heart of this "land of sand and ruins and gold": Medinet-Abu, the Ramesseum, Deir-el-Medinet, Kurna, Deir-el-Bahari, the tombs of the kings, the tombs of the queens and of the princes. In the strip of bare land at the foot of those hard, and yet poetic, mountains, have been dug up treasures the fame of which has gone to the ends of the world. But this plain, where the fellaheen are stooping to the soil, and the women are carrying the water-jars, and the children are playing in the doura, and the oxen and the camels are working with plows that look like relics of far-off days, is the possession of the two great presiding beings whom you see from an enormous distance, the Colossi of Memnon. Amenhotep III put them where they are. So we are told. But in this early morning it is not possible to think of them as being brought to any place. Seated, the one beside the other, facing the Nile and the home of the rising sun, their immense aspect of patience suggests will, calmly, steadily exercised, suggests choice; that, for some reason, as yet unknown, they chose to come to this plain, that they choose solemnly to remain there, waiting, while the harvests grow and are gathered about their feet, while the Nile rises and subsides, while the years and the generations come, like the harvests, and are stored away in the granaries of the past. Their calm broods over this plain, gives to it a personal atmosphere which sets it quite apart from every other flat space of the world. There is no place that I know on the earth which has the peculiar, bright, ineffable calm of the plain of these colossi. It takes you into its breast, and you lie there in the growing sunshine almost as if you were a child laid in the lap of one of them. That legend of the singing at dawn of the "vocal Memnon," how could it have arisen? How could such calmness sing, such patience ever find a voice? Unlike the Sphinx, which becomes ever more impressive as you draw near to it, and is most impressive when you sit almost at its feet, the colossi lose in personality as you approach them and can see how they have been defaced.

From afar one feels their minds, their strange, unearthly temperaments commanding this pastoral. When you are beside them, this feeling disappears. Their features are gone, and though in their attitudes there is power, and there is something that wakens awe, they are more wonderful as a far-off feature of the plain. They gain in grandeur from the night, in strangeness from the moonrise, perhaps specially when the Nile comes to their feet. More than three thousand years old, they look less eternal than the Sphinx. Like them, the Sphinx is waiting, but with a greater purpose. The Sphinx reduces man really to nothingness. The colossi leave him some remnants of individuality. One can conceive of Strabo and Ælius Gallus, of Hadrian and Sabina, of others who came over the sunlit land to hear the unearthly song in the dawn, being of some—not much, but still of some—importance here. Before the Sphinx no one is important. But in the distance of the plain the colossi shed a real magic of calm and solemn personality, and subtly seem to mingle their spirit with the flat, green world, so wide, so still, so fecund, and so peaceful; with the soft airs that are surely scented with an eternal springtime, and with the light that the morning rains down on wheat and clover, on Indian corn and barley, and on brown men laboring, who, perhaps from the patience of the colossi in repose, have drawn a patience in labor that has in it something not less sublime.

From the colossi one goes onward toward the trees and the mountains, and very soon one comes to the edge of that strange and fascinating strip of barren land which is strewn with temples and

honeycombed with tombs. The sun burns down on it. The heat seems thrown back upon it by the wall of tawny mountains that bounds it on the west. It is dusty, it is arid; it is haunted by swarms of flies, by the guardians of the ruins, and by men and boys trying to sell enormous scarabs and necklaces and amulets, made yesterday, and the day before, in the manufactory of Kurna. From many points it looks not unlike a strangely prolonged rubbish-heap in which busy giants have been digging with huge spades, making mounds and pits, caverns and trenches, piling up here a monstrous heap of stones, casting down there a mighty statue. But how it fascinates! Of course one knows what it means. One knows that on this strip of land Naville dug out at Deir-el-Bahari the temple of Mentu-hotep, and discovered later, in her shrine, Hathor, the cow-goddess, with the lotus plants streaming from her sacred forehead to her feet; that long before him Mariette here brought to the light at Drah-abu'l-Neggah the treasures of kings of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties; that at the foot of those tiger-colored precipices, Theodore M. Davis, the American, found the sepulcher of Queen Hatshepsu, the Queen Elizabeth of the old Egyptian world, and, later, the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa, the parents of Queen Thiy, containing gold-plaited mummy-cases, jars of oil and wine, gold, silver, and alabaster boxes, a bed decorated with gilded ivory, a chair with gilded plaster reliefs, chairs of state, and a chariot; that here Maspero, Victor Loret, Brugsch Bey, and other patient workers gave to the world tombs that had been hidden and unknown for centuries; that there to the north is the temple of Kurna, and over there the Ramesseum; that those rows of little pillars close under the mountain, and looking strangely modern, are the pillars of Hatshepsu's temple, which bears upon its walls the pictures of the expedition to the historic land of Punt; that the kings were buried there, and there the queens and the princes of the vanished dynasties; that beyond to the west is the temple of Deir-el-Medinet with its judgment of the dead; that here by the native village is Medinet-Abu. One knows that, and so the imagination is awake, ready to paint the lily and to gild the beaten gold. But even if one did not know, I think one would be fascinated. This turmoil of sunbaked earth and rock, gray, yellow, pink, orange, and red, awakes the curiosity, summons the love of the strange, suggests that it holds secrets to charm the souls of men.

At the entrance to the temple of Medinet-Abu, near the small groups of palms and the few brown houses, often I have turned and looked back across the plain before entering through the first beautiful doorway, to see the patient backs and right sides of the colossi, the far-off, dreamy mountains beyond Karnak and the Nile. And again, when I have entered and walked a little distance, I have looked back at the almost magical picture framed in the doorway; at the bottom of the picture a layer of brown earth, then a strip of sharp green,—the cultivated ground,—then a blur of pale yellow, then a darkness of trees, and just the hint of a hill far, very far away. And always, in looking, I have thought of the "Sposalizio" of Raphael in the Brera at Milan, of the tiny dream of blue country framed by his temple doorway beyond the Virgin and Saint Joseph. The doorways of the temples of Egypt are very noble, and nowhere have I been more struck by their nobility than in Medinet-Abu. Set in huge walls of massive masonry, which rise slightly above them on each side, with a projecting cornice, in their simplicity they look extraordinarily classical, in their sobriety mysterious, and in their great solidity quite wonderfully elegant. And they always suggest to me that they are giving access to courts and chambers which still, even in our times, are dedicated to secret cults—to the cults of Isis, of Hathor, and of Osiris.

Close to the right of the front of Medinet-Abu there are trees covered with yellow flowers; beyond are fields of doura. Behind the temple is a sterility which makes one think of metal. A great calm enfolds this place. The buildings are of the same color as the colossi. When I speak of the buildings, I include the great temple, the pavilion of Rameses III, and the little temple, which together may be said to form Medinet-Abu. Whereas the temple of Luxor seems to



THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET-ABU

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open its arms to life, and the great fascination of the Ramesseum comes partly from its invasion by every traveling air and happy sun-ray, its openness and freedom, Medinet-Abu impresses by its colossal air of secrecy, by its fortress-like seclusion. Its walls are immensely thick, and are covered with figures the same color as the walls, some of them very tall. Thick set, massive, heavy, almost warlike it is. Two seated statues within, statues with animals' faces, steel-colored, or perhaps a little darker than that, look like savage warders ready to repel intrusion.

Passing between them, delicately as Agag, one enters an open space with ruins, upon the right of which is a low, small temple, gray in hue, and covered with inscriptions, which looks almost bowed under its tremendous weight of years. From this dignified, though tiny, veteran there comes a perpetual sound of birds. The birds in Egypt have no reverence for age. Never have I seen them more restless, more gay, or more impertinent, than in the immemorial ruins of this ancient land. Beyond is an enormous portal, on the lofty ceiling of which still linger traces of faded red and blue, which gives access to a great hall with rows of mighty columns, those on the left hand round, those on the right square, and almost terribly massive. There is in these no grace, as in the giant lotus columns of Karnak. Prodigious, heavy, barbaric, they are like a hymn in stone to strength. There is something brutal in their aspect, which again makes one think of war, of assaults repelled, hordes beaten back like waves by a sea-wall. And still another great hall, with more gigantic columns, lies in the sun beyond, and a doorway through which seems to stare fiercely the edge of a hard and fiery mountain. Although one is roofed by the sky, there is something oppressive here; an imprisoned feeling comes over one. I could never be fond of Medinet-Abu, as I am fond of Luxor, of parts of Karnak, of the whole of delicious, poetical Philæ. The big pylons, with their great walls sloping inward, sand-colored, and glowing with very pale yellow in the sun, the resistant walls, the brutal columns, the huge and almost savage scale of everything, always remind me of the violence in men, and also—I scarcely know why—makes me think of the North, of sullen Northern castles by the sea, in places where skies are gray, and the white of foam and snow is married in angry nights.

And yet in Medinet-Abu there reigns a splendid calm—a calm that sometimes seems massive, resistant, as the columns and the walls. Peace is certainly inclosed by the stones that call up thoughts of war, as if, perhaps, their purpose had been achieved many centuries ago, and they were quit of enemies forever. Rameses III is connected with Medinet-Abu. He was one of the greatest of the Egyptian kings, and has been called the "last of the great sovereigns of Egypt." He ruled for thirty-one years, and when, after a first visit to Medinet-Abu, I looked into his records, I was interested to find that his conquests and his wars had "a character essentially defensive." This defensive spirit is incarnated in the stones of these ruins. One reads in them something of the soul of this king who lived twelve hundred years before Christ, and who desired "in remembrance of his Syrian victories" to give to his memorial temple an outward military aspect. I noticed a military aspect at once inside this temple; but if you circle the buildings outside it is more unmistakable. For the east front has a battlemented wall, and the battlements are shield-shaped. This fortress, or migdol, a name which the ancient Egyptians borrowed from the nomadic tribes of Syria, is called the "Pavilion of Rameses III," and his principal battles are represented upon its walls. The monarch does not hesitate to speak of himself in terms of praise, suggesting that he was like the God Mentu, who was the Egyptian war god, and whose cult at Thebes was at one period more important even than was the cult of Amun, and also plainly hinting that he was a brave fellow. "I, Rameses the King," he murmurs, "behaved as a hero who knows his worth." If hieroglyphs are to be trusted, various Egyptian kings of ancient times seem to have had some vague suspicion of their own value, and the walls of Medinet-Abu are, to speak sincerely, one mighty boast. In his later years the king lived in peace and luxury, surrounded by a vicious and

intriguing court haunted by magicians, hags, and mystery-mongers. Dealers in magic may still be found on the other side of the river, in happy Luxor. I made the acquaintance of two when I was there, one of whom offered for a couple of pounds to provide me with a preservative against all such dangers as beset the traveler in wild places. In order to prove its efficacy he asked me to come to his house by night, bringing a dog and my revolver with me. He would hang the charm about the dog's neck, and I was then to put six shots into the animal's body. He positively assured me that the dog would be uninjured. I half-promised to come, and, when night began to fall, looked vaguely about for a dog. At last I found one, but it howled so dismally, when I asked Ibrahim Ayyad to take possession of it for experimental purposes, that I weakly gave up the project, and left the magician clamoring for his hundred and ninety-five piasters.

Its warlike aspect gives a special personality to Medinet-Abu. The shield-shaped battlements; the courtyards, with their brutal columns, narrowing as they recede toward the mountains; the heavy gateways, with superimposed chambers; the towers; quadrangular bastion to protect; inclined basement to resist the attacks of sappers and cause projectiles to rebound—all these things contribute to this very definite effect.

I have heard travelers on the Nile speak piteously of the confusion wakened in their minds by a hurried survey of many temples, statues, monuments, and tombs. But if one stays long enough, this confusion fades happily away, and one differentiates between the antique personalities of ancient Egypt almost as easily as one differentiates between the personalities of one's familiar friends. Among these personalities Medinet-Abu is the warrior, standing like Mentu, with the solar disk, and the two plumes erect above his head of a hawk, firmly planted at the foot of the Theban mountains, ready to repel all enemies, to beat back all assaults, strong and determined, powerful and brutally serene.



MEMNON

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

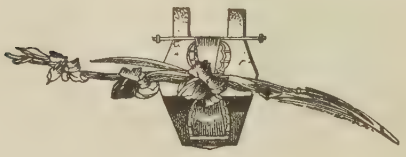
WHAT was that music of the desert-bourn,
And who was he that had for heart a lyre—
Whose golden strings stirred only when the Morn
Stepped forth in purple raiment edged with fire,
While all around the world ran vague desire
(Ere yet in flower-kept dells the sun had shone),
To hold the dream, and let but sleep retire?
What was that music, excellent and lone,
The Son of Eos uttered from his granite throne?

It was of all sweet murmurs mixed and blent,—
Of wind and wave,—and such as if the dew,
Leaf-cradled, liquid utterance had been lent,
To tell how, from the heavens darkly blue,
It cometh on the earth forever new.

Yet that fond music, of the desert-bound,
From joys and griefs of mankind also drew;
Though every anguished, every hurtling sound
In the great deep of melody had long been drowned.

What was, what is, that music? Breathe its name.
Say who is he that hath the lyre for heart?
Who, smitten by auroral dew and flame,
And throned upon the lonely verge apart,
Hears all sweet, tingling sounds, where'er they start,
From round the world, and stores them in his breast,
To give them forth with tear-compelling art?—
The Poet, blessing, and forever blest,—
The Child of Morning—and he sings at her behest!

No hour he knows but hers, of trembling poise
Between the dark and bright. Nor shall he greet
The darted beam meridian, that destroys
The last of dreams, and sends beneath man's feet
The shadow, that, amidst the glare and heat,
Could mind us how beside us Something goes,
That is of Dream Eternal—as is meet; . . .
But he, the Singing Son of Morning, knows
No hour but hers—is hers, from dawn to even's close!



THE HILL OF THORNS

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW

THE coming of the appointment was to Mallory more than rescue. His haunted face relaxed into an expression normal and pleasant to see, a look that his wife had almost forgotten. She let the baby beat a teaspoon upon the tray of the high chair while she moved quickly round the breakfast-table to kiss Mallory's forehead, from which the flush had not yet subsided.

"I am so thankful, Howard," she said. Her dark eyes filled, and the tears slipped upon her cheeks. She was a pretty woman, naturally plump; her newly acquired thinness had the pathos of emaciation.

Howard Mallory, the letter that had brought the transforming announcement still in his hand, drew her close, his heart pounding against her frailness in big strokes.

"God knows I am," he said solemnly.

After her husband had gone, Ellice Mallory established the baby in a cushion-fenced space upon the floor and cleared the table. She stepped deliberately and daintily and hummed as she worked. Then she sat down on the floor by little Robert and seconded his experiments with the wooden blocks, her mind traveling the dreary distances of the past year.

Mallory had come to Lake City with his wife and his boy prepared to enter instantly a Promised Land. To a country editor the money offered for his help in

the municipal campaign, and the position awaiting his acceptance when the campaign should be ended, had appealed in terms no less than magical.

"Come down and talk for us," the letter had said. "If you can walk away with the mob here as you did with the up-country crowd last year, the party can afford your price."

Mallory had known that he had the knack of gripping an audience, putting an opponent's views better than the man himself could put them, then convincing even the man that the views were rotten at their specious core. He had believed in his party; it was the party of reform. And he had always wanted a hand in the city's struggle for decency.

He had come in September and worked faithfully till, with election day, the hope of a reform victory for Lake City had gone out. The salary he had drawn for his services had been smaller than the promises. Concerning the appointment, the district leader had been too sanguine. The reform party was in no position to give appointments. In the compromise that at the last had wrested something from the fears of the "grafters" there had been bigger men than Howard Mallory to consider. A false kindness had continued to promise even after election, and Mallory's inexperience had continued to believe that, in spite of inevitable delay, the position would be his.

For the first months he had found board for himself and Ellice and little Robert in a quiet house near a quiet park. Every day Ellice had taken the baby to the park, and there dreamed of the time when they could move their "own things" to the city and have a home.

When the "Lake City Republic" had given half a column to one of Mallory's speeches, she had sent him out to buy ten copies, and these she had marked and mailed to Weston, their home town, thus bracketing Mallory's name with those of men of national importance in minds familiar with the "Republic" only in its tri-weekly form.

She had been constantly and pitifully homesick. Sometimes the longing to go out into her old back yard and see the Delawares ripening under the spreading grape leaves, the snow apples fallen red and tempting on the green stretch of the orchard grass, the blaze of Mrs. Beal's salvias across the garden hedge, swept away her courage in a devastating wave. The wind was sweet in Weston. The smell of Lake City was smoky; to her there was always in its air a sense of suffocation. But Ellice Mallory was in love with Mallory and with her baby, and deft with a thousand frugalities learned in a Mississippi household that had had nothing left after the war but blood and pluck. She used her talents and suppressed her aches.

Through the long autumn and the longer winter she made each month's money cover each month's expenses, though in the end it meant a furnished room far from the quiet park. In this room the three lived and slept and ate. In it she washed their clothes and dried them bit by bit when Mallory was away. Howard Mallory pressed his trousers under the mattress, and wore his oldest suit in the house, saving the worn best for the street. The cleanliness Ellice maintained made in the beginning the sordid closeness endurable. But as weeks went after weeks into the inexorable distance, while the appointment came no nearer, there was less to eat, and the blight of their surroundings fell on appetite.

The month's money covered nothing, being itself nothing. The desultory work furnished by the politicians had reached its vanishing-point. The enemy held the door of public service. The Mallorys were forced to confess to those left behind them in Weston that they had not prospered; this to Ellice was worse than homesickness. They borrowed of Mallory's mother, of the few friends who could or would lend to them.

The things he saw, the things he could not escape, both among the out-and-out "grafters" and among the self-seekers who had attached themselves to "reform" for what they could get out of it, made Mallory grit his teeth. There was no longer a place for him in Weston. He had abandoned to another man the only position into which he fitted. Now there seemed no place for him in the city. He began to have a sense of what Ellice's fears had meant when she had hesitated over the change. She had at first shown the fright of the dependent wife when the husband looses his hold on a sure

support to swim after one untried, though less humble.

This man had known that his wife had been longing for the breezes in the Weston maples, but he had not himself felt the longing till spring. Then it fastened on him; his enthusiasm for "a broader contact with life" went into its hungry maw. The city appeared to him a cesspool where wretched creatures swam and wallowed in their own filth, fouling one another with the slime of their own degradation.

Ellice was ill and shabby. The shabbiness made her look more forlorn than the illness. She had the love of the ephemeral in dress that had survived transplanting from a land of flowers and summer. Soft, fluttering things, that fade and crumple and need everlasting renewal, Lake City had soon begrimed to tawdriness. Mallory felt its symbolism, and grew bitter at himself. The boy, too, was ailing.

The strain wrought upon husband and wife to the point of morbidness in nerves hitherto wholesome. Once when Mallory sat late with a merchant on whom he was urging his fitness for an advertised position, the man pressed a drink on him. To refuse seemed to Mallory to jeopardize the little chance he had, and he tasted the whisky and went home to Ellice with it upon his breath. The whiteness of her face grew first scarlet and then gray. Mallory, insulted, and yet aware of having paltered with a fixed habit of abstinence to gain an end, beat upon her terror with a resentful word that she attributed to "drink."

They threshed the matter out, tormented nerves crying on her part for reassurance, tired mind and body desperate on his for peace, and the only serious moment of friction between them wore itself away into the making of new plans. Newspaper work Howard had attempted; for success his ways were still too much the ways of the Weston daily. Then as a last hope he got "taken on" at a shoe store, and was discharged at the end of a week for opposing the browbeating of a vulgar clerk.

Once when there was no milk for little Robert's supper, and no money to buy it, he tried to borrow of an acquaintance, and was treated like a hobo. Ellice, sympathizing, prophesying better things for "to-morrow," telling over the "cunning" deeds of the boy, nestling warm and trustful in his lean arms, only thrust deeper the late-come terror into Mallory's mind. If only, he thought, it were snow-time, he would borrow the landlady's shovel and make money!

Now the appointment had come. The position paid twenty-five hundred a year. Work and salary were to begin at once.

"God knows I am thankful," said Howard Mallory, and meant it.

Out in the suburbs, where the air seemed to come undefiled from the horizon, Ellice found for them two rooms in a market-gardener's cottage.

"Oh, this flat country!" she wailed in mock distress. "When you get rich, Howard, I shall go out and build a low range of hills behind Lake City."

They laughed often. On the gardener's vegetables and milk of his Jersey herd Ellice and the boy throve. Down the road, under the lindens, the boy toddling ahead, the mother close behind, hand ready to catch an adventurous stumbler, they met Mallory on summer evenings filled with peace.

On the way to and from the office Mallory dreamed them standing there, or planned his campaign speeches for the coming autumn. He no longer thought of Lake City as a cesspool. In his dreams was the confidence of young ambition buoyantly renewed.

One night when September was warm with her final glow his eyes held something besides dreams. Ellice waited till little Robert was in bed, then perched on her husband's knees.

"Vat iss?" she asked, imitating the gardener's good Johann. "Have they said you 're to run for President?" She rumpled his hair, and drew an erasing finger across the frown in his forehead.

He looked into her eyes as if he might find in them some answer to the thing that bothered him. "I don't know what it is, Ellie. There 's a feeling against me in the office. I 'm disliked."

"What nonsense! Every one likes you."

"No, they don't. But it 's something to do with politics; don't bother your head about it. We 'll get rid of Gilly, and then everything will come right."

"Rid of—Gilly!" Ellice repeated the words in a foolish, dazed fashion.

"Gilly and Gilly's gang. I 'd come back from my grave to fight that man."

"But, Howard, you must n't fight Mr. Gilly. He gave you the appointment."

Mallory laughed. "You funny child! what put that into your head? Gilly 'd sooner kill me than give me a 'job.'" He was on his feet, restless and distressed, in spite of banter. Ellice, dropped to hers, stood protesting before him.

"But he did. I asked him, and he did."

"You asked him?" Plainly Mallory thought his wife for the moment insane. He regarded her with alarmed tenderness. "What on earth do you mean, Ellie!" he cried, his eyes studying her.

"He used to be—used to dig our garden in Meridian before we came North. They 're from Mississippi. You said he was a 'power' here. I got the landlady to take care of Bobbie—"

"You called on Patrick Gilly?"

"Yes—"

"Tell me all you said." Mallory's voice showed the numbness of his mind under an unprevisioned shock.

"You were so frightfully worried! I could n't bear it. You talked in your sleep."

"But what did you say to Gilly?"

"I said we were living here, and I—"

"Yes; but about the place, about me?" Even the hurt wonder of her agitation came unnoticed upon the stark horror of his waiting; suspense sounding in the wrenching demand of his words steadied her to swifter speech.

"He was pleased that I came. I reckon he was pleased that I remembered them. We talked about Meridian. He spoke beautifully of my father—"

"But what did he say of me?" Again the demand, tense with suspicion that she was trying to avoid an answer, cut her story short.

"He asked me, and I told him how we were getting on, how they promised you the position. 'And could n't deliver the goods,' he put it, and he was very kind. No one could have been kinder, Howard. 'Don't you worry,' he said. 'I 'll fix it. They 're a forgetful lot, them reformers; they don't take care of their own.' And then he told me all about his grandchildren, and asked about our Robert, and it was he sent me this address. He knew that you did n't know."

"You never told me." The accusation sharpened the amazed trouble with which she watched him:

"How could I? You would have been so sorry that I 'd had to humble mys—" She broke off, repelled at being forced to justify what had cost her so much struggle. There was a hateful silence as her voice stopped. She seemed terribly babyish as she stood waiting. "Don't!" she cried. "Don't look so!"

He appeared not to hear. His eyes rested on her like the eyes of the blind. "It takes away all I had left out of this failure—my self-respect," he said at length gropingly, as if in a hurried search he had tried for some hope to fasten on, and had found none.

"Howard! You can make speeches just the same. He knows you make speeches." She put out her hands. He drew back, unheedingly avoiding her.

"I can't take my living from Gilly and knife him. That 's what they meant at the office. Last night's papers had me on the list of speakers for Hubbell. They think I 've sold myself and not made good." In the absorption of his hopelessness he turned away from her, moving like the sick or the very old. He was no more aware that he was cruel than the wild thing is aware, with the blade in its throat and its fangs sunk in the hand that plunged the blade. It was like being betrayed by his own soul. To find himself wrapped in dishonor that could be torn from him not even with his own flesh! His boy would grow up the son of the man who sold out to Gilly. To Ellice's pleadings he gave no answer till at last, "How could you!" he cried. "How could you!"

Patrick Gilly was busy. He had withdrawn to a final seclusion sought only when need pressed hard. His gaze wandered impartially over two colored supplements on the wall,—a kneeling child and a race-horse,—over the cobwebbed windows, and the square front of his own aggressive boots. In apparent idleness the boss smoked, or let his cigar go out and chewed upon it without noticing its stale chill. There was battle to direct;

this time there was to be no compromise with a reform force too strong to be ignored. The ring was entrenched. It would take more than one of the short Lake City administrations to dislodge it. Hunched in his chair, his big fist now and then beating a kind of rhythm on his desk, he worked, his apparent idleness only the attitude of a heavy concentration.

His plans were coming out like invisible writing made black in the fire of his own determination. Each point of attack was settled, each captain appraised and fitted to his work.

He was lounging, still peacefully, still apparently idle, when Mallory opened the door. A queer change invaded his face, following a sharp instant of rage at interruption—a change that seemed a kind of shame for the visitor.

"My name 's Mallory, Mr. Gilly. I 've come to resign." In the face of the scowl, Mallory would have kept his balance; smitten by the vicarious shame he toppled to the side of anger. "I 've come," he repeated, "to resign the position you gave me."

"Need n't have bothered me with it; they read writin' out there." Gilly indicated the offices with the turn of a thick thumb. "Sit down," he commanded, and spat into one of the rusty tin cuspidors that with two chairs and the desk made the furniture of his retreat. It was the first time he had had resort to this convenience during the hour of his seclusion, but he always spat in the presence of a reformer.

Mallory sat down. He had come to talk it out. "I wanted to tell you personally that—"

"What for?" Mr. Gilly bit deeply into his cigar and leaned forward in his chair, the light of battle well conceived still glittered in his blue eyes.

Mallory gave back the harsh penetration of the look steadily. "I never knew till day before yesterday that it was to you I owed—"

"Feel yer white wings dirtied since ye knew?" Gilly's lips loosened on the cigar in an unpleasant twist.

"No." Mallory broke out the word with hard force. "I feel like a thief."

"And why, then?"

"Because I 've been living on your gift and fighting you. My wife did n't understand. She does n't know—" Mallory stopped and tried again—"I meant to thank you first, and then resign. Of course I know it cost you something to give me the place. Jestrow expected it for his nephew. And I can do nothing in return for the trouble—" The visitor floundered a bit, forsaken by his customary tact.

"I can generally manage any trouble in my corner of the game." Gilly's gaze took on a pugilistic fixity. Then a natural twinkle reappeared in his eyes. They had seen a good deal since contempt had begun to clear from them. The last two days were cut into Mallory's face in unmistakable print. "'T was no trouble, Mr. Mallory. I was glad to do it. Your wife's father was good to me when I was makin' a poor start in life. It 's little any one thought then that Patsy Gilly 'd ever be able to do a good turn to him or his! What have ye in mind better than the job ye 're leavin'?"

"Nothing. But I can't take my bread and butter from a man I 'm fighting, and I won't be muzzled. You would n't do it yourself."

"I thought there was nothin' I would n't do, accordin' to you people." Gilly pursed his straight lips and wrinkled his red-veined cheeks in an amused grimace. "Have a seegar," he urged. "'T is a reform seegar—John S. Bidwell's."

"I 'd rather have yours than Bidwell's; but I won't smoke, thank you." Mallory had always despised Bidwell. Running with the reform hare and hunting with the Gilly pack! Was Howard Mallory hereafter to be classed with men like Bidwell? "I can't keep the position. You know that as well as I." He spoke with the human warmth, the assured appeal to the listener, that had made his public talks a success.

"And the wife and boy?"

"They will go to my mother."

"You 're going to send the wife away?"

"There 's nothing else to do."

"Listen, you young—" Gilly spat the final word into the tin cuspidor. "Listen to me." He got up and leaned his big body against the door as if blocking the exit, his great jaw emphasized above the jewel in his tie. "Just put this in your pipe. You 've nothin' to do with it.

'T was not meant for you. Do you suppose I liked your filthy talk about me?—I 've noticed ye all right!—You can't hurt me, but I 've itched to get my fingers on ye. I would now if ye were a man's size." Gilly puffed himself full of angry breath; then he grinned. "You don't like me gettin' ye a job. I don't like givin' it to ye. 'T is a pill for the two of us. I 've swallowed mine; take yours, and don't holler. Do your work—for the city; and fight Patrick Gilly."

"And be always suspected—" Mallory's lips were set in a line as hard as Gilly's.

"Don't be an infernal selfish pup! The' 's some would suspect the saints in heaven. That 's yer pill. Your wife took hers; she swallered the Bovard pride and come to me. I know the Bovards. Judge Robert Bovard 'd sooner seen his daughter goin' for help to old Mammy Sue—you bet he would. Smash me! but that nigger was fat! I can see her now, waddlin' over, fit to burst with mad because her 'li'l' Miss Ellie' was playin' with the 'Gilly trash.' "—A reminiscent chuckle interrupted the words. Mallory smiled wintrily.—"See here."—Gilly fixed him with a glance that had searched the minds of many before him.—"If ye 're ever tempted to say the quick word to that little woman of yours, remember what she did for ye. Never was a Bovard woman knew potaties from peanuts in politics. The Judge would n't have had it. But they 'd pride to burn. Once they 'd everything, then they 'd nothin' but the big house, and that mortgaged. And what those women could n't buy, they went without, and never a whimper out of their mouths. And 't was with them the child that 's your wife grew up. If you could have seen her face the day she come to me, before she knew I was lookin' at her! The pity of ut! She made herself cheap for the likes of you, and ye ain't worth it."

Mallory winced, feeling the truth in the man's words; but the truth did not alter what he had to do. His mouth held its hard line.

"Don't set yer jaw at me!" snapped Gilly. "What I did was n't for Mrs. Mallory nor for you. 'T was for Ellie Bovard, daughter of the man that was good to Pat Gilly. Go on and fight me. I 'll make it plain ye 're none of mine." A glint like the passing flick of an idea touched the lips of the speaker; the twinkle in his eyes shone more cheerily.

The aged doorkeeper trembled as Mallory went forth, remembering whose had been the negligence that had made possible an intrusion; but the great man was oblivious. "Send in Berber," he commanded. Berber was the particular press agent of Mr. Gilly's heart. To him the boss set forth the situation and a query. Mr. Berber hastily performed with a fountain-pen and a scrappy pad.

"FAT CLERKSHIP FOR FOE," he read after a rapid interval, " 'THE BEST MAN,' says Patrick Gilly, 'no matter what his party,' so the mayor hands out a city hall job to a smiling would-be-good. Can the reformers beat that?

"Howard Mallory, the most blackguardly talker of the *de*formed anti-administration howlers, gets the place because he 's an expert in the department! Now he 's going to take the stump for Hand-in-Glove Hubbell! The good old party is n't afraid to feed and make husky its enemies! It 'll put 'em in condition, *then beat 'em to a standstill!* 'Show me a reform administration dares do the same,' says Gilly. Watch 'em, boys. They 've got no answer ready!"

"Something in that line?" asked Berber.

"More ginger. 'Feed the Skinny-Bones' (picture of 'em at the trough, mayor pourin' in the slush)—and whittle it. Less words and more point," assented Gilly.

Mallory worked late in the office to make up lost time, and then walked home. He had telephoned Ellie. He wanted while he was alone to get back nearer the normal altitudes where life showed other colors than the hue of shame. His recognition of his position was still too acute for the clear seeing of anything outside his own pain.

In the last part of his interview with Gilly he had been made aware that the pain had had its strongest hold through the breach with Ellie. Into the abyss opened between them his assurance, his power of decision, seemed to have dropped. He distrusted himself; he had ceased to trust her. She had been capable

of an act and a deception revolting to him. He had grown up among women who held their men to a high sense of public duty. They had been the fine correctors of any aberration that blurred clean loyalty to an exacting code. Their loftiness of standard had been as unconscious as—Ellie's pride.

On the word he went back to Gilly's shrewd arraignment of his own possible intolerance. Had he been unjust? An "infernal selfish pup"? What was a man to fight for if not for his self-respect? But in what had he, after all, forfeited that? It was not self-respect, but the respect of others, that he had feared to lose. He had known that he should not keep the appointment if the keeping of it and the keeping of self-respect clashed. Alone in the loudly echoing streets of the suburbs, he saw himself a coward, shrinking intimidated before a misconception. In the revulsion he judged himself as harshly as he had till then pitied himself profoundly. Gilly, coarse-mouthed, coarse-lived, a leech made fat at the city's expense, had understood better than her own husband the working of Ellie Mallory's mind.

The explanation of her deception was not that she had known what she had done, but that *she had not known,* and had wished to spare him, the man who had brought her to hungry want, the sight of her shame in begging. She had been as innocent of the whole bearing of her act as the child who tries to patch up a silly family feud in the interest of peaceful industry.

And whose fault was it that she had achieved, against his sense of right, a victory for expediency? His own. He had kept her locked out of his life on its work side. How often she had asked for light upon the political battle in which he fought, only to be bluffed off with teasing laughter. He had made a fetish of his self-respect while he had denied her the respect he demanded for himself! Because he loved her pretty, childish ignorance, he had amused himself with it at her expense.

Remorse hurried him on. And more than remorse—tenderness revived, thankfulness that the separation between them had been a mirage of his blindness. He and Ellie were not apart! Even at the worst the longing for her had seduced him. The arid hours of the last two days stretched behind him strewn with accusing havoc. How were they, he had asked himself, to bring up the boy together with this divergence upon a point of honor intruding its Protean question? What reconciliation was possible that would not leave them at heart estranged? This had been the soreness of his bruised mind. Now healing worked its miracle within him. She had not known. He had misjudged her. He had been a brutal egotist. He ran for a car, and when he had caught it, cursed its slowness in his heart.

From the street the rooms looked dark. Was Ellie asleep? For the two days they had had no real talk. Over and over again she had tried to break down the barrier that had erected itself between them, and straining his eyes across it he had seen no way to reach her. When he had told her what he had decided that it was best for them to do, and had asked if she were willing, she had said, "Yes, Howard," and no more.

The pride that had been hurt in the thing she had done had risen finally in her, dominant to reinforce the wall of separation. Yet more than once in the long nights she had left the boy sleeping in her bed and from the threshold between the two rooms looked in at Mallory, seeing with a pang that he too slept. If she had known the sleep to be feigned, her grief would have been no less. It had been feigned; he had feared the venom of his tongue fresh from the gall of his unwelcome cup. And the justification of love gone, love had no rights. So she had crept back to burn her pillow with hot tears. Her mind, quite clear in retrospect, did not forget that the ignorance that had made her act inevitable was of his choosing. The worst suffering of the human heart is a hurt faith; she had her share in that agony of disillusion.

And all the time Mallory had longed for her comforting, for the ease of her cheek against his own, the thrill of her hand reached up to lie upon his hair.

He entered hurriedly, a fear unreasonable and awful drawing him on. What if the rooms were empty! The gas was turned to an infinitesimal point, visible effect of that dire economy which had

taken Ellie's strength in her homesick exile. A desperate yearning to make it all up to her held him molten in the crucible of his repentance. From the threshold between the two rooms where she had stood to look at him he called, "Ellie," and again "Ellie."

She was not there. Little Robert, a limp bundle of deep-breathed content, lay curled against the pillows, one aggressive knee thrust out to the cold air. Mechanically Mallory pulled the clothes over the boy and turned back to the front of the house. There, ready for bed, but dropped upon the floor by the window, her head on the low sill, Ellie slept. The just risen moon shone on her little figure, on the disorder of her curly hair.

There was forgetfulness and sleepy joy in the look she raised to him. Kneeling, Mallory would have gathered her into his arms, but with a strength he did not know she possessed she pulled herself away from him.

"I remember," she said quietly. "I wanted to tell you to-night. I shall not go to your mother. She would see we were—something was wrong. I shall go to Cousin Anna. She wants a housekeeper and she loves babies. I will leave you free to set right my—error, but I will not go to your mother while we are like this."

"Ellie!" He tried to clasp her, startled by the revelation of the distance he had created. She crept from him shivering. It was not a shiver of repulsion,—the night was cool,—but he thought it was.

"Hear me a minute, Ellie." Could it be true that he was afraid of his wife? He watched her as she wound a shawl about her shoulders and sat down stiffly on the edge of the couch, her white feet showing above her slippers. Her doubtful, unresponsive look had changed to blank acquiescence. The disordered curls blew in teasing wisps into her eyes, and she brushed them away as if impatient, hiding with the gesture the tears she would not let him see.

"Ellie! It was all my fault! How could you know! I 'd never told you anything." The words were lame, limping far behind his usual fluent loving. He had flung himself down, his arms about her.

She grew stiffer, drawing back from his approach. "You don't respect me, and you must n't touch me," she said, still quietly. She was keeping him away lest a half-reconciliation degrade their love. Recognition of this thrilled him with paralyzing longing to make himself understood. More than many words her quietness took hold upon him.

"You sacrificed yourself for me. I was a cur not to know—you will never forgive me." His arms fell away. He tried to read what the moon showed in her face. "You don't want me. I have driven you from me."

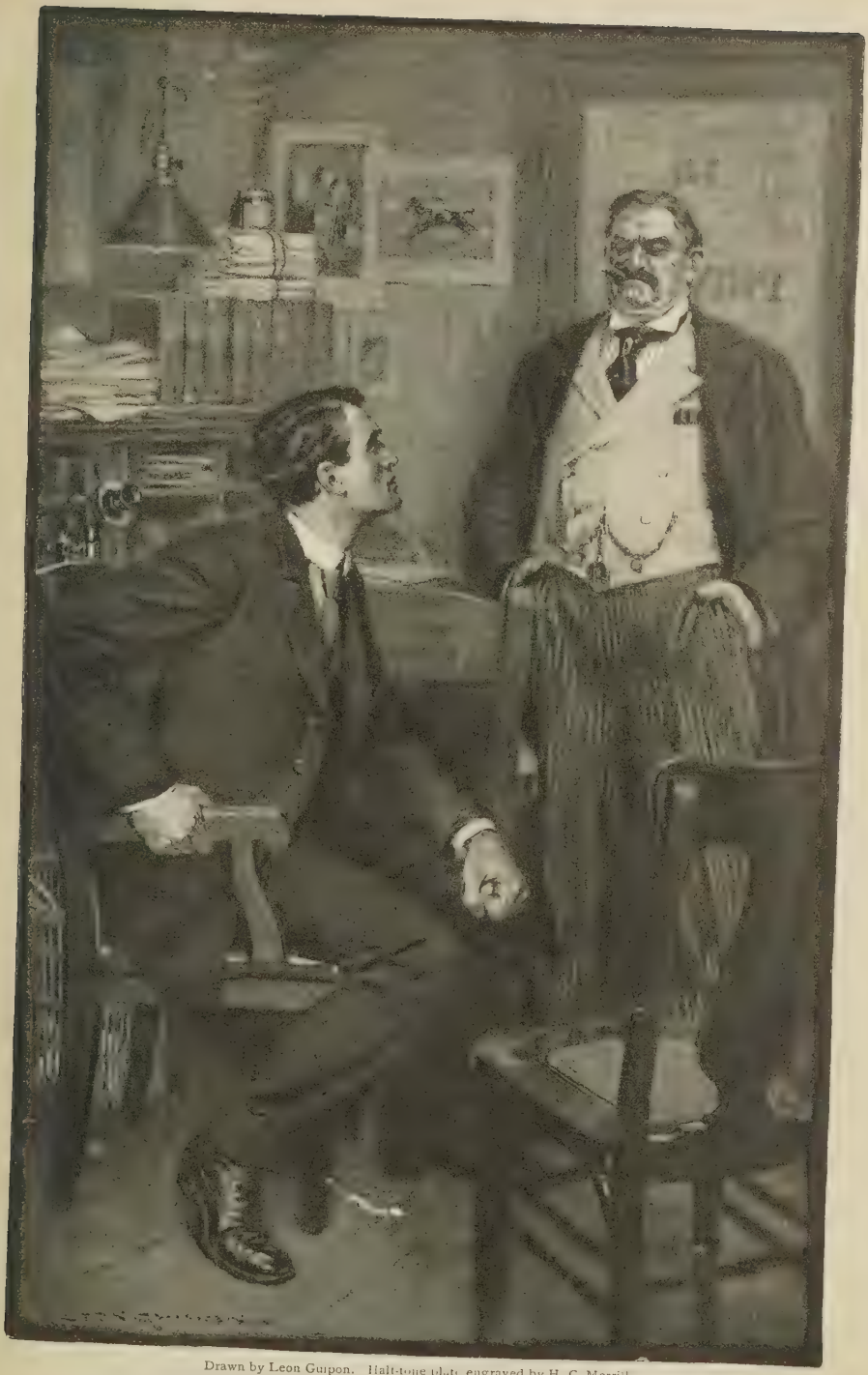
"No, no!" She clasped her hands and looked back at him sorrowfully. "I want you to feel—as you do. You would rather I had killed you! I ought to have guessed. I could have read the papers. Do you suppose, if I had known—" She drew her head up proudly, fronting the peering moon—"why, I would die, Howard, before I would let you do anything dishonorable. I will work, too. We will pay back every cent of that hateful salary."

Howard Mallory, his gaze in hers with a new understanding, saw in his wife's face the light of the hidden places. Now at last she let him gather her close.

"I hate myself. I love you," he breathed.

The night was pungent with autumn. Its air came through the open window filled with the whispering of leaves that stirred rustling to their fall, filled with the mysterious fragrance in which the year exhales its life. The market gardener and his wife slept heavily, soaking up the refreshment of the silent hours for the tasks of the day to come; little Robert nestled, and twisted flower-soft lips in the queer drama of his baby dreams, but the two who waked held to their consciousness, jealous of the hour's passing.

Taken up into the blessedness of the vision that is undimmed only on hilltops beyond some thorny way, they were for all things reassured. The great fortress of courage, trust in each other, had not, after all their fears, been undermined. The cocks were saluting the first undiscoverable tint of dawn before Ellie, a solemn loveline[illegible]pon her childlike face, slept upon her [illegible]band's arm.



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'GO ON AND FIGHT ME. I 'LL MAKE IT PLAIN YE 'RE NONE OF MINE'"

LINCOLN'S VOTE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

IN THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF 1856

BY JESSE W. WEIK

IT is now generally agreed that one of Mr. Lincoln's most eloquent and impressive utterances was the speech he delivered at the first Republican State Convention in Illinois, held at Bloomington, May 29, 1856. Through the instrumentality of the late Henry C. Whitney, who was present and heard it, it has been preserved and published, so that its reproduction here is unnecessary. That it was in reality a great effort, and worthy the place assigned it in the annals of compaign oratory, is shown by the estimates of such men as John L. Scripps and Joseph Medill of the editorial staff of the Chicago "Tribune," both of whom were in attendance at the convention. "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence," wrote Scripps to his paper. "Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union." Medill's account is equally fervid and noteworthy: "I did make a few paragraphs of what Lincoln said in the first eight or ten minutes," he wrote; "but I became so absorbed in his magnetic oratory I forgot myself and ceased to take notes, and I joined with the convention in stamping and clapping to the end of his speech. I well remember that after Lincoln sat down, and calm had succeeded the tempest, I waked out of a sort of hypnotic trance and then thought of my report for the 'Tribune.' There was nothing written but an abbreviated introduction."

During the convention Mr. Lincoln was the guest of Judge David Davis. A few minutes after the delivery of his speech, the convention adjourned, whereupon Mr. Lincoln left the hall in company with Mr. Whitney, who likewise was sojourning at the Davis home. "As I passed down-stairs with the crowd," related Whitney, "Jesse K. Dubois, who had been nominated State Auditor, seized me by the arm with a painful grip and made an exclamation close to my ear. Presently Lincoln got disentangled from the applauding crowd, and he and I started off in the direction of Judge Davis's house. As soon as we were out of hearing, Lincoln at once commenced a line of remark upon the extraordinary scene we had just witnessed, and whose prime mover he was, at the same time bending his head down to make our conversation more confidential. In a glow of enthusiasm I said in reply to a question by him:

" 'You know my statements about your speeches are not good authority, so I

will tell you what Dubois, who is not so enthusiastic as I am, said to me as we came out of the hall: "Whitney," said he, "that is the greatest speech ever made in Illinois, and puts Lincoln on the track for the Presidency." '

"He walked along for some thirty seconds, perhaps, without saying a word, but with a thoughtful abstracted look; then he straightened up and immediately made a remark about some commonplace subject having no reference to the matter we had been considering. Did he then recognize in this burst of enthusiasm from Dubois the voice of destiny summoning him to the highest responsibility on earth? If so, well for him was it that he did not also see the granite tomb, only nine years' distant, consecrated by more tears than any other since the human race began!"

Twenty days after this incident the delegates to the first National Republican Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. Deeply interested as Mr. Lincoln unquestionably was in the growth and success of the newly organized party, the natural presumption would be that he attended the convention. Indeed, Col. A. K. McClure, late editor of the Philadelphia "Times," in his interesting reminiscences of that period, represents him as present on that occasion, even describing how he looked and acted, and the impression his tall, angular figure made on the delegates, many of whom had never seen him before. Unfortunately for the truth of Colonel McClure's narrative, there is abundant evidence to warrant the assertion that Mr. Lincoln was not there. The fact is, realizing that he could or would not be present, and feeling that Illinois should be ably and decently represented, so that, as he expressed it, a conservative man might be nominated for President, he wrote to Senator Lyman Trumbull, then in Washington, urging him to go; and I have before me the latter's answer to Mr. Lincoln's letter, in which he states that up to that time he had hesitated about attending the convention, but, in deference to Mr. Lincoln's wishes, he would set out for Philadelphia on the following day.

The proceedings of that memorable convention, ending in the nomination of General Frémont for President, are so thoroughly interwoven into the history of our times that it would be a waste of space and time to recount them here. One item alone claims our interest, and that is the vote for Vice-President. It was on the first ballot for this nomination that Mr. Lincoln received one hundred and ten votes, a tribute to his genius and ability which, it is said, afforded him more real gratification than any other which came to him during the years of his political activity; but, whether he accepted it as a recognition of his victory over Douglas in 1854 or as the logical result of his eloquent and stirring appeal at the Bloomington convention, we do not know. People generally credited it to the concerted action and zealous efforts of Judd, Yates, Palmer, Trumbull, and the other leading lights from Illinois who represented that State in the convention; but a careful examination of Mr. Lincoln's correspondence during this period fails to confirm that generally accepted opinion. If indeed such a thing was in contemplation, it was never mentioned by those who naturally would take the initiative in the movement. That Trumbull was somewhat distrustful, if not actually envious, of Lincoln's rapid rise in political esteem we cannot with absolute certainty assert; but that he did not regard him as suitable Presidential timber is plainly evident from his deep interest in Bissell, who had just been nominated for Governor at the Bloomington convention, and of whom he said: "Colonel Bissell is somewhat talked of, and has a great many friends. Everybody speaks well of him. If his name should be brought before the convention, I should be for him." Washburne, Judd, Yates, and Wentworth, if we are to judge by their letters, while not actuated perhaps by like motives, manifested equal indifference and lack of interest. Though apparently all friendly to Lincoln, they evidently did not regard him as of the requisite weight and importance to attract national attention.

If, therefore, the propriety of obtaining from the convention in the form of a complimentary vote the party's appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's strength and achievements did not occur to the coterie of Illinois leaders then present, the question naturally arises, Who first conceived the idea of securing for him the desired



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CUT IN MARBLE BY GUTZON BORGLUM

This head is of colossal size, and the block was not quite
to enable the sculptor to carry out the back of the h

recognition? Who believed in his star? Who thought him big enough to fill the Presidential office? As over fifty years have elapsed since the convention, and as all the leading participants therein have doubtless passed away, the question might have remained unanswered but for the discovery of a letter written to Mr. Lincoln about this time which I found not long since among the Lincoln papers turned over to me by Mr. Herndon. This document throws the required light on the subject, and we are thereby enabled to determine who first suggested Mr. Lincoln for the Vice-Presidency, as well as who virtually secured the wholesome and significant vote he received in the convention. The man entitled to the credit was William B. Archer of the town of Marshall, Illinois. Mr. Archer had been elected to Congress, but was then awaiting the result of a contest for his seat. Immediately after his return to Washington from Philadelphia, where he attended the convention, he wrote Mr. Lincoln as follows:

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1856.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

My dear Sir: I was at the convention — got here last evening and have not had time to write you as I should wish. The House meets and I must be up to see about my case. I have been absent at New York and Philadelphia since the 13th. On being defeated as to Mr. McLean for whom I did my best, I felt badly and at dark after the nomination of Mr. Frémont, I resolved to name you for Vice-President regardless of whom they might name. We went it until 12 P. M.— Mr. Swett, Wilcox and myself. I got Allison of Pennsylvania to name you — did wish ex-Governor Pitner but he rather declined — was for you and did all he could in the short time left. Now you see they were personally committed to Mr. Dayton but had we moved early in the matter — and I would if I had believed McLean would have been defeated—you certainly [would] have had the nomination. This is the view of good men who are judges. If the matter had been named early all Pennsylvania would have voted for you. Ohio and Iowa treated me badly and I 'll see them paid off. I think you will pardon me for the move. I had a strong hope and felt disposed to make the effort. Mr. Van Dyke of New Jersey had served with you in Congress. He paid you a high compliment and at some length. It was well done and I regret that his remarks in full as to yourself were not published. He did you great credit.

We are in for the fight for Frémont and Dayton and conquer and succeed we must. I have but a few moments to write you. Accept my best wishes and prayers for your long life and prosperity.

Yours,

W. B. Archer.

But although, as we have seen, Mr. Lincoln was not in Philadelphia, it is not difficult to account for his presence elsewhere. The truth is that he was in Illinois, diligently engaged in following Judge Davis around the circuit. At the very time of the convention he was attending a special term of the court in Urbana.

Mr. Whitney relates that Judge Davis and the non-resident lawyers were quartered at the leading hostelry of the place. Their slumbers in the early dawn having too often been disturbed by the tones of a vibrant gong summoning them to breakfast, they decided one morning that the offending instrument must be removed or in some way forever silenced. By a majority vote Mr. Lincoln was chosen to carry out the decree. Accordingly, a little earlier than usual before noon that day, he was seen to leave the court-room and hasten to the hotel. Slipping unobserved into the dining-room, he managed to secure the gong, secreted it under his coat, and was in the act of making off with it when Whitney and Judge Davis suddenly appeared on the scene. The former held in his hand a copy of the Chicago "Tribune," which had just reached town, and contained the surprising and gratifying announcement that Mr. Lincoln had received 110 votes for Vice-President at the Philadelphia convention the day before.

"Great business this," chuckled Davis, "for a man who aspires to be Vice-President of the United States!"

Lincoln only smiled. "Davis and I," declared Whitney, "were greatly excited, but Lincoln was listless and indifferent. His only response was:

" 'Surely it ain't me; there 's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I reckon it 's him.' "

THE LAST CLASS-SUPPER

BY HERBERT D. WARD

THE hotel throbbed with luxury. It was the hour of dining. Women, awaiting their mates, looked through long, lace curtains into the wintry street, or idly trailed across the lobby. Men appeared with the air of pseudo-domesticity belonging to the hotel class. These joined their wives with a polite abstraction that concentrated suddenly into an attention for which the ladies were not responsible. The gaze of the guests turned to the hotel desk. Over this a large banner of purple and gold proclaimed to the cosmopolitan eye that the University of Harle was in possession that night. Below the banner a white placard read:

CLASS OF '37,

ROOM A.

Now, Room A was the well-known state banquet-hall. One passed through a row of Siena columns to arrive at this room, whose decorations were the pride of the house. Each of these marble shafts was now festooned with the royal colors of the great university. Purple and gold woven into intricate designs stimulated many a curious and jaded eye to interest. Even to those accustomed to magnificence, the profusion of violets and yellow chrysanthemums made the entrance to the banquet-room a bower of wonder. Captivating the eye, in the center of these introductory decorations, swayed a huge streamer of the Harle colors blazoned with the number of the class.

'37! And this was 1907! A class seventy years graduated and gone! Was this a farce or a mistake? Was it one of those midwinter pranks that even the most dignified graduate is willing to play? Or was it a somber message from an almost forgotten era?

Women stared and whispered. Men looked and said nothing at all. One walked boldly up the deserted corridor, and glanced into the banquet-hall. Set in a blaze of light and color, he saw a horseshoe table arranged for about sixty guests, each plate bearing an individual card.

The glitter of the glasses, the eagerness of the waiters, the artistic luxury of the scene, informed the intruder that the banquet was not a hoax, but that the fact lacked only the men so fortunate as to be included in this function.

Curiosity now ran afire. Whispers of wonder crept from the lobby throughout the whole floor, until the university banquet became a matter of public attention.

Then the banquet band began to play the familiar college strains that always cause the hearts of old Harle graduates to tighten. Who can hear "Lauriger Horatius" without wondering why the modern undergraduate has cast the old, dignified melodies into oblivion, preferring the ragtime of the concert-halls set to topical words?

By this time gossip, rumor, and expectancy were at their height. Fully half a hundred guests were now gathered, forgetting their own dinners, to see the Class of '37 arrive. The clerks at the desks had refused to answer inquisitive questions.

At half-past seven, Ernest, the head waiter, in his way a person of renown, swept an approving glance over the perfect table and the faultless serving staff. Then his face assumed an expression of repressed anxiety. He threw open the doors, and took his stand in the purple and gold corridor.

"Excuse me!" murmured a polite clerk to the spectators who were blocking the passage. "Will you please make way for the Class of '37?"

To the right and to the left the curious people stirred till a narrow lane was formed among them. On each side of it they stood with straining eyes. Following the clerk, a bell-boy walked, carrying upon a velvet salver a huge silver cup. To the quick gaze this polished emblem seemed to be covered with lettering.

Then came a man. And what a man was that! Tall beyond average size, he dwarfed those who stared upon him in amazement. For such vital age is not often seen. As erect as a minute-man, with eyes unaided and cheeks flushed, he strode, looking neither to this side nor to that. He had the air of a soldier of the last war with Great Britain. As you saw him, thoughts of Webster, of Clay, and of Calhoun, of Seward or of Sumner, flashed through the educated mind. For his high brow, crowned with snow, his mouth, as sweet as a woman's and as mobile as an orator's, his chin as stern as if defying the scythe of Death, stirred light hearts into veneration.

Here was a man indeed, survivor of a dead day. Even to look at this strong patriarch was an inspiration to the ignoble, and a benediction to the aspiring.

But his eyes! What did they see? The eyes of a prophet look inward; but these, tense, concentrated beyond space, were those of a seer of the past.

Slowly, with the dignity of a departed century, the Class of '37 passed into the decorated corridor. For a moment he paused beneath his own banner. This he saluted gravely; then he moved on.

Ernest preceded him to the head of the empty table, while the stolid clerk softly closed the doors.

It had been the custom at each annual reunion to open the dinner with prayer. This habit was a legacy of the earlier time, and of the earlier college, which was created by religious men and possessed religious faith. Awed, the waiters watched for the signal from their chief to serve the first course to this ghostly company. But the eyes of him who sat at the head were blurred. Before him, the class-cup swam as if it floated in a silver mist. Ah, that he of all that noble group should be the one left to represent his loyal class! For, fifty-six years ago, a lad by the name of Smith had made a motion "that the Class of '37 hold annual meetings until but one shall attend." Had not he—Billy March—madly applauded, little dreaming that he would be the one to honor the unanimous vote? There was Tod Taylor, Chief-Justice of the United States; Parley Smith, a man more than a missionary, the Christian statesman of the nineteenth century, who made the open door of China possible. There was Lyman Bayley, no less beloved in all English-speaking countries by reason of his gentle wit than because of his strong and polished verse. Why, his class-poems formed by themselves a volume of which to be proud. And there was John Snell, the orator of the pulpit, who refused the presidency of Harle, to be able to baptize the grandchildren of his parishioners. Who can forget Hazen of India, Shepard of Turkey, Taylor of Africa, Day of Hawaii, and Dean, one of the great theological triumvirate of Andover?

Those were classes of ministers and missionaries, of teachers and lawyers, with only a chance business man included. One was almost ashamed to become anything but a minister in those archaic classes. But he was a mere banker—he, now the sole custodian of the class-records, and of the class-cup, upon which every man's name but his own had been engraved; and to him was intrusted the other treasure kept for this momentous night.

True, he had known what is called success. Who with the class spirit behind him had not made a man of himself? March had once been Secretary of the United States Treasury. He had once been president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. That was years ago. But now he had been forgotten, and his class had been represented only by two lines of type in the last alumni address list.

He rose slowly to his feet. Never had this hall seen such a sight.

"Let us pray," he said.

Ernest, the head waiter, reverently bent his head.

The praying voice began strongly:

"Thou God of youth and age! Maker of the body that perishes, and of the soul that lives! Thou hast been the Honorary Member of this class for seventy-four years. To dedicate ourselves to Thee, and through Thee to the service of our fel-



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BOYS,' HE BEGAN AGAIN, RAISING THE CUP ON HIGH, 'I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH'"

low-men, has been our first exercise at every meeting we have held. One by one Thou hast taken my classmates away from me, and I am left alone. I ask Thee in the name of Christ, who at the Last Supper had his disciples about him, to send the souls of my classmates here to sup with me; that we may be together for the last time."

The speaker halted. Emotion had parched his throat. The iron of loneliness had locked his tongue. Then the old man with great effort added, "Amen," and prayed no more.

He sat down in a profound and embarrassing silence. This was broken by the peremptory voice of a man of the world.

"Ernest!" Now spoke the toast-master of '37, "you may serve the dinner, and ask the leader to play 'Gaudeamus.'"

Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus—

reverberated from the throats of boys three quarters of a century ago—boys who in their youth and enthusiasm had defied the very essence of eternity. For time seemed far too short to compass their undaunted vitality. But now, what a farce was their exuberance! What a travesty their defiance! Whom time had not leisurely destroyed, opportunity had slaughtered.

Transite ad inferos
Ubi jam fuere,
Ubi jam fuere.

The music rang and ceased.

Awestruck, the waiters slid from chair to chair. Before each plate had been placed an elaborate menu embossed with the Harle seal and colors. The waiters exhibited an uncontrollable embarrassment at the absence of orders. Here and there the ice in the unsipped glasses turned and clinked.

In former years each course had been punctuated by songs, in which every year the chorus had waxed fainter until it had finally faded from croaking effort into pitiful silence. In the old days the boys, and later the men, with ever more eager and more tottering steps, would slip from seat to seat to exchange college greetings.

Last year the three survivors had met. The obscure eyes, the silent ears, had made that class-meeting the last of many similar and increasing tragedies. Memory, with its pitiful accumulations, and sentiment that dared not speak, molded sorrow out of the dead body of joy. The intensity of unuttered feeling, the suppression that the quivering hand-clasp revealed, caused the names of the feeblest two to be written a few weeks later on the class-cup. And now he, the Honorable William March, was executing the historic order of his class. It was his last public act.

Anxious to sustain his part in this strange ceremony, he had tried to partake of a little food, but sat gazing at or playing with his plates as they came and went. After each course the musicians had rendered the old familiar Harle airs—beautiful music, forgotten in our strenuous zigzag days, and adapted to the plaintive stringed instruments. Mounds of untouched fruit, and the fairy-land of modern electricity amid the purple and gold decorations, gave the table the air of sumptuous desolation. At a sign from Ernest the waiters tiptoed out of the hall. The smoke from the solitary diner's untasted coffee curled more and more feebly.

The banquet had come to an end. What could the postprandial part be in this ghostly company? Ernest bent with reverent obsequiousness before his host.

"I hope you have been pleased, sir. Here is a light."

The toast-master, again sunk into lethargic reminiscence, lifted his head sharply, and took from his pocket a case of cigars. The hour that he had apprehended was now at hand. His face was white and drawn with determination. Even his vitality could not stand the strain.

"Thank you, Ernest," he answered, not without difficulty. He took from his waistcoat pocket a yellow bill of large denomination. "I want you to distribute this among yourselves. Yes, I am much pleased." He lifted his cigar to the flickering match. For a moment the analogy between that slender bit of lighted wood and himself smote his imagination. When the match went out he drew a long breath, and something like a needle went through

his heart. But he recovered himself quickly.

"I want you to go to the office-desk and ask for a tin box that is in the safe. Here is the receipt for it. Bring it very carefully. Then you can leave me alone."

At one of the early reunions of the class enthusiasm ran high on account of the first attendance of Tirrell from Jerusalem. The Reverend James Tirrell had chosen Palestine as his field of labor. Just appointed President of the Syrian College at Beirut, he had come back at the insistence of his classmates and his health to spend a few months in rest before he took up his new and arduous duties. This occasioned a full and boisterous meeting. Jimmy Tirrell had brought back as an appropriate token to his classmates a bottle of water which he had himself taken from the sources of the River Jordan. At the psychological moment, well known in all class-suppers, when levity gives way to depth and exuberance to inspiration, and when the cork was about to be drawn, a member of the class arose, and holding the Jordan bottle aloft, said: "Boys, I propose that we keep this bottle unopened, and hand it down to the last survivor of the class to toast the memory of the rest of us."

The proposition was greeted with emotion. As each man recorded his vote he looked from one to the other, wondering with a tightening of the throat whom that vote preordained. That bottle, covered with the dust of over half a century, had reposed in the vaults of a safe deposit company, from which it had annually been withdrawn to stand beside the loving-cup at the head of the table. Incrusted with tender memories in proportion as the cup had been engraved with names, that water from the Jordan had become the most sacred possession of the Class of '37.

Silently Ernest slid the tin box beside the toast-master's ash-tray. With the deftness of long banking experience, the aged man opened the deposit-box and took the bottle out. He inspected the faded inscription upon it carefully. The eyes of the wondering attendant asked what was this rare vintage. He had his napkin ready to enfold the bottle. The Honorable William March waved his hand:

"You may pour it into the cup—carefully. Then, as I said, you may go."

From the balcony, where the musicians sat, the mournful and homely strains of "Auld Lang Syne" mingled with the joyous gurgle of the freed river as it leaped into the cup. No imprisoned champagne ever flowed more eagerly than that water which had once danced among the fastnesses of Lebanon.

We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet—

To have toasted the invited dead in wine would have been a discord in the solemn harmony of that night. Any Harle graduate of the earlier years will understand why.

In the days of auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne—

The music faltered and fell mute. The players departed softly.

The toast-master lifted his massive head from his chest. The moment that he had dreaded had arrived. He was alone. On each side of the gleaming table the chairs were alined like soldiers at attention. Before him the silver tankard glittered upon its ebony base, enrolled with the names of the Class of '37 in order of their decease: it was the only friendly and familiar thing in the room.

The old man laid his cigar on the plate. It tasted as bitter as loneliness, and had become as impossible as solitude. Then a draft seemed to play about his white head. He shivered, and his eyes widened as if trying to recognize figures in the air.

Whence did the strength come that seemed suddenly to be poured into his veins? A smile of wonderful sweetness—that which had made him, unknown to himself, the most beloved member of his class—transformed his stern features. Gripping the table with both hands, he arose and stood erect. He looked about from chair to chair with seeing eyes.

"Classmates!" he began with a steady voice; then he faltered. "Boys!"—his voice broke with that which only the last loving classmate can ever understand. He bent over and took the silver cup in his hands.

It had been the time-honored custom at their class-meetings, as the hour of mid-

night struck, to stand about the board singing the class-hymn that their poet had written fifty years ago. As they solemnly sang, they passed the cup from one to the other with formal salutation, drinking to their dead.

Thus went the song:

Drink deep to happy memory!
Close ranks! Lift high the head!
We tighter clasp the living hands,
And gravely toast the dead.

Our vanished and our silent boys
Are waiting for their mates.
The college campus of the Lord
Shall greet the graduates.

Hush! Classmates, pass the cup around,
And pledge each listening ghost.
For life is but a flitting guest,
And Death a steadfast host.

On each of the handles of this cup had been engraved a word, and these were threefold. In their order they read: "Faith—Hope—Love."

By an accident that might have seemed to him not without significance, the hands of the last classmate closed over "Faith" and "Love," with "Hope" pointing to the unseen and breathless listeners.

"Boys," he began again, raising the cup on high, "I have kept the faith—I have shown my love. I drink to you—the best class of the best college in the land. I drink to the next reunion—to a full meeting—to the Class of '37!"

Was there a rustling of chairs? Did dim ears hear the solemn sounds of the class-hymn? Was it a hand that grasped the third handle of the cup as if in hope of recognition, and then, unseen, released it?

When the lips of the last member lifted from the cup, his face was translucent. With a sigh of content that was almost a groan the toast-master sank into his chair. He looked about, and then closed his eyes with a nod, as if he had seen that which did not disappoint him.

For a long time he sat alone. Then Ernest, gliding in, put a gentle hand upon the shoulder of the dreamer. The aged man did not respond. The last supper of the Class of '37 had passed into the broad history of its Alma Mater.

HEROES

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

"OH, for the men of old, the hero's might,
The knight of song and story, now no more,
The strength that sate on Roman brows, the light
On Sparta's field and Athens' deathless shore!"

I raise my eyes, and close before my sight
Stands one whose high-held head has met unbowed
The anvil-blows of Fate through darkening night;
Dauntless, defiant, as the shadows crowd.

From him close on my right through patient years
Pain wrings nor dark repining nor complaint;
One on my left, calm-eyed, serenely nears
His doom, unfaltering as an aureoled saint.

I turn—behind, one on whose pathway grow
Foul weeds and fouler poisons, mile on mile;
What the grim night-wind hears, God knows; men know
The laugh, the jest, the glory of the smile.

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XII

AN express-rider from Chester had ridden through the night to carry to Mr. Wynne at Merion the news of his ships' return and a brief note from the captain to say that all had gone well.

Though weaker than he was willing to believe, De Courval was able with some help to get on deck, and was welcomed by Wynne, who with sudden anxiety saw the young man's pallor; for although neither wound was serious, he had lost blood enough to satisfy even the great Dr. Rush, and limped uneasily as he went to the rail to meet the ship-owner.

"Are you hurt?" said Wynne.

"Not badly. We had a little bout with a British corvette. Captain Biddle will tell you, sir. St. Denis! but it was fun while it lasted; and the cutting out, too."

"I envy you," said Wynne, with swift remembrance of the market-place in Germantown, the glow of battle in his gray Welsh eyes.

De Courval's face lighted up with the thought of it. "But now," he said—"now I must see my mother—oh, at once."

"The tide is at full flood. A boat shall drop you at the foot of the garden. Can you walk up from the shore, or shall I send you by a chaise?"

"I can walk, sir." He was too eager to consider his weakness, and strong hands helping him into and out of the boat, in a few minutes, for the distance was small, he was set ashore at the foot of the garden, now bare and leafless. He dismissed the men with thanks, and declared he required no further help. With much-needed care he limped up the slope, too aware of pain and of such increase of weakness as surprised him, but nevertheless with a sense of exhilaration at the thought of coming home—yes, home—after having done what he well knew would please his mother. No other thought was in his mind.

Of a sudden he heard voices, and, looking up, saw Mrs. Swanwick and Margaret. Gay, excited, and happy, he stumbled forward as they came, the girl crying out: "The vicomte, mother!"

"Ah, but it is good to see you!" he said as he took the widow's hand and kissed it, and then the girl's, who flushed hot as he rose unsteadily. Seeing her confusion, he said: "Pardon me. It is our way at home, and I am so, so very glad to get back to you all!"

"But—thou art lame!" cried the widow, troubled.

"And his face—he is hurt, mother!"

"Yes, yes; but it is of no moment. We had a one-sided battle at sea." Then he reeled, and recovered himself with effort. "My mother is well?"

"Yes. Lean on me. Put a hand on my arm," said Mrs. Swanwick. "Ah, but the mother will be glad!" And thus, the Pearl walking behind, they went into the house. "Tell madame he is here, Margaret." The young woman went by them and up-stairs to the vicomtesse's bedroom, breathless as she entered in haste.

The vicomtesse said sharply: "Always knock, child."

"I forgot. He is come. He is here. I—we are so glad for thee."

"My son?" She rose.

"Yes, yes." Margaret fled away. It was not for other eyes; she knew that. The vicomtesse met him on the landing, caught him in her arms, kissed him, held him off at arm's-length, and cried, "Are you ill, René?"

"No, no; a little hurt, not badly. I have lost blood," and then, tottering, added faintly, "a wound, a wound," and sank to the floor. She called loudly in alarm, and Schmidt, coming in haste from his room and lifting him, carried him to his bed-chamber. He had overestimated his strength and his power of endurance.

Mother and hostess took possession of him. Nanny hurried with the warming-pan for the bed; and reviving, he laughed as they came and went, and acknowledged the welcome comfort of lavender-scented sheets, and drank eagerly the milk-punch they brought.

Within an hour Schmidt had the little French surgeon at his bedside, and soon René's face and torn thigh were fitly dressed. There was to be quiet, and only madame or Mrs. Swanwick, and a little laudanum and no starvation. They guarded him well, and, as he said, "fiercely," and, yes, in a week he might see people. "Not Mistress Wynne," said the doctor; "a tornado, that woman: but Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Wynne." He was impatient enough as he lay abed and ate greedily wonderful dishes from Darthea Wynne; and there, from the only greenhouse in the town, were flowers, with Mrs. Robert Morris's compliments, and books, the latest, from Miss Gainor, "for the hero, please," for now the town was astir with Captain Biddle's story. The German wrote for him notes of thanks, but as yet would not talk. He could wait to hear of his voyage.

At last he was on a settle one morning alone with Schmidt. There came a discreet knock at the door. "Come in," said Schmidt, and Margaret entered, saying: "These are the first. I gathered them myself at Uncle Josiah's," by which it may be understood that Josiah had made his peace.

"I found them on the Wissahickon. Smell of them," she said as she set her bowl of fragrant trailing-arbutus before him, coloring a little, and adding: "Mother said I must not stay. We are glad thou art better."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the young man. The air of spring, the youth of the year, was in the room. As the door closed behind Margaret, Schmidt said: "René, did you ever see the Quaker lady?—the flower, I mean."

"Yes, once. And now again. How she grows!"

"Yes, she does grow," said Schmidt. "I have noticed that at her age young women grow." As he spoke, Mr. Wynne came in, a grave, reserved, sturdy man, with some little of the unemotional serenity of his Quaker ancestry more notable as he went on into middle life.

Schmidt excused himself, and Wynne sat down, saying: "You seem quite yourself, Vicomte. I have heard the whole story from Captain Biddle. You have made one more friend, and a good one. You will be amused to learn that the French party is overjoyed because of your having victualed the starving Jacobins. The Federals are as well pleased, and all the ship-owners at the baffling of the corvette. No, don't speak; let me finish. The merchants at the coffee-house have voted both of you tankards, and five hundred dollars for the crew, and what the women will say or do the Lord knows. You will have need to keep your head cool among them all."

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, if my head was not turned by what you said to me when we parted, it is safe enough."

"My opinion has been fully justified; but now for business. Both ships are in. You have made an unlooked-for gain for me. Your share—oh, I shall take care of the captain, too—your share will be two thousand dollars. It is now in the bank with what is left of your deposit with me. I can take you again as my clerk or Stephen Girard will send you as supercargo to China. For the present I have said my say."

"I thank you, sir. It is too much, far too much. I shall go back to my work with you."

"And I shall be glad to have you. But I fear it may not be for life—as I should wish."

"No, Mr. Wynne. Some day this con-

fusion in France must end, and then or before, though no Jacobin, I would be in the army."

"I thought as much," said Wynne. "Come back now to me, and in the fall or sooner something better may turn up; but for a month or two take a holiday. Your wages will go on. Now, do not protest. You need the rest, and you have earned it." With this he added: "And come out to Merion. My wife wants to thank you; and madame must come, too. Have you heard that we are to have a new French minister in April?"

"Indeed? I suppose he will have a great welcome from the Republicans."

"Very likely," said Wynne.

It was more from loss of blood that René had suffered than from the gravity of the wound. His recovery was rapid, and he was soon released from the tyranny which woman loves to establish about the sickness-fettered man. The vicomtesse had some vague regret when he asserted his independence, for again he was a child, and this care of him had been a novel interest in a life of stringent beliefs, some prejudices, and very few positive sources of pleasure. The son at this time came to know her limitations better and to recognize with clearer vision how narrow must always have been a life of small occupations behind which lay, as yet unassailed, the pride of race and the more personal creed of the obligations of a caste which no one, except Mistress Wynne, ventured to describe to Schmidt as needing social spectacles. "A provincial lady," she said; "a lady, but of the provinces." The German smiled, which was often his only comment upon her shrewd insight and unguarded talk.

The vicomtesse settled down again to her life of books, church, and refusals to go anywhere except to Darthea at Merion, where she relaxed and grew tender among the children. She would have her son go among the gayer people, and being free for a time, he went as bidden, and was made much of at the town houses of the gay set. But as he would not play loo for money, and grew weary at last of the rôle of *Othello* and of relating, much against his will, his adventures to a variety of attentive *Desdemonas* who asked questions about his life in France, of which he had no mind to speak, he soon returned to the more wholesome company of Schmidt and the tranquil society of the widow's house.

Schmidt, with increasing attachment and growing intimacy of relation, began again the daily bouts with the foils, the long pulls on the river, and the talks at night when the house was quiet in sleep.

The grave young Huguenot was rather tired of being made to pass as a hero, and sternly refused the dinners of the Jacobin clubs, declining to claim for himself the credit of relieving the regicide vicomte, his kinsman.

The more certain news of war between France and Great Britain had long since reached Philadelphia, and when, one afternoon in April, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, just come from a visit to New York, appeared at the widow's, he said to Schmidt that Citizen Genêt, the French minister, had reached Charleston in the *Ambuscade,* a frigate. He had brought commissions for privateers, and had already sent out two, the *Citizen Genêt* and the *Sans Culottes,* to wage war on English commerce. The Secretary of State, Jefferson, had protested against the French consul's condemning prizes, but the republican Jacobins, gone mad with joy, took sides against their leader, and mocked at the President's proclamation of neutrality. Such was his news. Mr. Hamilton was depressed and had lost his usual gaiety. It was all bad, very bad. The man's heart ached for the difficulties of his friend, the harassed President.

Meanwhile imitative folly set the Jacobin fashions of long pantaloons and high boots for good republicans. The young men took to growing mustachios. Tricolor cockades appeared in the streets, while the red cap on barbers' poles and over tavern signs served, with news of the massacres in France, to keep in De Courval's mind the thought of his father's fate. In the meantime, amid feasts and clamorous acclaim, Genêt came slowly north with his staff of secretaries.

Schmidt saw at this time how depressed his young friend became, and felt that in part at least it was due to want of steady occupation. Trying to distract him one evening, he said: "Let us go to the fencing school of the Comte du Vallon. I have long meant to ask you. It is late, but the *émigrés* go thither on a Friday.

It will amuse you, and you want something I cannot teach. Your defense is slow, your attack too unguarded."

"But," said De Courval, "I cannot afford lessons at a dollar. It is very well for Morris and Lloyd."

Schmidt laughed. "I let the comte have the rooms free. The house is mine. Yes, I know, you avoid the *émigrés;* but why? Oh, yes, I know you have been busy, and they are not all to your taste, nor to mine; but you will meet our bookseller De Méry and De Noailles, whom you know, and you will like Du Vallon."

It was nine o'clock when, hearing foils ringing and laughter, they went upstairs in an old warehouse on the north side of Dunker's Court, and were presently in a large room amid a dozen of what were plainly French gentlemen, who were fencing in pairs and as merry as if no heads of friend and kindred were that day falling on the guillotine. Schmidt knew them all, and had helped many. They welcomed him warmly.

"*Bonjour, monsieur.* We amuse ourselves well, and forget a little," said Du Vallon. Ah, the Vicomte de Courval! Enchanted to see you here. Allow me to present Monsieur de Malerive. He is making a fortune with the ice-cream, but he condescends to give us a lesson now and then. Gentlemen, the Vicomte de Courval." The foils were lowered, and men bowed. Scarce any knew him, but several came forward and said pleasant things, while, as they left to return to their fencing, Schmidt made his brief comments. "That is the Chevalier Pontgibaud, René,—the slight man,—a good soldier in the American war. The Vicomte de Noailles is a partner of Bingham."

"Indeed!" said René. "He is in trade, as I am—a Noailles!"

"Yes; may you be as lucky. He has made a fortune, they say."

"Take a turn with the marquis," said Du Vallon. The marquis taught dancing. De Courval said, "With pleasure," and the clatter of foils began again, while Du Vallon and Schmidt fell apart into quiet talk.

"The young man is a clerk and, I hear, has won credit and money. *Bon chien, bonne chasse.* Do you know his story? Ah, my sad Avignon! La Rochefoucauld told me they killed his father; but of course you know all about it."

"No, I have heard but little," said Schmidt. "I know only that his father was murdered. Des Aguilliers told me that; but as De Courval has not, does not speak of it, I presume him to have his reasons. Pray let us leave it here."

"As you please, *mon ami.*" But Du Vallon thought the German strangely lacking in curiosity.

The time passed pleasantly. De Courval did better with Tiernay, who taught French to the young women and was in the shabby splendor of clothes which, like their owner, had seen better days.

They went away late. Yes, he was to have lessons from Du Vallon, who had courteously criticized his defense as weak. But the remedy had answered the German's purpose. Here was something to learn which as yet the young man did badly. The lessons went on, and Schmidt at times carried him away into the country with fowling-pieces, and they came home loaded with wood pigeons; and once, to De Courval's joy, from the Welsh hills with a bear on the back of their chaise and rattles for Pearl from what De Courval called the *serpent à sonnettes*—"a nice Jacobin snake, *Mademoiselle.*" And so the quiet life went on in the Quaker house with books, walks, and the round of simple duties, while the young man regained his former vigor.

The spring came in with flowers and blossoms in the garden, and, on the 21st of May, Citizen Genêt was to arrive in this year of '93. The French frigate *Ambuscade,* lying in the river and hearing from Chester in due season, was to warn the republicans with her guns of the coming of the minister.

"Come," said Schmidt, as the casements shook with the signal of three cannon. "Pearl said she would like to see it, and the farce will be good. We are going to be amused; and why not?"

"Will Friend de Courval go with us?" said Margaret. Walks with the young woman were somehow of late not so easily had. Her mother had constantly for her some interfering duties. He was glad to go.

At the signal-guns, thousands of patriots gathered in front of the State House, and in what then was called the Mall, to

the south of it. Schmidt and the young people paused on the skirts of the noisy crowd, where were many full of liquor and singing the "Marseillaise" with drunken variations of the tune. "A sight to please the devil of laughter," said Schmidt. "There are saints for the virtues, why not devils for men's follies? The mischief mill for the grinding out of French Jacobins from Yankee grain will not run long. Let us go on around the Mall and get before these foolish folk. Ah, to insult this perfect day of May with drunkenness! Is there not enough of gladness in the upspring of things that men must crave the flattery of drink?" He was in one of those moods when he was not always, as he said, understandable, and when his English took on queer ways.

Pausing before the gray jail at the corner of Delaware, Sixth Street, and Walnut, they saw the poor debtors within thrust out between the bars of the windows long rods with bags at the end to solicit alms. Schmidt emptied his pockets of shillings, and they went on, the girl in horror at the blasphemies of those who got no coin. Said Schmidt: "Our friend Wynne lay there in the war for months. Ask Madame Darthea for the tale, De Courval. 'T is pretty, and worth the ear of attention. When I rule the world there will be no prisons. I knew them once too well."

So rare were these glimpses of a life they knew not of that both young people, surprised, turned to look at him.

"Wert thou in jail, sir?" said the Pearl.

"Did I say so? Life is a jail, my good Margaret; we are all prisoners." The girl understood, and asked no more. Crossing the Potter's Field, now Washington Square, they leaped over the brook that ran through it from the northwest.

"Here below us lie the dead prisoners of your war, Pearl. The jail was safe, and now they are free. God rest their souls! There 's room for more." Scarcely was there room in that summer of '93. Passing the Bettering House on Spruce Street Road, and so on and out to the Schuylkill, they crossed the floating bridge, and in the deep cutting where Gray's Lane descended to the river, climbed the slope, and sat down and waited.

Very soon across the river thousands of men gathered and a few women. The bridge was lined with people, and some collected on the bank and in the lane below them, on the west side of the stream.

Hauterive, the French consul at New York, and Mr. Duponceau and Alexander Dallas of the Democratic Club, stood near the water, on the west side of the bridge, waiting to welcome Genêt. "I like it very well," said Schmidt; "but the play will not run long."

"Oh, they are coming!" cried Margaret. This was interesting. She was curious, excited, and now with her bonnet off, as De Courval saw, bright-eyed, eager, and with isles of color mysteriously passing over her face, like rose clouds at evening.

A group of horsemen appeared on the top of the hill above them, one in front. "Genêt, I suppose," said De Courval. A good-looking man, florid, smiling, the tricolor on the hat in his hand, he bowed to right and left, and honored with a special salute mademoiselle, near-by on the bank. He had the triumphant air of a very self-conscious conqueror. Cheers greeted him. "*Vive la république!* D—— George Washington! Hurrah for Citizen Genêt!" with waving of French flags. He stopped below them in the lane. A boy in the long pantaloons of protest, with the red cap of the republic on his head, was lifted up to present a bouquet of three colors made of paper flowers. Citizen Genêt gave him the fraternal kiss of liberty, and again the crowd cheered. "Are these people crazy?" asked the Quaker maiden, used to Friends' control of emotion.

"Mad? Yes, a little." Genêt had paused at the bridge. Mr. Dallas was making him welcome to the capital. David Rittenhouse stood by, silent in adoration, his attention divided between Genêt and a big bun, for he had missed his dinner.

"It is all real," said the German. "The bun doth equally well convince. Oh, David, didst thou but dream how comic thou art!" Meanwhile De Courval by turns considered the fair face and the crowd, too tragically reminded to be, like Schmidt, altogether amused.

But surely here indeed was comedy, and for many of this careless multitude a sad ending of politics in the near summer months.

The crowd at the water's-edge closed

around Genêt, while the group of four or five men on horseback who followed him came to a halt on the roadway just below where were seated Schmidt and his companions. The riders looked around them, laughing. Then one spoke to a young secretary, and the man thus addressed, turning, took off his hat and bowed low to the Quaker maid.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried De Courval, springing up as the attachés moved on. "*C'est Carteaux!* It is he!"

Schmidt heard him; the girl to the left of Schmidt less plainly. "What is it?" she cried to De Courval. His face as she saw it was of a sudden white, the eyes wide open, staring, the jaw set, the hands half-open, the figure as of a wild creature about to leap on its prey. "Take care!" said Schmidt. "Take care! Keep quiet!" He laid a strong hand on De Courval's shoulder. "Come away! Take care! People are looking at you."

"Yes, yes." He straightened, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Art thou ill?" asked Margaret.

"No, no. I am glad—glad as never before. Let us go. It will keep. It will keep." She looked at him with wonder. They climbed the bank and went up the hill across the Woodlands, Andrew Hamilton's estate, and so homeward by the middle ferry at High Street, no one speaking.

The girl, troubled and apprehensive, walked on, getting now and then from the bonnet's seclusion a quick side glance at a face a little flushed and wearing a look of unwonted satisfaction. Schmidt was as silent as his companions. Comedy, again he thought, and as ever behind it the shadow tragedy. "If I were that man, I should be afraid—a secretary of this accursed envoy. I must know more. Ah, here is the other man behind the every-day man—De Courval."

De Courval went in and up-stairs to his room, and at the five-o'clock supper showed no sign of the storm which had swept over him. After the meal he followed his mother, and as usual read aloud to her a chapter of the French Bible. Then at dusk he pulled out on the river, and, finding refreshment in a cold plunge, rowed to shore, returning in full control of the power to consider with Schmidt, as now at last he knew he must do, a situation not so simple as it seemed when he set eyes on his enemy.

"I have been waiting for you, René. I guess enough to know this for a very grave matter. You will want to tell me."

"I have often wanted to talk to you, but, as you may or may not know, it was also too painful to discuss until the need came; but now it has come."

"You will talk to me, René, or not, as seems the better to you."

"I shall speak, and frankly; but, sir, wait a little."

Without replying further, the German took up a book and read. The young man let fall his head on his hands, his elbows on a table. He had tried to forget, but now again with closed eyes and, with that doubtful gift of visual recall already mentioned, he saw the great, dimly lighted hall at Avignon, the blood-stained murderers, the face of his father, his vain appeal. The tears rained through his fingers. He seemed to hear again: "Yvonne! Yvonne!" and at last to see again, with definiteness sharpened by the morning's scene, the sudden look of ferocity in a young man's face—a man not much older than himself. He had thought to hear from it a plea for mercy. Ah, and to-day he had seen it gay with laughter. One day it would not laugh. He wiped away tears as he rose. The German gentleman caught him to his broad breast. "What is it, my son? Ah, I would that you were my son! Let us have it out—all of it. I, too, have had my share of sorrow. Let me hear, and tell it quietly. Then we can talk."

Thus it came about that with a sense of relief René told his story of failing fortunes, of their château in ruins, and of how, on his return from Avignon, he had found his mother in a friendly farm refuge. He told, too, with entire self-command of the tragedy in the papal city, his vain pursuit of Carteaux, their flight to England, and how on the voyage his mother had wrung from him the whole account of his father's death.

"Does she know his name?" asked Schmidt.

"Carteaux? Yes. I should not have told it, but I did. She would have me tell it."

"And that is all." For a little while the German, lighting his pipe, walked up

and down the room without a word. Then at last, sitting down, he said: "René, what do you mean to do?"

"Kill him."

"Yes, of course," said Schmidt, coolly; "but—let us think a little. Do you mean to shoot him as one would a mad dog?"

"Certainly; and why not?"

"You ask 'Why not?' Suppose you succeed? Of course you would have to fly, leave your mother alone; or, to be honest with you, if you were arrested, the death of this dog would be, as men would look at it, the murder of an officer of the French legation. You know the intensity of party feeling here. You would be as sure to die by the gallows as any common criminal; and—there again is the mother to make a man hesitate."

"That is all true; but what can I do, sir? Must I sit down and wait?"

"For the present, yes. Opinion will change. Time is the magician of opportunities. The man will be here long. Wait. Go back to your work. Say nothing. There are, of course, the ordinary ways—a quarrel, a duel—"

"Yes, yes; anything—something—"

"Anything—something, yes; but what thing? You must not act rashly. Leave it to me to think over; and promise me to do nothing rash—to do nothing in fact just yet."

De Courval saw only too clearly that his friend was wiser than he. After a moment of silence he said: "I give you my word, sir. And how can I thank you?"

"By not thanking me, not a rare form of thanks. Now go to bed."

When alone, Schmidt said to himself: "Some day he will lose his head, and then the tiger will leap. It was clear from what I saw, and who could sit quiet and give it up? Not I. A duel? If this man I have learned to love had Du Vallon's wrist of steel or mine, it would be easy to know what to do. Ah, if one could know that rascal's fence—or if I—no; the boy would never forgive me; and to cheat a man out of a just vengeance were as bad as to cheat him of a woman's love." As for killing a man with whom he had no personal quarrel, the German, unreproached by conscience, considered the matter entirely in his relation to De Courval. And here, as he sat in thought, even a duel troubled him, and it was sure to come; for soon or late, in the limited society of the city, these two men would meet. The German was deeply disturbed. An accident to De Courval was possible; well, perhaps his death. He foresaw even this as possible, since duels in that time were not the seriocomic encounters of the French duel of to-day.

As Schmidt sat in self-counsel as to what was advisable, he felt with curious joy that his affection for the young noble was disturbing his judgment of what as a gentleman he would have counseled. The situation was, as he saw, of terrible significance. A large experience of men and events failed to assist him to see his way.

No less bewildered and even more deeply troubled, De Courval lay awake and, as the hours went by, thought and thought the thing over from every point of view. Had he met Carteaux that morning alone, away from men, he knew that he would have throttled the slighter man with his strong young hands, glad of the joy of brute contact and of personal infliction of the death penalty with no more merciful weapon than his own strength. He thrilled at the idea; but now Schmidt, coldly reasonable, had brought him down to the level of common-sense appreciation of unregarded difficulties. His mother! He knew her now far better than ever. His mother would say, "Go, my son." She would send him out to take his chances with this man, as for centuries the women of her race had sent their men to battle. He was more tender for her than she would be for herself. His indecision, the product of a larger duty to her lonely, helpless life, and increased by what Schmidt had urged, left him without a helpful thought, while ever and ever in the darkness he felt, as his friend had felt, that in some moment of opportune chance he should lose for her and himself all thought of consequences.

Perhaps of those who saw the episode of sudden passionate anger on Gray's Lane none was more puzzled and none more curious than Margaret Swanwick. Anything as abrupt and violent as De Courval's irritation was rare in her life of tranquil experiences, and nothing she had seen of him prepared her for this out-

break. Of late, it is to be confessed, De Courval was a frequent guest of her thoughts, and what concerned him began greatly to concern her. Something forbade her to ask of Schmidt an explanation of what she had seen. Usually she was more frank with him than with any one else, and why now, she thought, should she not question him? But then, as if relieved by the decision, she concluded that it was not her business, and put aside the curiosity, but not completely the anxiety which lay behind it.

If she told her mother and asked of her what De Courval's behavior might have meant, she was sure that her eagerness would be reproved by a phrase which Mrs. Swanwick used on fitting occasions —"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's secrets." Many things were to happen before the girl would come to understand why, in the quiet of a May morning, a rather reserved gentleman had of a sudden looked like a wild animal about to leap upon its prey.

XIII

A CHEERING crowd escorted Genêt to Oeller's Hotel. A few days later Washington received the minister, De Ternant's successor, with a coldly formal speech, and the envoy came away in wrath; for had he not seen in the parlor of the President, medallions of decapitated Citizen Capet and his family? His insolent demands for money owing to France, but not yet due, and for a new and more liberal compact, are matters of history. There were wild claims for the right of French consuls to condemn prizes without intermediation of our courts, and yet more and more absurd requests and specious arguments, to which Jefferson replied with decision, but with more tenderness than pleased the Federalists.

At last the privateer *Citizen Genêt* anchored off Market Street wharf. Two enlisted Americans on board were arrested, and the cabinet, being of one opinion, the President ordered the privateer to leave. Genêt appealed to the Secretary of State for delay and against this inconceivable wrong to a sister republic, and as the cabinet remained firm, and the democrats raged, the town was for days on the verge of riot and bloodshed.

On the 27th of May, while on an errand for Mr. Wynne, about four in the afternoon, De Courval saw the crowd going into Oeller's Hotel for a great dinner in honor of Genêt. On the steps stood a man waving the tricolor. It was Carteaux. *"Mon Dieu!"* murmured De Courval, "shall I get used to it?" His errand took him past the house of the Vice-President, John Adams. Servants and friends were carrying in muskets. A noisy mob hooted and drifted away to Oeller's. There had been threats of destroying the house, and Adams meant to be ready. The young man went on, deep in thought. In front of the Senate House he bowed to Edmund Randolph, an occasional visitor at the Quaker salon and now Attorney-General at the age of thirty-eight.

Returning, De Courval met Stephen Girard, who stopped him. Short, sallow, a little bald, and as yet slight of build, he was watching with a look of amusement the noisy mob in front of the hotel. *"Ah, bonjour, monsieur.* And you would not go as my supercargo. It is open for the asking." He spoke French of course. "These yonder are children, but they are not as serious as they think themselves. Come this afternoon to my farm on the neck and eat of my strawberries. There will be the French consul-general and the secretary Carteaux. No politics, mind you. My heart is with the revolutionary government at home, but my politics in America are here," and he struck his breeches' pocket. "I am not for war, *monsieur.*"

De Courval excused himself, and went away murmuring: "Again, again! It must end. I must make it end. Ah, mother, mother!"

Schmidt, troubled by the young man's gloom and loss of spirits, did all he could, but characteristically made no effort to reopen a subject on which he had as yet reached no other decision than the counsel of delay.

The mother questioned her son. It was nothing. He was not quite well, and the heat of July was great. The German was yet more disturbed when one evening after the fencing lesson, Du Vallon said: "I had here to-day two of the staff of that *sacré* Citizen Genêt. There is already talk of his recall for insolence to the President. *Le bon Dieu* be praised!"

"Why, Marquis, do you permit these cattle to come here?"

"One must live, Monsieur Schmidt."

"Perhaps."

"One of them is a pleasure to fence with—a Monsieur Carteaux, a meager Jacobin. I could not touch him."

"I should like to, with the buttons off the foils," said Schmidt.

"I also. That does make a difference."

Schmidt went away thoughtful. The next afternoon, feeling the moist heat, the vicomtesse went to Darthea at Merion. The two men fenced as usual, while mother and daughter sat in shadow on the porch, and a faint, cool air came up from the river.

"*Ach, du lieber Himmel!* but it is hot!" cried the German, casting down his foil. "You are doing better. Let us go and cool off in the river. Come."

They went down the garden, picking the ripe plums as they went. "What is wrong with you, René? You promised me."

"It is the heat. Miss Margaret looks ill. No one could endure it, and in the counting-house it is dreadful, and with no work to distract me."

"The Pearl goes again to Gray Court to-morrow," said the German.

"Indeed."

"Yes. I shall miss her, but it is as well. And, you, René—it is not the heat. Why do you put me off with such excuses?"

"Well, no. It is of course that villain," and he told of Girard and the invitation.

"René, a day will come when you will meet that man, and then the thing will somehow end. You cannot go on suffering as you are doing."

"I know; but a devil of indecision pursues me."

"An angel, perhaps."

"Oh, yes. Pity me. My mother stands like a wall I may not pass between me and him. It is horrible to think that she—she is protecting my father's murderer. If I told her, by Heaven! she would bid me go and kill him. You do not know her. She would do it; but, then, who knows what might chance? If I die, she is alone, friendless. I fear to risk it. *Mon Dieu,* sir, I am afraid!"

"And yet some day you will have to put an end to all this doubt. Comfort yourself with this: Fate, which plays with us, will take you in hand. Let it go just now."

"I will try to. I will. If I were as these good Quakers—ah, me, I should sit down,"—and he smiled,—"and thee and thou Providence, and be quiet in the armor of meek unresistance."

"They do kill flies," said the German.

"Ah, I wish then they would attend to the mosquitos," cried De Courval, laughing.

"As to non-resistance, friend, it hath its limitations. Did I tell thee of Daniel Offley? My Pearl told me," and he related the defeat of the blacksmith.

"Insolent," said René.

"No; the man believed that he had a mission. I should like to have his conscience for a week or two, to see how it feels; and, as for non-resistance, canst thou keep a secret?"

"I? Why not? What is it?" He was curious. As they talked, standing beside the river, René watched the flat stones he threw ricochet on the water.

"Once on a time, as they say in Madame Swanwick's book of sixty-five tales, by Nancy Skyrin, a man, one Schmidt, came into the dining-room and sat down quietly to read at an open window for the sake of the breeze from the river. It might have been on Second Day. It chanced to be the same time a Quaker man who hath of late come often sat without on the step of the porch, a proper lad, and young, very neat in gray. Near by sat a maid. Up from the river came the little god who is of all religions and did tempt the young man. The man within lost interest in his book."

Then René gave up the game of skipstone, and, turning, said, "*Mon Dieu,* you did not listen?"

"Did he not? He had listened to the talk in the book, and wherefore not to them? It amused him more. For a little the maid did not seem greatly displeased."

"She did not seem displeased?"

"No. And then—and then that Friend who was perverted into a lover would *brusquer* matters, as you say, and did make a venture, being tempted by the little devil called Cupid. The man who listened did not see it, but it does seem

probable she was kissed, because thereupon was heard a resounding smack, and feeling that here had been a flagrant departure from non-resistance, the man within, having been satisfactorily indiscreet, fell to reading again, and the Quaker went away doubly wounded. Dost thou like my story, Friend de Courval?"

"No, I do not." He was flushing, angry.

"I told you I had no conscience."

"Upon my word, I believe you. Why did you not kick him?"

"I leave you the privilege."

"Come. I hate your story,"—and laughing, despite his wrath,—"your conscience needs a bath."

"Perhaps." And they went down to the boat, the German still laughing.

"What amuses you?"

"Nothing. Nothing amuses one as much as nothing. I should have been a diplomatist at the court of Love." And to himself: "Is it well for these children? Here is another tangle, and if—if anything should go amiss, here are three sad hearts. D—— the Jacobin cur! I ought to kill him. That would settle things."

For many days De Courval saw nothing of his enemy. Schmidt, who owned many houses and mortgages and good irredeemable ground rents, was busy.

Despite the fear of foreign war and the rage of parties, the city was prosperous and the increase of chariots, coaches, and chaises so great as to cause remark. House rents rose, the rich of the gay set drank, danced, gambled, and ran horses on the road we still call Race Street. Wages were high. All the wide land felt confidence, and speculation went on, for the poor in lotteries, for the rich in impossible canals never to see water.

On August 6 of this fatal year '93, Uncle Josiah came to fetch the Pearl away for a visit, and, glad as usual to be the bearer of bad news, told Schmidt that a malignant fever had killed a child of Dr. Hodge and three more. It had come from the *Sans Culottes,* privateer, or because of damaged coffee fetched from he knew not where.

The day after, Dr. Redman, President of the College of Physicians, was of opinion that this was the old disease of 1762—the yellow plague. Schmidt listened in alarm. Before the end of August three hundred were dead, almost every new case being fatal. On August 20, Schmidt was gone for a day. On his return at evening he said: "I have rented a house on the hill above the falls of Schuylkill. We move out to-morrow. I know this plague. *El vomito* they call it in the West Indies."

Mrs. Swanwick protested.

"No," he said; "I must have my way. You have cared for me in sickness and health these five years. Now it is my turn. This disease will pass along the water-front. You are not safe an hour." She gave way to his wishes as usual, and next day they were pleasantly housed in the country.

Business ceased as if by agreement, and the richer families, if not already in the country, began to flee. The doom of a vast desertion and of multiplying deaths fell on the gay and prosperous city. By September 10 every country farm was crowded with fugitives, and tents received thousands along the Schuylkill and beyond it. Sooner or later some twenty-three thousand escaped, and whole families camped in the open air and in all weather. More would have gone from the city, but the shops were shut, money ceased to circulate, and even the middle class lacked means to flee. Moreover, there was no refuge open, since all the towns near by refused to receive even those who could afford to leave. Hence many stayed who would gladly have gone.

Madame de Courval was at Merion, and Margaret had now rejoined her mother, brought over by her uncle. He had ventured into the city and seen Matthew Clarkson, the mayor, on business. He would talk no business. "Terrible time," said Josiah—"terrible! Not a man will do business." Did he feel for these dying and the dead? Schmidt doubted it, and questioned him quietly. The doctors were not agreed, and Rush bled every one. He, Josiah, was not going back. Half a dozen notes he held had been protested; a terrible calamity, but fine for debtors; a neat excuse.

Mr. Wynne had closed his counting-house, and was absent on the Ohio, and De Courval was left to brood; for now the French legation had gone to the country, the cabinet fled to Germantown, and

the President long before to Mount Vernon for his summer rest.

The day after Josiah's visit, Schmidt left a letter on Mrs. Swanwick's table, and rode away to town without other farewell.

"Look at that, my friend," said the widow to René, and burst into tears. He read and re-read the letter.

DEAR MADAM: The city has no nurses, and help is needed, and money. I have a note from Girard. He has what Wetherill once described as the courage of the penny, not the cowardice of the dollar. I go to help him, for how long I know not, and to do what I can. My love to my friend René. I shall open your house. I have taken the key. I shall write when I can. I leave in my desk money. Use it. I owe what no money can ever repay.

I am, as always, your obedient, humble servant, *J. S.*

There was consternation in the home and at Merion, where he was a favorite, and at the Hill, which Gainor had filled with guests; but day after day went by without news. No one would carry letters. Few would even open those from the city. The flying men and women told frightful stories. And now it was September. Two weeks had gone by without a word from Schmidt. The "National Gazette" was at an end, and the slanderer Freneau gone. Only one newspaper still appeared, and the flight went on: all fled who could.

At length De Courval could bear it no longer. He had no horse, and set off afoot to see his mother at Merion, saying nothing of his intention to Mrs. Swanwick. He learned that Wynne was still on the Ohio, and ignorant of the extent of the calamity at home.

"Mother," he said, "again I must go into danger. Mr. Schmidt has gone to the city to care for the sick. For two weeks we have been without news of him. I can bear it no longer. I must go and see what has become of him."

"Well, and why, my son, should you risk your life for a man of whom you know nothing? When before you said it was a call of duty I bade you go. Now I will not."

"Mother, for a time we lived on that man's generous bounty."

"What!" she cried.

"Yes. It was made possible for me because I had the good fortune to save him from drowning. I did not tell you."

"No, of course not."

He told briefly the story of his rescue of the German.

"If he is well, I must know it. He is more than merely my friend. If he is ill, I must care for him. If he is dead—oh, dear mother, I must go!"

"I forbid it absolutely. If you go, it is against my will."

He saw that she meant it. It was vain to protest. He rose.

"I have no time to lose, mother. Pray for me."

"That I do always, but I shall not forgive you; no—yes, kiss me. I did not mean that; but think of my life, of yours, what it owes me. You will not go, my son."

"Yes, I am going. I should be base, a coward, ungrateful, if I did not go. Good-by, mother. Let them know at Mrs. Swanwick's."

He was gone. She sat still a little while, and then rising, she looked out and saw him go down the garden path, a knapsack on his back.

"His father would never have left me. Ah, but he is my son—all of him. He was right to go, and I was weak, but, my God, life is very hard!" For a moment she looked after his retreating figure, and then, fearless, quiet, and self-contained, took up again the never-finished embroidery.

(To be continued)

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

SEVENTH PAPER: BERLIN SOCIETY—PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG—COURT FUNCTIONS—THE BISMARCKS—PARIS SOCIETY—GENERAL BOULANGER—HIS FRIENDS AND HIS CHARACTER—DUCHESSE DE LA TRÉMOILLE—KING MILAN—DUC D'AUMALE—BOURGET

ON our way back from Russia, in 1888, we stayed for ten days at the British Embassy in Berlin. Sir Edward B. Malet, who was the Ambassador, was very much in favor with the imperial family. A man of small stature, he has nevertheless a commanding presence and with a pleasant and open countenance he has the most courteous of manners. He is very well informed, and talks agreeably on all subjects. Lady Ermyntrude, his wife, who was equally liked, is a daughter of the late Duke of Bedford, and an extremely cultivated woman. They both showed us the greatest hospitality, even giving a dinner in our honor.

After ultra-fashionable and brilliant St. Petersburg, Berlin society seemed a little quiet. But there were some exceptions, notably Princess Karl Egon Fürstenberg (now Comtesse Jean de Castellane), Princess Antoine Radziwill, and Countess von Hohenau. This lady was renowned for her beautiful figure, which I have seen equaled only by that of Lady Claud Hamilton. Princess Fürstenberg (who was a stepdaughter of the late Duc de Valançay and half-sister of the Prince de Sagan, already mentioned in these reminiscences) held a unique position. To her own vivid personality she added her husband's great name and immense wealth. Well educated, and with a restless and ambitious mind, she has always taken a keen interest in politics. Had her life been spent in England instead of abroad, she would certainly have played a greater part. In Germany there is little scope in that line for a woman, and in France still less. Her dinners and her parties were the most successful entertainments given in Berlin. Prince Fürstenberg, who has since died, was a very independent man, and some years later he incurred the present Kaiser's wrath in a quarrel which made considerable stir at the time. The Kaiser issued an order to the effect that army officers should take precedence of the nobility. The Prince retired from the court in high dudgeon, after writing a letter to the Kaiser in which, it is said, he expressed his views with more vigor than diplomacy; not hesitating to compare the Hohenzollerns to their detriment with his own high and mighty, not to say much older, family.

We spent our days pleasantly in visiting the palaces, galleries, and museums. At one of the galleries we were much interested to see three pictures which used to be at Blenheim, one of them being the famous "Bacchanalia" by Rubens, which had filled one side of the dining-room. Sans Souci I found enchanting, and could hardly tear myself away from its lovely rooms, with their Louis XV decorations and delicious Watteaus. How strange that those two grim men, Frederick the Great and Voltaire, should have lived in such incongruous surroundings! Visions of beautiful women in powder and patches could alone be associated with these bou-

doirs, where the panels, adorned with silver tracings, and the soft-colored silk curtains would have made a fitting background for their loveliness. The bedroom so long occupied by Voltaire, with its priceless Dresden china, and hangings of green damask, looked like a nest for a pink-and-white maid of honor. One note, however, gave an indication of the king's mind in respect to the guest whom he hated and feared as much as he admired him. A large, grinning china monkey did service for a chandelier, holding in its hands the candles which lighted up the sardonic features of its human counterpart. At the end of a cul-de-sac was a small, round room of which the only outlet was a window giving on to the garden. With books to the ceiling, and a huge writing-table in the center, this was Frederick the Great's sanctum. Perhaps it was on this very table that he wrote the verses he was so anxious Voltaire should admire, and which in the hands of the "Patriarch of Ferney" became the weapon with which he ridiculed the king at the time of their famous quarrel.

Among the many festivities to which we were bidden, was a gala performance at the opera. A gala night under the auspices of the German court is a very different thing from the same function in London. In Berlin the boxes and seats are not sold, and only those who receive a royal invitation may attend, whereas in London it is a case of the longest purse and the highest bidder. In consequence, the audience is anything but representative of London society. I remember being very much struck by the wonderful ensemble and perfection of the orchestra, far surpassing any in London of those days. Sembrich sang in "Les Noces de Figaro," and the whole royal family were present, including the aged Emperor William I. The prospect of a court concert, preceded by an informal drawing-room, at which we were to be presented, rather alarmed me, not knowing the rules and etiquette of a court so different from any I had yet seen. Also, not expecting to attend any such function, I had no court train with me, and this added to my embarrassment, for there is no doubt that to be well dressed gives confidence. In the end, however, it all proved quite simple. Etiquette required that before appearing at court I should visit the mistress of the robes. I therefore called with Lady Ermyntrude Malet on Countess Perponcher, a rather formidable lady with an 1830 coiffure and a stiff, rustling silk gown. She received me with *force révérences,* which I duly returned.

On the night of the concert, we were ushered into a small room where the Emperor William stood surrounded by the royal family, the officials of the court, and the diplomatic corps, and with others we were presented. The Emperor, looking most upright in his smart uniform, welcomed me in a few well-chosen words, also reminding me of our tea-party at Gastein and of jokes we had had with the children. Little did I or any one else present think that this was to be his last entertainment, and that in a few weeks the kind and noble old monarch would be no more. Suddenly a side door opened, and the Empress Augusta, sitting in a small Bath chair, was wheeled in. Dressed in pale-blue satin, with jewels to her waist, her venerable head crowned with a magnificent tiara, she made a brave, if somewhat pathetic, figure. She asked me many questions in excellent English, addressing me as "Lady Churchill" and inquiring after the Czarina, whom she understood I had just seen. She also asked so much after her "dear Queen Victoria" that I came to the conclusion she was mistaking me for Queen Victoria's lady-in-waiting, Jane, Lady Churchill. Her remarks were almost inaudible, and I had to answer in a very loud voice, as she did not hear well. I do not recollect ever having felt more embarrassed or uncomfortable than during this conversation at cross purposes, carried on before the whole court, which was listening in respectful silence.

Presently we all moved into an adjoining room, at the end of which was a small platform. Round tables were dotted about, the places being arranged beforehand. Randolph sat at the table of Princess William (the present Kaiserin), while I sat at Prince William's. After listening to an excellent concert, at which Sembrich sang, supper was served, the whole function being over by eleven o'clock. Much to my delight, in the course of the evening I made the acquaintance of the great Moltke, who, notwith-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

KAISERIN AUGUSTA AND KAISER WILLIAM I

standing his stern and ascetic countenance, surprised me agreeably by his sunny smile and pleasant voice.

There is no doubt it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than the Russian and German courts presented at that time, one, brilliant, imposing, lavish in its extravagance, barbaric in its splendor; the other, unpretentious and, perhaps, a little chill, but full of traditions and etiquette. In Berlin, and particularly at the court, signs of the all-conquering and victorious army were everywhere apparent; everything military was in the ascendant. I remember Prince William visiting me at the embassy, and our having a great discussion on German and Russian uniforms, the gorgeousness of which had impressed me while in St. Petersburg.

If the court of the Emperor William I was somewhat depressing, the magnificence of the existing régime is a great contrast. The present Kaiser William II rightly wishes to maintain a proper standard, and while condemning extravagance, likes to see a dignified display. It has been reported that he once said, apropos of his court balls, that "men came for

discipline, and women for deportment." Permission to dance is given only by royal order, and the privileged have for many days to rehearse the intricate steps of the stately minuets prescribed. Woe be it if they make any mistakes, for a dancing-master sits aloft in a gallery recording the "faux pas" of his pupils. This may sound arbitrary, but there is no doubt that if something similar could be introduced at the Court of St. James's the proceedings would gain in dignity, as it is with difficulty that the majority of people can go through an ordinary quadrille.

Before leaving, we dined one night with Count Herbert Bismarck. At the end of the dinner he produced, as a *bonne bouche,* a sort of paste, made principally, as far as I could gather, of lard and garlic, of which he spoke with pride as having been made by his mother. Count Herbert was a kindly man, and although to English ideas he may perhaps have seemed a little rough and uncouth, he was really very popular in England, and left many friends to deplore his premature death. He was greatly interested in English politics, and I remember that at this dinner we had an argument on the subject of Mr. Gladstone, whom he cordially hated, remarking, much to our amusement, that his father always said "Gladstone would drag England to the lowest ground of hell."

Randolph and I were disappointed in not seeing Prince Bismarck, who was then in the country; but some years later, when at Kissingen, we were fortunate enough to make the "Iron Chancellor's" acquaintance. We dined with him at the old schloss where he was living, its picturesque red roof making a landmark in the flat Bavarian scenery. We were only a party of six: the Prince and Princess, Count Herbert Bismarck and his wife (who was of English origin), and ourselves. We dined in a large room which had a vaulted ceiling, and seemed to be used as a general living-room. At dinner I sat on one side of the Prince, and Ran-



From a photograph by Ottomar Anschütz

KAISER WILLIAM I (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND COUNT VON MOLTKE



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

SIR EDWARD B. MALET

dolph on the other, the huge boar hound, our host's constant companion, lying on the ground between us. Conversation was animated. Bismarck spoke excellent English, but very slowly; and if he could not find the word he wanted, he would pause and think until he did. His family looked up to him with awe and admiration, and listened with the greatest attention to every word he uttered. The old Princess, who seemed very feeble, did not take much part in the conversation. After dinner we adjourned to another part of the room, where we sat round a long table covered with books and newspapers. There were a great many illustrated papers, full of caricatures of Bismarck, which, in answer to a question, he assured me he did not mind in the least. Later, however, Count Herbert contradicted this, saying that his father was really very sensitive and disliked being caricatured.

Speaking of the country and the long walks he took daily, Bismarck said he loved nature, but the amount of life he saw awed him, and that it took a great deal of faith to believe that an "all-seeing Eye" could notice every living atom when one realized what it meant. "Have you ever sat on the grass and examined it closely? There is enough life in one square yard to appal you," he said. When we were about to leave, his great dog fixed his fierce eyes on mine in so persistent a manner that I became alarmed and thought he was going to spring upon me; but the Prince reassured me, saying, "He is looking at your eyes, because he has not seen any like them." This was said in a grave voice and without a smile, leaving it doubtful if he intended to pay me a compliment.

Leaving Berlin with much regret and with gratitude to our kind hosts the Malets, we proceeded to Paris, where we remained for some time. Our friend the Marquis de Breteuil helped to make our visit delightful, for at his charming house, where we often dined, we met every one of note and interest. It was at one of these dinners that I saw General Boulanger for the first time. M. de Breteuil was a believer at that moment in Boulangism, and, in common with many Royalists, thought he saw in the General, *"faute de mieux,"* the preserver of the French monarchy, through a Restoration which was to follow a republic under



PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG AND PRINCESS RADZIWILL IN FANCY DRESS, IN "LA FILLE DE MME. ANGOT"



From a photograph taken about 1883 by Ottomar Anschütz

A REMARKABLE GROUP OF ROYALTIES

From left to right the persons are: Grand Duke of Hesse (husband of the Princess Alice and father of the Czarina); Princess Irene of Hesse (Princess Henry of Prussia); King Milan of Servia, Duke of Connaught, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse (Princess Sergius of Russia); Kaiser William I, Crown Prince of Portugal (late King Carlos I, recently assassinated); Grand Duke of Baden, Alfonso XII of Spain, behind him Princess Victoria of Hesse; Prince William, now Kaiser William II; Princess Victoria of Prussia, Duke of Cambridge, Crown Princess Victoria (Empress Frederick); Charles Augustus of Weimar, Charles Alexander of Weimar, Albert, King of Saxony; Crown Prince Frederick (Kaiser Frederick); the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.

which all Frenchmen could rally. The Duchesse d'Uzès, the Comtesse Greffhule, the General, Randolph and I, made up the party. The duchess, who kept a pack of hounds in the vicinity of Paris, and hunted the stag with all the pomp and picturesqueness foreigners display in matters connected with the chase, had, it appears, been hunting that day, and in consequence arrived late, breathless, and somewhat untidy, but covered with magnificent jewels. Granddaughter of the Veuve Clicquot of champagne fame, Madame d'Uzès had inherited a large fortune, and with this "fruit of the vine" was able to regild the shield of the Duc d'Uzès, who bore one of the oldest names of France. The duchess, who was then a widow, had espoused the cause of the "brav' Général" with all the ardor of an energetic enthusiast, and she emphasized her support by giving him three million francs. Madame Greffhule, who was a Belgian by birth and came of the historic house of Chimay, had a European reputation for grace, charm, and esthetic tastes. Although she was very young, her salon had already acquired the name for artistic and literary prominence which it bears to-day, and people were eager to be counted among its habitués.

Boulanger, notwithstanding a military bearing, a fierce mustache, and, to French ideas, a handsome face, gave one the impression of a man not quite sure of himself. At that moment his popularity was great, and the eyes of France—not to say of Europe—were turned upon him; yet he seemed unable to rise above his middle-class origin and early surroundings. He talked little, and preferred answering questions to putting them. Later, when he came to London he dined with us several times, but even on better acquaintance his diffidence did not vanish. He was banal in conversation, and I cannot recall anything of interest he said to me. As the General had no political mission in England, the Prince of Wales honored us with his company on one of these occasions. Among those who came besides General Boulanger and General Dillon, who accompanied him, were the Duchess of Manchester (now Duchess of Devonshire), Lady Norreys, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Hartington, Sir George Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, who got into great trouble with their French relatives for having been there. So confident of success were Boulanger and those about him at that time, that General Dillon, who sat next to Mrs. de Rothschild, invited her in the General's name to stay at the Tuileries—"where we shall be in a few months," quoth he.

There was in England a very strong opinion against Boulanger, and we were much taken to task for receiving and entertaining him; but Randolph was rather fond of exotic specimens of mankind, and liked to study them without regard to public opinion. Although undoubtedly a brave man morally, Boulanger was not sufficiently courageous to risk everything for a cause in which he undoubtedly was, as he perhaps suspected, a cat's paw. The extraordinary rise and popularity of the man seems incredible, unless one takes into consideration not only the French character, which made such delirious enthusiasm possible, but also the state of France at that time.

Perhaps it will not come amiss here to recapitulate some of the salient points of this strange and eventful career. The malcontents of every shade of politics—Royalist and Bonapartist—each thought that Boulanger, having gained the confidence of the masses, would, once dictator or President, pave the way to a Royalist or Bonapartist monarchy. Boulanger himself had vast ambitions, of which, it appears, he showed signs when a boy at college. Although a good officer, he had not attained his rank of general by prominence in the field, but, according to his enemies, by lobbying for many years in public offices and anterooms. Politically he coquetted with all parties, and it was probably for this reason that he was made Minister of War in the Freycinet government of 1885, as he was on fairly good terms with both Radicals and Moderates.

It was while he was in the government that he began to show his true colors, and some of his Royalist supporters fell away when they found him becoming more radical and voting with the advanced party for the exile of the Bourbon princes. I was in Paris at the time of the publication of the Duc d'Aumale's letter from Boulanger and well remember the great sensation it made. It revealed the



PRINCE AND PRINCESS BISMARCK AND THEIR FAMILY

Beginning with Count Herbert Bismarck (with the dog), the persons toward the right are: Countess Wilhelm Bismarck, Count Wilhelm Bismarck, Countess Rantzau (née Bismarck), Dr. Schweninger, Princess Bismarck, Prince Bismarck, Countess Herbert Bismarck, Count Rantzau.

fulsomeness of the court he paid to the duke, to whom he owed his rank of general, and his ingratitude in joining those concerned in voting for a cruel and unnecessary law against harmless princes, not to say French citizens. Notwithstanding this revelation of his character, his prestige, shortly afterward at the Fête Nationale on the 14th of July, seemed untarnished, and it is no wonder that M. de Breteuil, in writing to me, said, *"Son étoile est plus brillante que jamais."* Like a comet, Boulanger traversed the skies, "an empty-headed thing with a fiery tail," which, to continue the simile, fell to earth in the flash of a pistol report on the tomb of his one true friend, Marguerite Bonnemain.

Like Parnell, Boulanger, ambitious as some may have thought him, put the love of woman above that of power. All his thoughts were centered in and controlled by her who was the mainspring of his life. After the *plébiscite* of February, 1889, he had a majority of 70,000 votes in Paris alone, and his popularity rose to fever heat; but instead of going straight to the Elysée, where he might have challenged his fate and, who knows? been acclaimed president, he rushed off to Madame Bonnemain's house, and could not be found. This was the turning-point in his career. He disgusted his followers and those who believed in him; and the opportunity never returned.

Randolph, writing to me from Paris, February 5, 1889, said:

> . . . Boulanger does not seem to me to have made as much out of his victory as he ought. If he does not do something soon, the effect of it will be forgotten.

And again in September:

> It is evidently all up with Boulanger. I suppose we shall have him now *en permanence* in London. People won't run after him quite so much.

Life in Paris was most attractive. I sought out all my old friends, and made many new ones. Society was then, as it is now, very cosmopolitan, but it was reinforced by a certain section of the "Noble Faubourg" who were not averse to being entertained by the foreign element. They did not feel it compromising to meet their own compatriots, were they Bonapartists or Republicans, on such neutral ground. A number of Mexicans, Peruvians, Chilians, etc.—*"rastaquouères,"* as they were dubbed,—were much to the fore; and as they seemed to have millions, and entertained lavishly, the gay young Parisians flocked to their houses *en masse*. Exclusiveness is so much a thing of the past that one is astonished nowadays to meet it, individual



From a photograph by Nadar. Reproduction authorized

M. DE BRETEUIL

merit being far more an open sesame to society than formerly. Those who travel and mix perforce with their fellow-creatures forget that people still exist in this world who cannot understand or tolerate anything or anybody beyond their immediate entourage. Is it to be wondered at that these people become narrow-minded, prejudiced, and self-centered? Personally I feel my acquaintance can never be too large. When I reflect that there are thousands of delightful and interesting people one may be missing, no opportunity ought to be lost of cultivating as many as possible. Friends are in another category. Time



From a photograph by Bengue. Reproduction authorized by Pirou

GENERAL GEORGES-ERNEST-JEAN-MARIE BOULANGER

alone can prove friendships. The friends who stand by you through all vicissitudes are more precious and rare than "les amis des beaux jours." To lose one of them is indeed a calamity. To find a cold heart where you were certain of a warm one, to find mistrust and indifference where you hoped for trust and faith, is the greatest of disillusions and the saddest. "La lampe de l'amitié a besoin d'huile," but if the lamp is faulty, no amount of oil will keep it alight.

Speaking of exclusiveness, I am reminded of an amusing illustration of it which I came across in Paris. Having made the acquaintance of the Duchess de la Trémoille, we dined with her one night. The duke, who belongs to one of the oldest families in France, and owns Serrant, a sixteenth-century château on the Loire, also possesses a charming house in the Avenue Gabriel. Before leaving for England, I went to call on the duchess and asked if she was at home. Hearing that she was, I walked through the courtyard to the front door, where, to my surprise, notwithstanding a bell announcing my arrival, no one came forward to meet me. I waited; still no one. There were two doors. I chose one, and found myself at the foot of a large staircase embellished with palms and statues. Mak-

ing my way up, I saw a suite of three or four rooms. In vain I waited for a footman or some one to announce me. At last dimly perceiving a figure at the far end, I went toward it, and found the duchess, who expressed her surprise that I had taken so long to appear. Presently the *timbre* sounded again; this time it was the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia who arrived unannounced. It was amusing to see the man before whom Russia trembles dropping on one knee with mock solemnity, kissing the duchess's hand, and thanking her in exaggerated language for some "divine turkeys" she had sent him. More visitors appearing, I departed, finding my way out as I had come. Having heard that the duchess was supposed to be very exclusive, I confess I thought this a free-and-easy way of receiving, and said as much to a Frenchman. "You don't understand," he said. "During certain months of the year the duchess receives her own particular coterie of intimate friends every day from four to six. They know they are sure to find her and be welcome. As habitués there is no need for them to be announced, and the appearance of servants would detract from the delightful *sans gêne* and intimacy of the visit." "But what about the casual caller, or possibly an unwelcome visitor?" "Oh," replied my friend, "none of these would dream of asking if Madame la Duchesse was at home unless they were on her particular list." This explanation somewhat disturbed me, and I felt myself, for the nonce, a trespasser.

M. de Breteuil would sometimes, for our delectation, invite strange people to meet us. Among them was a certain M. de Meyrenna, a young and good-looking man, who interested and amused us for a whole evening by relating the adventures of his extraordinary and thrilling life. He had a few months previously been proclaimed King of the Sedangs (a tribe somewhere in Indo-China) and called himself "Marie I." Although in a wild and distant country, his subjects *did* exist, which is more than can be said for the "Emperor of Sahara," a would-be monarch of the same type. Marie I invited me to pay him a visit. I was to be met by a caravan with elephants and camels and escorted to his capital, where he promised I should be treated royally. I believe he died a year or two later, an adventurer to the last.

Another eccentric person was King Milan, father of Alexander, late King of Servia, who, with his wife Draga, was treacherously murdered by his subjects. When I first met Milan in Paris he had just abdicated in favor of his son after a fierce quarrel with his wife Natalie, a princess of Stourdza. He certainly was one of the most uncivilized beings I have ever encountered. A short, thick-set man with inky black hair and mustache, of little or no education save what his natural intelligence helped him to pick up, he was notwithstanding an agreeable personality. Later he came to London, where he was not *persona grata* either at the English court or in general society, into which, however, he never attempted to penetrate. I remember once at a small dinner party he was induced to describe his early life before he became, in 1868, Prince of Servia on the assassination of his cousin Michael. Up to that time, barefoot and clad in rags, he had lived the life of a goatherd in the mountains, where he often went without food, sleeping in caverns. In relating these past experiences, his encounters with wild beasts, and narrow escapes from those who for their own ends wanted his life, he became so excited that, suddenly forgetting he was not in his native wilds, he began to eat with his fingers, tearing the meat on his plate. His life on the whole was a sad one, and he really deserved something better, although totally unfitted by his early bringing up to govern any country, far less a semibarbaric one like Servia. I dined with him again, this time at the Amphitryon, a restaurant which was half a club, and much in vogue in London at the moment. We were a party of eight or ten. In a private room, the walls of which were entirely covered with orchids, we had a most fantastic repast. Although nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains did not figure on the menu, I have no doubt the bill was equally extravagant, for Milan had absolutely no sense of the value of money. A few months later he went back to Servia, whether in the hope of helping his son or to intrigue against him I do not know. Disgusted at Alexander's marriage, which took place shortly

after his arrival, with Madame Draga Maschin, who had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Natalie, Milan left Servia in haste, never to return. Writing to me from some Austrian baths, he poured forth his troubles in his impulsive manner:

CHÈRE MADAME:

Depuis longtemps j'ai voulu vous écrire. Cette lettre vous parviendra-t-elle? Je ne le saurai que si vous voulez bien me répondre deux mots pour me dire que vous l'avez reçue. Je n'ai rien de bon a vous dire sur mon compte. Après m'être dévoué corps et âme à mon fils, il m'a joué le tour d'épouser une personne plus qu' impossible et ayant quatorze ans de plus que lui au grand scandale du pays et de l'Europe entière.

Je n'ai pas voulu accepter cette situation, et me revoila de par les grands chemins sans savoir ce que je ferai. Pardon si je vous parle de ces choses, mais dans mes vieux jours, et avec mes cheveux plus que poivre et sel, c'est dur. J'ai mieux merité que cela.

Milan.

One of the most interesting incidents in Paris in 1889 was the great Secrétan sale, which took place in July. Among the art collectors and connoisseurs who flocked to it was H. R. H. the Duc d'Aumale. His vast knowledge and exquisite taste made all who knew him desirous of obtaining his opinions. The catalogue, which consisted of two large volumes, was admirably gotten up, and so largely sought for that, much to my chagrin, I was unable to procure a copy. The Duc d'Aumale, hearing of this, presented me with one of his, writing in it a charming inscription. These books, beautifully bound, are among the treasures of my library.

The duke, with his military prestige and martial bearing, was besides a man of great culture, and fitly described as *"un gentilhomme au bout des ongles."* He was, moreover, an ardent sportsman, and the magnificent château of Chantilly which he presented in 1886 to the Institut de France is filled with his hunting trophies.

During his exile in England, I remember dining with him at his large house in Rutland Gate, and being impressed by his charming and gentle manner. He talked much about France, and his love for his country seemed in no way impaired by the cruel measure which had been passed against him by his own countrymen.

Before leaving Paris, I went several times to see Mrs. Ferdinand Bischoffsheim, a charming and beautiful American who died a few years ago. She had a salon in Paris which was much frequented by literary people. It was there that I first met M. Bourget, then unmarried, and began a friendship which has lasted unimpaired to this day. He had just written "Mensonges," which added greatly to his reputation as a novelist, although it was freely criticized. An animated and amusing correspondence was being carried on in the press, mainly by the fair sex, who were irate at his description of a *mondaine,* his heroine. I recollect his being chaffed by a compatriot, who asked him why he did not depict a real woman of the world in his books? Bourget, who thought he had accurately done so, was naturally annoyed, but, unlike most Frenchmen, he could stand chaff. Perhaps his long stay in England had inured him to it. Now, one of the Forty Immortals, wearing "les palmes académiques," and happily married to a most charming and talented woman, his books are more serious; but to me the delightful "Sensations d'Oxford," which he wrote years ago, and which for literary style and charm of description in my estimation he has never surpassed, is quite staid enough. We often discussed his literary projects, and I have many pleasant letters from him, from which I quote at random the following:

. . . Ma vie à moi est attristée par la difficulté d'écrire "Une idylle tragique." C'est un beau sujet sur lequel je devrais vous écrire vingt pages. Avec de la patience j'en viendrai à bout—mais c'est terriblement dur. Arrivé à un certain point de la vie, on en sait trop, on veut trop mettre, et on ne peut pas dire ce que l'on a à dire. . . . Savez vous que Tourguéniew a résumé le dernier mot de tout quand il a dit "La vie est une affaire brutale."

(To be continued)

OUR BARBAROUS FOURTH



By Mrs. Isaac L. Rice.

IN his first book, Marcus Aurelius gratefully acknowledges his obligation to Sextus of Chæronea for having taught him to "express approbation without noisy display." Alas! in all the centuries which have elapsed since the time of this emperor-philosopher, we have not yet learned to appreciate the wisdom of his counsel; and every holiday, in our country, at least, is made the occasion of a strident outburst of hoodlumism. Hallowe'en, Election Day, Christmas, New Year's, Inauguration Day, and Fourth of July, each witnesses our thoroughfares thronged with shouting and disorderly crowds, provided with every noisy device from the tin trumpet to the dangerous pistol, while shrieks of whistles shrill maddeningly above the street clamor and the booming of bells. Accidents occur, the sick are made worse by these frenzied demonstrations, and the young fail to appreciate the significance of the day which is being so unbeautifully celebrated.

Of all these "noise-fests," the most shocking is the Fourth of July, and its grim statistics probably furnish a sadder commentary on human folly than that afforded by any other celebration in the world.

I often wonder what would be the emotions of a stranger, quite ignorant of our institutions, if he arrived in our country—"God's Country," as we affectionately call it—just before midsummer, and glanced over our great newspapers. After reading some items, such as the following, would he be apt to await a great and glorious anniversary, or the advent of a day of strife and terror?

The horrible Fourth will soon be here. . . In all the big cities the Fourth of July is now looked forward to with apprehension and looked back upon with a shudder, and even with horror.

Or,

The Board of Health has established supply stations of tetanus antitoxin throughout the city. The National Volunteer Emergency Service has established field dressing stations in the thickly populated sections. The hospitals also expect their usual busy day.

And then he would read head-lines like these:

THE NATIONAL BATTLE-FIELD

CARNAGE BEGINS ON HOLIDAY EVE

BLOODIEST FOURTH YET

DEATHS AND INJURIES IN FOURTH OF JULY'S WAKE

After our stranger had grasped the fact that this was not the record of a battle or other public calamity, but merely some details regarding the manner in which a great nation commemorates the most solemn event in its history, I doubt whether he would have an exalted opinion of a people who could desecrate so noble a memory by so barbarous an observance.

The fitting celebration of Independence Day is a question on which patriotic Americans are separated into two widely

divergent parties, one claiming that it ought to be observed as noisily as possible, the other believing that our national birthday is too glorious an occasion to be marred by din and disorder. Of course we know that even among those who favor a boisterous observance there are many who cannot tolerate it themselves, and escape to the country in order to avoid the tortures of the "awful Fourth"; just as we know that a large proportion of the noise-makers, including the small boy and the big boy, too, is heedless, if not ignorant, of all that our holiday stands for, and thinks of it only as a time when clamor may reign unrestrained.[1]

The figures which indicate the price that we pay for each of our yearly celebrations are so appalling that one would suppose a knowledge of them would be the most powerful deterrent to our annual massacre. This, unfortunately, is not the case. For the past five years, the "Journal of the American Medical Association," has endeavored to collect statistics setting forth what the celebration of the Fourth costs in life and human usefulness; and although these are admittedly incomplete,—compiled, as they are, almost entirely from newspaper reports instead of from records of hospitals, dispensaries, and physicians,—they form the gravest possible arraignment of the recklessness which is willing to pay such a price for a "jolly day." They show that during the celebration of five national birthdays, from 1903 to 1907 inclusive, eleven hundred and fifty-three persons were killed, and twenty-one thousand five hundred and twenty were injured! Of the injured, eighty-eight suffered total, and three hundred and eighty-nine partial, blindness; three hundred and eight persons lost arms, legs, or hands, and one thousand and sixty-seven lost one or more fingers. But these figures, startling as they are, convey only a faint idea of the suffering, both physical and mental, which went to swell the total cost of these five holidays; in this we must also include the weeks and often months of anguish of the injured, the suspense of entire families while the fate of some loved one hung in the balance, the horror of a future of sightless years, the pinching poverty now the lot of many because of the death or maiming of the breadwinner.

But putting aside the question of fatalities, of invalidism, of blindness, of penury, the effect on the sick of a long continuance of explosive noises, varying in intensity for days, or even weeks, and deafening for twenty-four hours at least, merits serious consideration. That the return of our "glorious Fourth" is looked forward to with dread by our hospital-sick, as well as by those who are concerned in their care, was made pathetically clear to me last summer when I interviewed the superintendents of almost all our municipal institutions. One and all deplored the needless suffering inflicted on their patients by our barbarous manner of celebration, and begged me to bring the matter to the attention of the Police Department.[2]

In this connection, a letter from Dr. Thomas Darlington, Commissioner of Health, is of interest:

> I agree entirely with you in regard to the serious injury inflicted upon patients in the hospitals occasioned by the common practice of exploding fire-crackers and torpedoes in the immediate vicinity.

Professor William Hanna Thomson took the same stand when he stated:

> I rejoice to hear that your Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise proposes to have measures taken to lessen the explosions of fire-crackers and firearms in the neighborhood of our city hospitals on the Fourth of July. Such noises are particularly injurious, both from their nature and their being of an unusual kind, to patients with

[1] The following is an instance of this: Last Fourth of July, a police court magistrate, wishing to know how many of the prisoners before him, charged with shooting in the streets, could possibly plead patriotic motives, asked each in turn to state his nationality. Of the twenty in line, only two were American-born.

[2] I may here say, in passing, that our Police Commissioner, recognizing the humane necessity of properly safeguarding the sick, sent out officers with orders to prevent disturbances in the vicinity of hospitals. Thanks to his action, the city's sick had a day of comparative peace, and the reports which I received that night were unanimous in stating that the hospitals had never had such a quiet Fourth. A letter written by Mother Celso, Mother-Superior of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, will show how gratefully General Bingham's thoughtfulness was appreciated: "It seems as if we were in Paradise. The patients, the doctors, and the sisters all appreciate the quietness of the day."

any high fever such as typhoid, and it will be a great service to humanity to have them suppressed, if not altogether, as most sane people will acknowledge, yet at least near institutions harboring a variety of patients.

One feature of our celebration which has not yet been touched upon is the cost. Last year, New York City boasted of an outlay of four million dollars, while the country as a whole burned up the huge sum of twenty million dollars in fireworks. Finally, we must add the vast sum lost by conflagrations before we are in a position to realize the whole price that we pay for our day of jollity.

It is interesting to remark how strongly the press is beginning to voice its protest against our "Noise-fest"—a protest now largely seconded by public opinion, although a few years ago it would have been regarded as wofully unpatriotic. Here are a few excerpts gathered last July from widely scattered papers, which are unanimous in decrying our present-day observance:

The most ridiculous and senseless celebration of any great national event.

New York Commercial.

What the connection is between explosives and patriotism, no one has ever undertaken to describe.— *Utica Press.*

The people must be educated to appreciate the folly of dynamite as a factor in patriotism.— *Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Time to consider how our annual worship of the God of Noise is to be abolished. This blatant and death-dealing Divinity long ago usurped the shrine occupied by Patriotism. Every year we carry and lay on his bloody altars human sacrifices, like the tribute of maidens to the Minotaur—only they are mostly boys. And so, year after year, the "Glorious Fourth" becomes more and more a dread festival of blood and fire and noise, of death and mayhem.

Minneapolis Journal.

The traditional gunpowder and dynamite orgies of Independence Day are wrong. Firearms and explosives have no place in any sane scheme of city life.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The day on which human folly too frequently runs amuck. . . . That the achievement of our national independence, brought about through the necessary spilling of great quantities of blood, should be commemorated by the very general loss of life and limb is as unnecessary as it is deplorable.

Union (Manchester, N. H.).

Americans are realizing that noises, maimed and wounded children, and big conflagrations should not be the sequence of the Nation's birthday.— *Toledo Blade.*

What ought to be the most enjoyable day in the calendar, is made a day of general carnage and a day toward which adults look forward with dread and whose passing they look back upon with a sense of mighty relief.

Pioneer Press (St. Paul, Minn.).

It is the money burned up in useless and dangerous explosives that is wasted serving no better purpose than to leave the city with a headache the morning after.

Republic (St. Louis).

The din . . . is hideously vulgar and utterly uncivilized . . . discreditable to those who made it and to the civil authorities who permit it.— *Evening Wisconsin* (Milwaukee).

I fain would haul down the red flag of our modern Fourth of July and, in its place, run up the flag of peace, quietude, rest, contentment, and personal safety.— *Life* (New York).

The total results of our last "jolly celebration" of Independence Day were 164 killed and 4249 injured, many of them being maimed for life! Is this method of celebration really worth while?

Journal Amer. Med. Assn. (Chicago).

How can any satisfaction be taken in the perversion of a holiday to purposes of disorder and destruction, and how can any pride be felt in methods of observance which inevitably condemn hundreds—if not thousands—to be shot, burned, maimed, and otherwise disfigured and tortured in propitiation of the great god of senseless uproar?

New-York Tribune.

As for those who are in favor of continuing our present mode of celebration, I can find but one who has written openly in its defense, and even then there is a suspicion that the article is ironical.

It is better to shock the sensitive nerves of a few grown people than to have the boys and girls grow up mollycoddles, with the fear

of gunpowder in their hearts and no appreciation of a boisterous holiday, rich in patriotic appeal, and full of the "rough house" spirit of healthy Americanism.

This, if seriously meant, reaches the height of absurdity; for if there is one thing of which little children should have a wholesome dread, it is gunpowder, and I know of no other country in which such a weapon is put into the hands of babes.

It is customary with us to excuse ourselves for Fourth of July accidents by putting all the blame on the small boy. This, however, seems scarcely fair. The blame for much of the annual massacre rests not upon the careless small boy, but upon the careless big parent who places in his hand the instrument of destruction. And an even greater share of the blame is due to public apathy, which not only allows the annual suspension of sane and safe ordinances regulating the use of firearms and explosives, but also permits the disorderly few to injure the health and disturb the repose of the orderly many.

As proving that noise is the great desideratum in fireworks, a few extracts from various catalogues will prove interesting. Here, for instance, is a piece the figures of which, according to the thrilling description, move about "whistling and screaming in fantastic, wild, unearthly furore, terminating with a fusillading report," and another which bursts "with terrific reports that can be heard for miles," while a third explodes "with reports equal to six- and twelve-pound cannons," and a fourth like "an imitation rapid-fire Gatling-gun." An appreciative testimonial lauds a "Salute of LYDDITE SHELLS, nothing giving such a tremendous report having ever before been heard in our celebration," while other goods are emphatically praised as being "loudest and best," or "big in noise." One particular piece is noticeable because it consists of a string of fifty thousand firecrackers. As corroborative of all this, which tends to show that noise is what is desired above all else in fireworks, comes this published interview with a dealer, which is certainly illuminating:

> The exploding cane is always a winner so long as it is not suppressed by the police. Blank cartridges come up at the head of the list. Nothing gives a celebrator so much pleasure as flourishing a pistol and shooting several times in rapid succession. There is just one thing that determines the efficiency of any contrivance designed for celebrating the Fourth, and that is, the volume of sound it makes. For that reason the cannon firecrackers are popular, and always will remain so.

This, then, is what excites the patriotic fervor of the partizans of a strident Fourth, though it does seem as if their enthusiasm would be somewhat lessened in placing side by side with the above this extract from the "Journal of the American Medical Association," which considers the causative factors of the aftermath of last Independence Day:

> Of the 102 deaths aside from tetanus, gunshot wounds caused twenty, giant crackers caused thirteen, and thirteen deaths were due to explosions of powder, torpedoes and dynamite. Ten deaths were due to falls or runaways caused by fire-crackers. . . . The limit of tolerance is reached, however, when we know that thirty-one persons were burned to death. . . . The principal cause of the most mutilating wounds is by far the giant cracker. . . . This year 1489 injuries, including thirteen deaths and eight cases of lockjaw, were due to the giant cracker.

It is a reflection scarcely calculated to gratify our national pride that the United States is the only civilized country which observes the greatest of its fête-days in such an uncivilized fashion. Our sister republics, France, Switzerland, and Brazil, rejoice full as heartily as we over their national birthdays, but they celebrate them in a sane, safe, wholesome, and happy way, and not in our barbarous manner. As regards the observance of the French fête, July 14, Marcel Prévost, the eminent writer, has kindly described it for me in the following letter:

> The fête of July 14th is, above all, in France, a day of popular rejoicing; politics do not enter into it. It affords an opportunity of illuminating the town-halls and public buildings, and of indulging in the pleasure of dancing in the open air. In a word, it is a huge kermess. It has always taken place in order and tranquillity. Accidents are rare, even in Paris. And since the review at Longchamps has humanely been arranged to take

place at nine in the morning, instead of at noon, the troops do not run the risk of sunstroke, which sometimes saddened the early fêtes of July 14th.

The following touchingly beautiful account of the observance of Switzerland's birthday was sent me by Dr. Eugène Richard, Member of the Council of State:

Year by year the people of Switzerland keep the anniversary of 1291, which was in real truth the foundation of the Confederation. Does that treaty — founded by the inhabitants of the Forest Cantons, borrowing from justice her most equitable principles (even down to that of arbitration between states), and guaranteed by the rigid energy of its signers — receive a commemoration worthy of its splendid simplicity?

No clamorous ceremony, to drown the voices of the past, instead of blending with them. We give proof of our remembrance of the First of August by a few brief manifestations during the closing hours of the day.

This national solemnity, surprising as it may seem, finds no place in the list of legal holidays. No one interrupts his daily tasks, for such was the way with the men of 1291, who, returning to their homes, took up again the care of their herds.

As night descends, the bells on all the churches are set to pealing in a sublime concert of gratitude, rising with penetrating poetry through the serenity and softness of a summer night. Shortly afterward bonfires are kindled along the heights. Here and there will be a modest illumination or rare display of fireworks. Occasionally an orator reminds the people of the significance of their rejoicing, and holds up for imitation the character of our ancestors.

Whoever witnesses this spectacle realizes the strength and the sincerity of a patriotism that, without clamor or ostentation, draws fresh life by reverting to its original sources. Switzerland lives in the heart of her citizens. A noisy demonstration would take from us the benefit of a thoughtful mood.

In order to produce an impression both profound and salutary, national celebrations must needs have a pervading tranquillity, which enhances their dignity, and leads mankind to earnest thought.

According to a very charming letter from his Excellency, Señor Joaquin Nabuco, Brazilian Ambassador, it appears that although his countrymen do not observe their festivals with that calm, patriotic fervor which characterizes the Swiss, and although they rejoice in noise as well as in color, there is nothing to show that their holidays are marred by that disorder and by those horrible lists of casualties and accidents which disgrace the celebration of our great anniversary.

The following delightful description of Germany's greatest festival, the Emperor's birthday, has been given me by Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard University:

When I look backward to my boyhood days in Germany and ask myself from what sources my young patriotism was steadily supplied, I cannot value highly enough the influence of the patriotic celebrations in my school and my native town. The dearest memory belongs to the Emperor's birthday. I know quite well that the present Emperor was born in January; but when I hear the word "Emperor's birthday," it still always awakes in me first the date of the 22nd of March—the old Emperor's day.

Long before, the school planned everything for the grand day; patriotic and religious music, songs and patriotic declamations by the younger pupils, short dramatic plays with motives from German history, given by the older boys, and always an enthusiastic oration by one of the teachers. In Sunday clothes we gathered in the school; everything was decorated with flowers and garlands and flags, and the whole school continuously, year by year, was lifted up in a common pride and enthusiasm. Two or three of the happiest morning hours were devoted to the celebration, and the jubilant hurrah for the beloved Emperor at the end of the historic oration was the only sound of the day.

Then we streamed out into the decorated streets, enjoyed the picturesque parades and went to the concert at the market-place, where patriotic marches kindled our youthful emotions. The afternoon belonged to parties at home, where school friends gathered and enjoyed their games with a historic flavor and the chocolate with a patriotic abundance of cakes. Quiet, mellow days they were, and any loud noise would have appeared to us boys as a desecration of the festivity; and yet the loyalty which I stored up in those March days of my boyhood still supplies me amply when I have, year for year on the 27th of January, to make my Emperor's birthday orations to the German-Americans.

An interesting account of the manner in which Japan celebrates her fêtes was kindly written for me by his Excellency Viscount Aoki, recently Japanese Ambassador to the United States:

In Japan we have three great national holidays. They are November 3, the present Emperor's birthday; New Year's Day; and February 11, the Day of the Accession of the Emperor Jimmu, the first ruler of the Empire of Japan.

An illustration of the Emperor's birthday celebration in Japan will be sufficient to give a general idea as to how our national holidays are celebrated at home, for there is little difference in the way of its celebration between the above-named three holidays, except in minor details:

On the Emperor's birthday all offices, schools, banks, and large business houses are closed. The national flag is hoisted on all public buildings, schools, and on most of the private houses all over the country. High dignitaries, both civil and military, who are present in the capital, proceed to the Palace of Tokio to present before the throne their congratulations for the occasion, while those in the country and abroad send their congratulatory messages by mail through the Minister for the Imperial Household. In every school all over the country the day is observed in a form appropriate to the occasion. One hundred and one salutes are fired from every fort in the empire. The imperial review of the army is in regular order of the celebration of the day, when hundreds of thousands of the enthusiastic public gather around the drill-ground and all along the imperial route to cheer their august and beloved sovereign and to witness the glorious military parade of the day, while all of his Majesty's ships fire twenty-one salutes (otherwise known as the national salute) and appear in full dress. The Emperor entertains in the palace at breakfast all the foreign representatives and high dignitaries of the empire.

And now let us listen to what some of our prominent Americans, whose patriotism none can assail, have to say about our present-day observance. First "Mark Twain," in whose heart of hearts the small boy is enshrined, and who certainly would not needlessly curtail even one of his little pleasures. Does he approve of our day of "burning" patriotism? No; for he has written to me:

"I am with you sincerely in your crusade against the bedlam frenzies of the Fourth of July."

And William Dean Howells:

I am glad that you have added to your noble and beneficent ambition to suppress all unnecessary noises the wish especially to deal with the barbarous and obstreperous celebration of the Fourth of July. I am sure that Confucius did not invent gunpowder, and that it was not Chinese *wisdom* which gave us fire-crackers. Until we cease to glorify our national birthday like a nation of lawless boys we shall have no right to claim that we have come of age, and the civilized world must regard us as savages until we stop behaving like them.

And one of our poets:

It is good news that you are turning your attention to the subject of the irrational manner in which Americans celebrate their independence. I am sure you will not merely advocate the suppression of meaningless noise, and that you will indicate such fêtes, ceremonies, pageants, and celebrations in general as are rational and instructive; also, that you will hint at a broader and more inspiring use of the day than either arousing old and debasing international enmities or the display of indecent self-glorification.

As to the suppression of Fourth of July noise, with its dangers to nerve, limb, and life, the whole sensible population will wish you a continuance of that success which has followed your efforts on a narrower scale in the metropolis. I am reminded that in the sweet and peaceful valley from which I write the national holiday is looked forward to with apprehension, on account of the dreadful, sleep-scattering noises of the night and dawn before. On the Fourth, why should we not have music instead of noise, art, instead of gunpowder? Every community in the United States will have occasion to bless your name and memory if you can do something substantial toward making more quiet and more ennobling the anniversary of the day that gave the Republic birth.

Here, too, is a letter from Dr. Weir Mitchell:

If anything can be done to lessen the noise of the Fourth of July celebrations, it will also be efficient in lessening the amount of injuries inflicted by the desire of man and boy to make meaningless noises. Not only does it leave the Fourth of July as an annually recurrent unpleasant memory, but there is the same absurd tendency to extend the nuisance of noises into other days. Thus at present in this city, and I presume elsewhere, the first of the year is ushered in by a vast chorus of idiotic noises produced by steam-whistles, fire-crackers, and horns, accompanied by a solemn bell-ringing, such as in old times called those who watched for the coming of the New Year to prayer.

That our Commissioner of Health fully recognizes the necessity of bringing about

a saner mode of celebration is shown by the following letter:

Your plan to include, as part of the activities of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, the question of a more sensible celebration of the Fourth of July, meets with my most hearty approval. The long list of killed and wounded, which comes as the result of what should be a day of patriotic inspiration, is certainly appalling, and indicative of how far we have strayed from its true spirit.

Your efforts to induce the people of this country to celebrate its most joyous anniversary in a manner fitting and appropriate, provide an object which should enlist the sympathy and coöperation of all who have the welfare of their country at heart.

And finally (for the limited space of a magazine article will not admit of the inclusion of even the hundredth part of all the appeals for a saner observance of the Fourth), I offer this letter from the Hon. Henry L. West, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, which shows that even officialdom is willing to risk the charge of lack of patriotism, if by so doing our boys and girls may be saved from the horrors of a day of catastrophes:

I am thoroughly in sympathy with any movement which will result in decreasing the habit of carelessly using gunpowder on the Fourth of July and which will also result in a more quiet celebration of the day.

In Washington the authorities have already taken a step in the right direction in forbidding the explosion of the so-called giant fire-crackers, nor is it allowable to place torpedoes on the street railway tracks.

I believe that the Fourth of July can be celebrated with as much patriotism and more sanity if the wanton use of gunpowder on that day is condemned.

And now, before taking up the question of what might be suggested as a more reverent and appropriate mode of honoring our day of days, let us look back a hundred years or so, and see how our first national birthdays were kept. Here it is encouraging to learn that nothing resembling in the least our wild orgy of noise was dreamed of. Indeed, had such a suggestion been breathed to the sons and daughters of our Revolutionary heroes, they would probably have felt that the plan savored more of China, the land of noise and the home of the fire-cracker, than of their own country, and have been profoundly shocked at the mere idea that such an anniversary could receive so murderous a recognition. A glance over the time-yellowed pages of the "Evening Post," printed more than a century ago, or those of the "New York Packet," which was old when the "Post" was young, shows how differently the Fourth was observed by those who had seen burst into full flower that glorious patriotism which had given it birth. The proclamations, announcements, poems, and advertisements which appeared in those July days of long ago are touching in their patriotic, though grandiloquent, fervor. Here, for instance, is a bit from an announcement of the Tammany Association which appeared in the "Season of Fruit, year of the Discovery, 310" (July 1):

Brothers. This Day, like the Sun which illuminates it, sheds a bright and diffusive lustre, and welcomes all to partake of its radiance. Once it witnessed the blood-stained field, the plundered town, the ravaged coast, the sinking warrior, the defenseless town, the despondency of our Guardian Genius. But the Great Spirit watched over the western clime, and now its approach is hailed with the incense of Peace; and the veteran rejoices in his scars, the hoary chief and his patriot sons assemble with congratulations where once the noise of battle was heard, and the Eagle towers aloft majestic and unawed.

In these days the celebration began with unfurling the flag, a salute of thirteen guns and ringing of church-bells, followed by a procession and exchange of courtesies between the Governor and the President. Then came the march to church, where odes, addresses, anthems, and orations were in order with, of course, the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Next, luncheon, with more salutes and bell-ringing and then, evening having come, performances in theater and gardens and the meeting of various patriotic societies. Everything connected with the performances was patriotically reminiscent. In the gardens, transparencies and fireworks portrayed temples of immortality, obelisks of heroes, and figures of Justice, Fidelity, Fame, and Piety, all radiantly intermingled with shining pictures of Washington and of the Arms of the United States, with its brilliant stars, while at the theater, patri-

otic plays were given, such as "Bunker Hill" or the "Death of Warren and the Glory of Columbia" or the "Retrospect of the American Revolution." This all refers to New York, but it is probable that virtually the same observance obtained in other large cities.

Let us now consider what might be substituted for our present-day mad and dangerous celebration, which serves only to keep in remembrance one feature of our great struggle, the cannonading and musketry-discharges which shook the country during the arduous days of its birth. I sincerely believe that our national birthday can be observed with heartfelt patriotic rejoicing, and yet without the slightest danger to life or limb, without any nerve-racking noise or display of hoodlumism, and without any of the extravagant outlay which has characterized our former celebrations. Flags can float, national music be played and sung in places now given over solely to the deafening din of cannon fire-crackers, the Declaration of Independence be read at all of our public buildings, where inspiring addresses may also be made, and street-displays, such as processions with floats, beautiful as well as instructive, furnish delightful object-lessons of the greatest events in our history. Then, at night, we may have illuminations, both private and municipal, and displays of fireworks in open places, where the exhibitions can be conducted by experienced men, thus avoiding all danger of the shocking accidents which now sadden our celebration. Let us, on this day, forget the noise of battle and the passions of international strife, and remember only the wonderful spirit of sacrifice, and patriotism, and brotherhood which animated our Revolutionary heroes. Let us, who know what the day means, endeavor to make it both memorable and illuminating to those who do not by opening the hearts of the children, of the poor and ignorant, of the distressed and disheartened alien within our gates, to at least a partial significance of what we honor in our glorious festival. Let us enter personally into the work, giving tender endeavor as well as means, to the task of making the occasion the happiest of all the year to the ignorant and the wretched. Let us give them a day of liberty in the country or in the parks, where they will see our beautiful flag floating everywhere about them, and where their untrained ears will become accustomed to the ringing rhythm of our national melodies. Let us give them mementoes of the Fourth such as flags and pictures of our heroes and of those whom we love as well as honor. There let them listen to the story of the birth of our Republic, and have it told simply and, if necessary, in their own tongues, so that all can feel how great were those who made the country free, and how wonderful is the boon of liberty now extended to the oppressed of other countries.

WRITTEN UNDER A CRUCIFIX

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO

MAUD SCOFIELD BEESON

YE who weep, come to this God, for acquainted is He with grief.
Ye who suffer, come to Him, for rest can He give and relief.
Ye who tremble, come to Him, for His smile from fear secures.
Ye who pass, oh, come to Him, for eternally He endures.

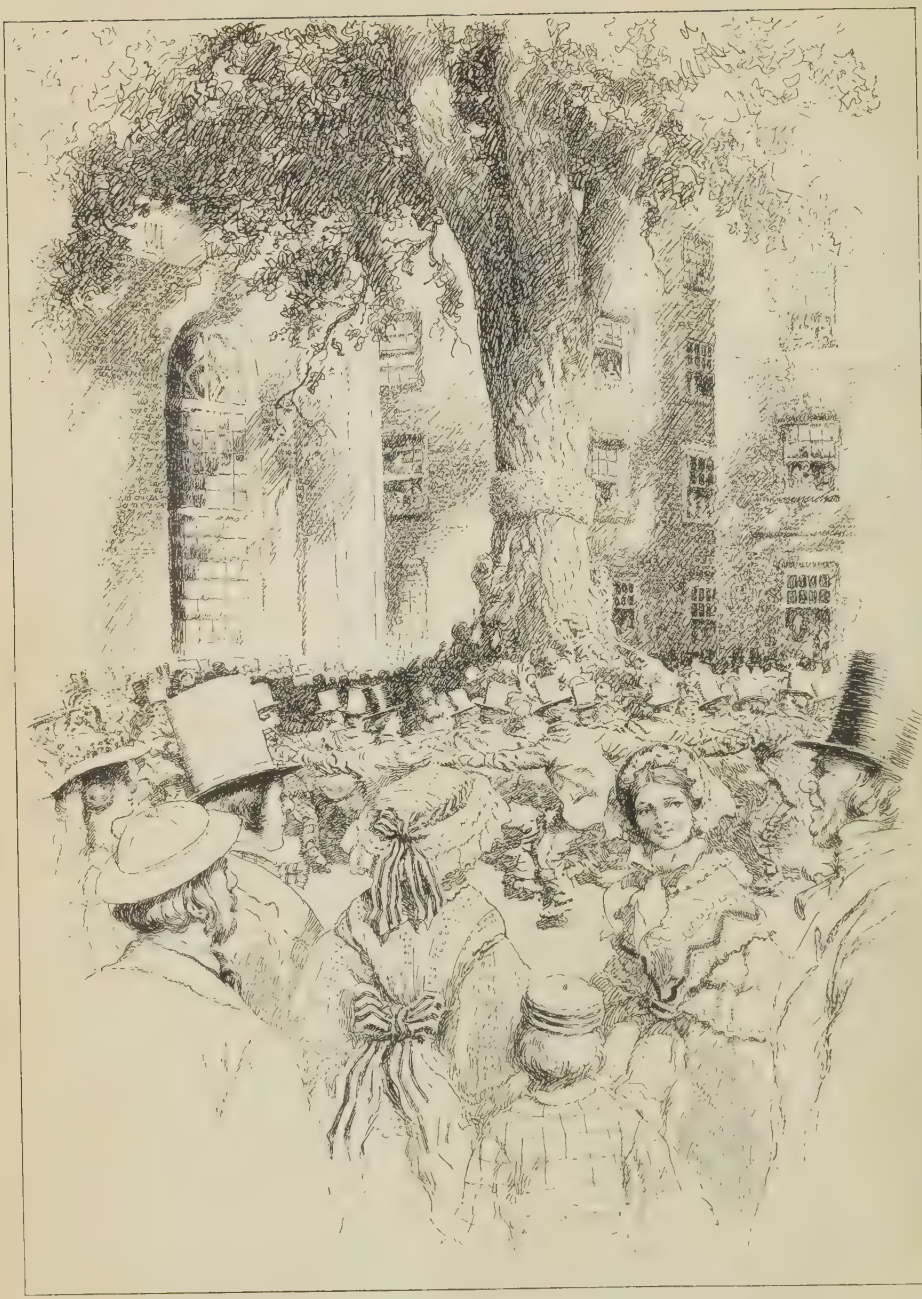
OLD COLLEGE SONGS

WITH DRAWINGS

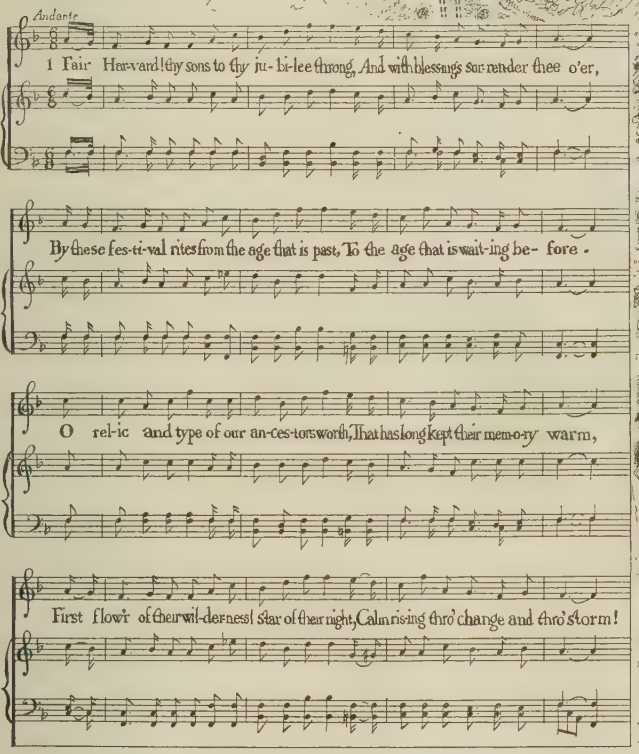
by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS





FAIR HARVARD





4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side
As the world on truth's current glides by
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

From "Harvard University Songs," by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, Boston

I-EEL



Allegretto CHO. f CHO. f

1. As Freshmen, first we come to Yale, Fol de rol de rol rairol, Ex-am-in-a-tions make us pale, Fol de rol de rol de rol rol

Eel - i - eel - i - eel - i - Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol,

Eel - i - eel - i - eel - i - Yale Fol de rol de rol rol rol,

2 As Sophomores we have a task
'Tis best performed by torch and mask. *Cho.*

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees. *cho.*

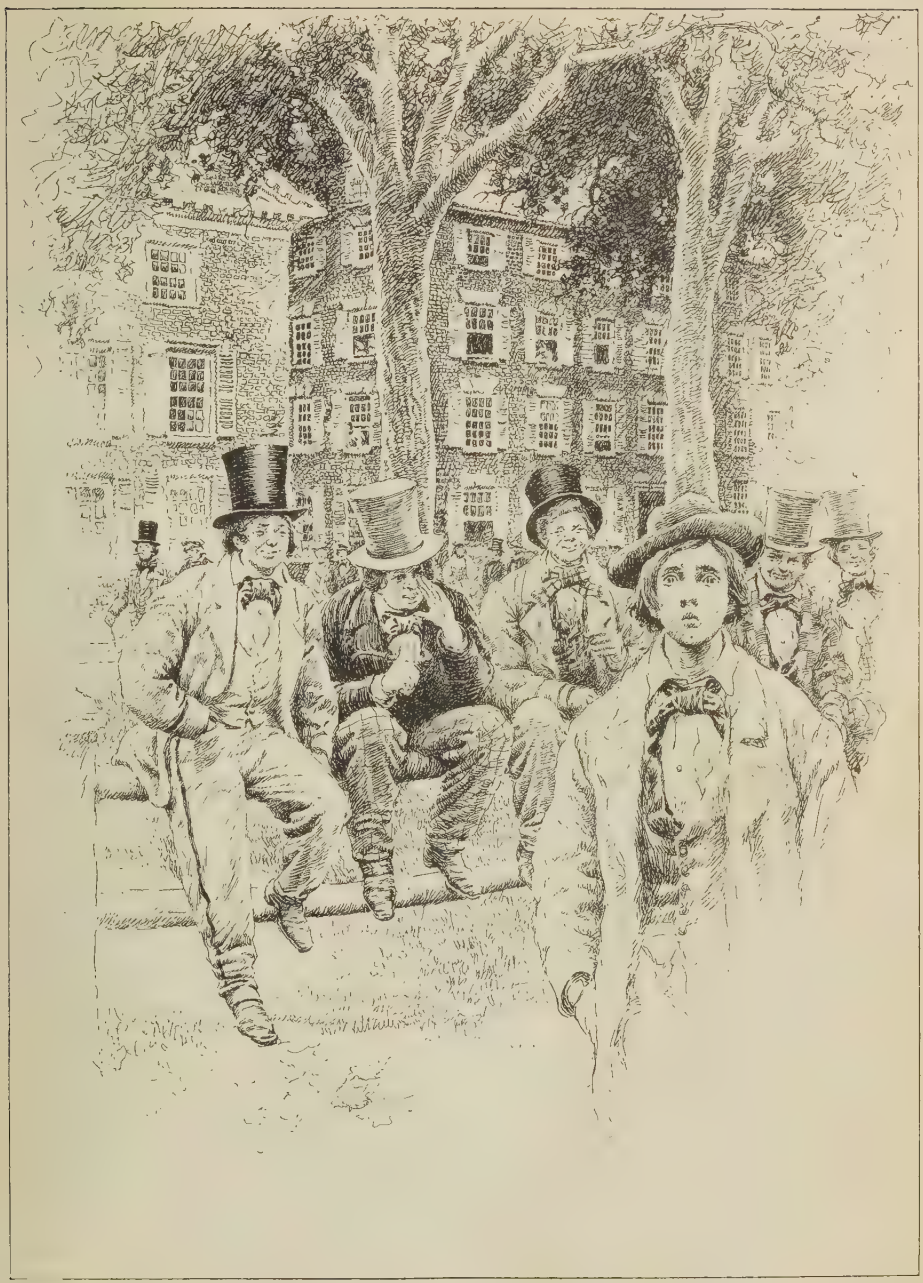
4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love, and winning hearts. *cho.*

5 And then into the world we come,
We're made good friends, and studied-some. *cho.*

Adagio 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell. *cho.*







OLD NASSAU

Words by H.Peck '02
Music by Karl A.Langlotz



1. Tune ev-'ry heart and ev-'ry voice, Bid ev-'ry care with-draw,
Let all with one ac-cord re-joice, In praise of Old Nas-sau.

Chorus
Più presto

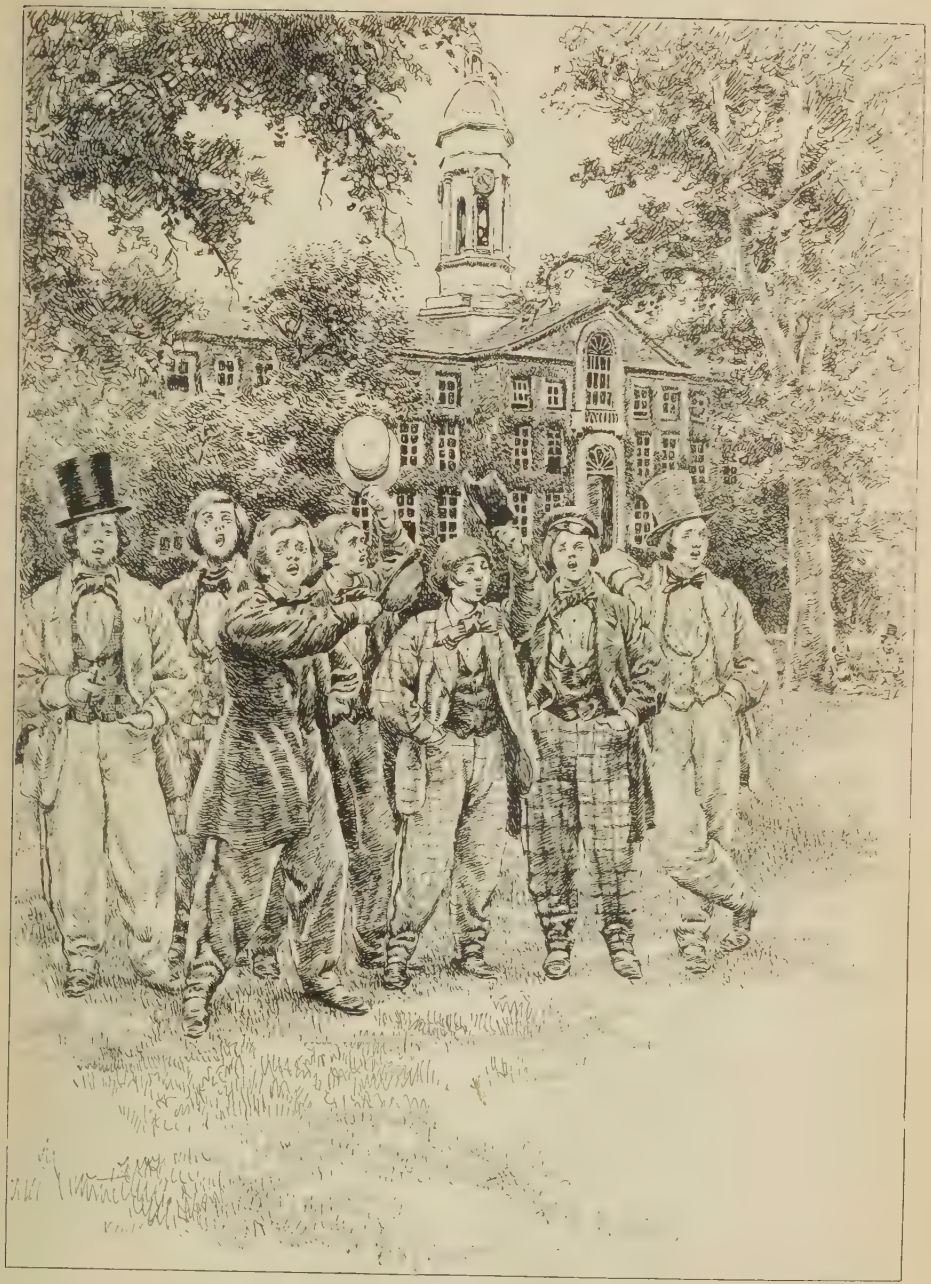
In praise of Old Nas-sau, my boys, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

molto rit. al fine

Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for Old Nas-sau!

5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to Old Nassau.

[illegible]" Carmina Princetonia," by permission of G. Schirmer





HARVARD YALE PRINCETON



THE ABBOTSHOLME

BY PRESTON W. SEARCH

Author of "An Ideal School"

I SHALL never forget my visit to the Abbotsholme. It was early May, and all England seemed a veritable picture-garden. Far to the south I had left the smoke and rumble of busy London, with its millions who scarcely knew the sun, much less the beauties of Nature's panorama. Above Manchester I turned aside from the main railway, and soon found myself approaching a region of meager conveniences for travelers, but of idyllic enchantment. Five times in twenty miles it was necessary to change cars.

With rural beauty increasing every mile, but with evidences everywhere that the landlord had deserted it all for the squalid life of the metropolis, I came at last to Rocester on the border of Derbyshire, where I left the train.

Mounting to the seat of a conveyance that had been sent for me, I was soon flying over a country road, bounded on each side by charming scenery. Two miles or more away, perhaps, we drew near a large, beautiful building, set on a graceful slope, with hill and forest behind it, accessory houses about, and commanding a magnificent prospect of winding river, luxuriant meadows, cultivated fields, and distant horizon. It was the Abbotsholme.

The carriage stopped at the broad entrance, the door opened, and I was shown at once to the room of the head-master, Dr. Cecil Reddie.

I entered, and saw coming to meet me a most remarkable-looking man, tall, vigorous, athletic, clad in a gray outing suit, with a student's gown over all. As he came rapidly forward, his long, black gown flying back and displaying his belted form, gray knickerbockers, and other seemingly incongruous accouterments, and holding in his left hand a bowl of milk, of which he had been making a second breakfast, his personality impressed me at once.

The room was a worker's den. Its polished floor was covered with a handsome rug, and on this stood the master's table, a common cross-legged one, such as draftsmen use. The walls were adorned with here and there a picture, intermingled with odd mind-charts and building plans. There were numerous books, a reading-lamp, a graceful statue, some flowers fresh from the field, piles of finished and unfinished work—everything a faithful expression of the occupant, but nothing so remarkable as the man.

"How long can you be with us?" he asked, after a most cordial welcome.

"Twenty-four hours; I want to see the full run of a day's work."

"Good! You Americans beat the world for a quick run; but we are glad to have you with us for even twenty-four hours. For that time the institution is yours."

And so I found it mine, and it is mine yet; for one could scarcely live with Dr. Reddie, be it only for a single day, without carrying away a vivid impression of the man and his work.

"Dr. Reddie," I said, "what led you to establish this school, so different from all others in England? What is its leading purpose? What is your ideal?"

"The Abbotsholme is a protest against the luxuriousness of British education, against the abandonment of the country for the artificial life of the city, against the kid-gloved aristocracy which fails to recognize the nobility of labor. All rural England is a deserted 'Sweet Auburn.' No man now cares to live in the country. The great estates are not the homes of



THE ABBOTSHOLME FROM THE SOUTH

the past, and are virtually tenantless. We need another crusade, but a crûsade which will turn back the people to the soil, from which men are grown.

"Our present system of education is medieval and effete. There is nothing in it which will awaken the nation to its peril and need of strenuous action. The English boy is intellectually asleep. He has no great objective, no ideal. His highest thought is to succeed to his father's estate; to be a landlord, and not a producer, but to do little until his father is dead. With this abandonment of purpose, the best part of his life is unproductive; he has little to stimulate him to action.

"As I have said, the English boy is intellectually asleep, and is so because of his environment. He lacks in imagination. He cannot correlate disconnected facts. Given isolated data, he cannot associate and generalize. Things do not suggest themselves to him in new relations, and he does not readily reason from cause to effect. He is not easily disturbed in his complacent conclusions. His mind does not act quickly, as does that of his American or French brother, and even the German surpasses him in scientific reasoning. Being comparatively devoid of imagination, he is not an inventor; his secure present prompts to no strenuous enterprise, and he has no great ideals. This is the reason why the inventions of the day and the progress in mechanics are coming from outside the British Empire. It is the explanation of the deterioration of England."

"But what hope is there in a single school's reconstructing the policy of an entire nation?"

"The hope is to do only one school's part. The Abbotsholme is a school for the boys of the ruling classes, for those who are to be the landlords of the future. This may not be so democratic as in your America, but in it lies the most speedy reconstruction of England. These boys come here at the age of ten and remain until they are eighteen. They leave their luxurious homes, where everything is done for them, and are here organized into an ideal republic, where they are taught the dignity of toil. They till the soil, and raise the vegetables they need. Taught the use of tools, they build houses and bridges; and, in the building, shape their creative selves. Just as much as other English lads, they have their schooling, but, it is hoped, of a better kind. Their education embraces not only books and other indoor work, but gardening, fieldwork on the farm, forestry, dairy, and bee culture; practical carpentry expressed in larger execution; wholesome physical life, with abundant outdoor sports; and the responsibilities of citizenship. Coming from homes where there is little personal need of work, these boys are trained from the start to be producers, and even to take care of their own rooms. They are taught the foibles of national life, and grow up with a more democratic conception of things. One Abbotsholme can send out its quota of future rulers, who, taught to labor and to love the soil, will make a regenerative class of landlords. One Abbotsholme, with its representatives in every community, can be the prototype for many others, and in time thus reconstruct the educational system of England. This is my hope, through education to turn back the people to the

neglected soil—in fact, to recolonize England through the medium of a class of landlords educated to totally different ideals."

I sat listening to this enthusiastic, rapid-speaking educator, greatly impressed by his clean-cut denunciation of national weaknesses and by his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the work to which he is giving his life. Surely, I said to myself, here is a man who will be misunderstood by his conservative brethren, perchance denounced for his educational heresy, but who, given time, will accomplish, even in slow-moving England, far more than his enemies may admit.

We walked through the beautiful building, which is unlike anything in school architecture elsewhere to be seen. There is an almost forgotten doctrine that every man's dwelling ought to be largely the creation of his own design and handiwork—the outer expression of himself. This is true of Abbotsholme. Every appointment, every nook and cranny, from the perfect basement to the attic—the chapel, school-room, dormitories, hospitals, bath-rooms, sanitaries, laboratories, kitchens, servants' quarters—is a unique thing, evolved with the most perfect attention to details.

The Abbotsholme crowns an eminence which commands a vista of beauty, sweeping the entire horizon. Close to the main building are the older shops and laboratories. Adjoining these are the gardens, and farther away the farm land and the orchards. A mile and a half of the river Dove—the stream where Izaak Walton angled with hook and worms—winds its serpentine way through the estate, affording magnificent opportunity for swimming, boating, skating, and bridge-building; and within its graceful sweep are the fields for sport. Back of the buildings the grounds rise to forest-covered hills, well fitted for forestry, dairy, and bee-culture, or for water power and toboggan slides. The school estate embraces 133 acres.

I visited every class-room and class of the Abbotsholme. The mornings are devoted to scholastic interests. Every instructor is selected for capable work. Books are used, but they are kept in a subordinate place. Even Latin is taught much without a book. An article of this length cannot describe in full the excellent work of the several masters, but something of the method of the school may be inferred from the procedure of Dr. Reddie.

I saw him in two recitations. The first was in chemistry. A group of boys, perhaps fifteen years of age, made up the class. Not for a moment was the lesson devoted to the lower purpose of imparting information or to present curious experiments. The head-master was there



DR. CECIL REDDIE IN HIS STUDY

to direct activities; the boys were there to think.

"What are we to do to-day?" inquired Dr. Reddie.

"To make some matches, sir," was the reply.

"What constitutes a match, such as you are about to make?"

"A piece of wood tipped with sulphur and phosphorus."

"Why will you tip the wood with sulphur and phosphorus?"

"To ignite the wood."

"Are both sulphur and phosphorus necessary to ignite the wood?"

This was getting into deep water. Some of the boys thought they were not.

"Will the burning sulphur ignite the wood?"

"Yes," they were sure the sulphur would ignite the wood.

"Then what is the necessity for adding the phosphorus?"

The boys were unable to answer this question. They had the ingredients for making the matches, but the philosophy of the procedure had not appealed to them. They could go no further.

Dr. Reddie placed a piece of sulphur on a block of wood, a thin slice of phosphorus on a sheet of paper, and told the boys to describe what they observed. No change took place in the sulphur, but the boys soon detected thin white wreaths of vapor passing from the phosphorus into the air.

"What change is taking place in the sulphur?"

"None whatever."

"What in the phosphorus?"

"It is passing off in the form of vapor. It is oxidizing."

"What is oxidation?"

"It is slow combustion."

"Can any of you now see the necessity for using both of these chemicals in the making of a match?"

The boys could not follow.

The master then brushed the phosphorus lightly with a shaving and the chemical burst into a flame and soon disappeared in vapor. The sulphur, however, would not be excited by such mild treatment. It required a red-hot wire before it could be aroused into action. Then Dr. Reddie held up the paper on which the phosphorus had burned and, behold, the paper was scarcely scorched; while, on the other hand, the sulphur had communicated its burning to the wood.

The explanation was apparent to the boys. One of them stood up and reasoned that burning sulphur would easily influence a piece of wood, but sulphur itself could not be ignited by a scratch. Phosphorus ignited readily, but it burned at too low a temperature to influence the match. Hence, the phosphorus was necessary to ignite the sulphur, and burning sulphur to ignite the wood.

Induction had done its work, and the boys were permitted to proceed with their lessons in making matches.

I saw Dr. Reddie in another recitation, this time on the duties of citizenship. I never before heard so scathing a denunciation of national weakness and the shams of English aristocracy. Before him sat the children of the aristocracy, while with the surgeon's knife he laid bare artificialities and hypocrisies that have been dear to the Englishman and his sons; but the pupils respected every word their master was saying, because they felt that he spoke the truth. Particularly was the denunciation bitter on the superfluity of the drones and non-producers, and upon the lack of integrity in individual work. "Every man's work must be a prayer. A piece of shoddy work is a committed sin, and, entering into a building or community life, endangers, by its rottenness, the entire superstructure. There is no nobleman excepting the noble man, and every student of the Abbotsholme should go out into the world with the responsibilities of the nation upon his shoulders. There can be no honesty before God until there is honesty with men and in the man. No one has a right to a meal unless he is the producer of that meal, and in the recovery of the neglected soil lies the highest opportunity of the British nobleman."

At eleven o'clock the school-rooms were suddenly emptied. Dr. Reddie asked me if I wished to see the boys swim.

"Most certainly," I said, and we were soon following the boys across the meadow to the river.

The day was very cool, for it was early May, and an overcoat would not have been uncomfortable; but the boys, sixty or more in all, were soon in the river, unmindful of the chilliness, swimming and

diving in strong vigorous exercise. Here I saw what characterized all the school's organization—the federation of the boys in community interests; the oversight and leadership of the older pupils; and the presence and direction of manly teachers. This form of government and instruction is carried more or less through all the work in



BRINGING IN THE LAST LOAD OF HAY



HAYMAKING

laboratories, shops, gardens, in military and gymnastic drills, and social life. America, supposedly more democratic, has in some way been afraid of self-government in the schools, and particularly of using students of the older classes in the instruction of the others; but undoubtedly the training in responsible leadership which comes to the older pupils, and also the crystallization of their own information by imparting it to others, has much to commend itself. No one has ever truly learned until he has also begun to teach, and surely to have the students in the last year before graduation help instruct, under the close supervision of the masters, cannot be much worse than the American plan of allowing them to teach the next year without supervision. At any rate, it is a good thing to dignify the work of the older pupils by some form of responsible control, and to carry federation and community responsibility as far as possible down the grades.



POTATO-DIGGING

After a brisk rub on the bank of the river, the boys scampered back over the fields, and were soon ready for the wholesome midday meal which awaited them in the attractive dining-room. I was

much interested in the plan of table association. At the lunch the several masters ate at the head-master's table, each of the boys' tables being presided over by a prefect, or pupil of the highest form. In the evening there was a shift, the masters presiding over the several form tables, and the prefects dining with Dr. Reddie. At breakfast the masters sit by themselves, the under-form boys by themselves, and, I think, the prefects by themselves.



BUILDING THE BOAT-HOUSE

After lunch came a short hour of light school-room work, and then followed outdoor occupations. About half the boys were in the shops and the rest proceeded to their garden and farm work. This lasted for two hours. It was an interesting sight to see the boys in squads and groups, working here and there under prefect direction; an experienced master—one who knew boy-life, and how to lead boys in field and occupation activities, always on the field. It never seemed that these masters were present for detective duties, but always to help the boys in their work and sports. The scholar's garb had been left in the class-rooms, and each master appeared in outing suit. The boys were left much to their own control, had even liberal opportunity for excursions beyond the estate, but seemed greatly to appreciate the presence of the helpful masters.

The carpentry work was not all in the shops, but found much expression in larger constructive exercises about the estate. At one point, boys were measuring the timber in a felled tree; at a second, others were building a house. The river is spanned by a pretty rustic bridge of their construction. A bird-house, commodious enough for a bird republic, had been built on a lofty pole. In the engine-room several boys were taking apart and repairing the machinery, using a great derrick for lifting the heavy parts. The entire farm is covered with various structures in the building of which the boys had exercised their skill.



SCHOOL CARPENTRY

It being early spring, I saw the young farmers only in their preparation of the fields and in sowing; but on every side were evidences that the plan comprehends the many activities of farm and garden as a basis for intelligent nature study. When one remembers that these boys come from homes where there is little opportunity for work, it can be imagined what all this means to them.

At half-past three the industrial work was over; tools and implements were returned to shops and sheds, and away went

the school to the meadow by the river for a glorious game of cricket. How much games vary with the characteristics of nations! Our American base-ball is a masterly game of block, with every man a perfect piece of team machinery; but the English game is different. It has no intensity, and the work is well distributed. There is little block, plenty of scoring, much movement. The team work is not so masterly, but it is a game for the many rather than a game for the few.

After dinner the evening hour is usually devoted to music, entertainment, and social pastimes. On the evening of my visit the masters and boys gathered early in the chapel for an impromptu musicale. Herr Neumann, the instructor in German, manual training, and music, led the music with his violin, and the boys sang magnificently. Then came a fine piano solo or two, a violin solo, more singing, and an excellent violin rendition by Herr Neumann himself. It was a very interesting affair, and being an impromptu at the visitor's call, may be taken as a good illustration of the regular evening pastime.

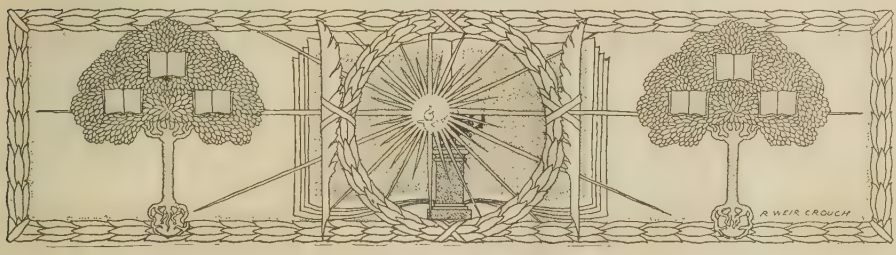
At the hour of evening service, Dr. Reddie seated himself at the organ in the beautiful chapel, one of the masters read the Scripture lesson, the boys united in the vesper responses, and then, after a closing hymn, all retired for the night, except the masters and the prefects, who had been invited to meet the visitor in the head-master's study, there to engage in a conference having for its subject American ideals.

Late into the night Dr. Reddie and I sat in his library, talking over education, European and American. I had looked over every part of his beautiful estate and well-designed building, and now he produced his drawings and showed me his dream for the future. He is both designer and draftsman, and every sheet of his unique projection is full of the most interesting details, which it is to be hoped he will live to realize.

As has been said, the boys had their swim just before the midday meal. Before retiring each one took a shower-bath. Their rooms were neat, cozy, and spotlessly clean. Each one has a wash-basin nearly thirty inches in diameter, and this serves for the morning bath. Dr. Reddie believes in cold water, both externally and internally; every drop used for drinking purposes is carefully distilled.

At six o'clock in the morning I looked out of my window to see the boys engaged in military drill in the yard below. At half-past six each one had half an hour to make his bed and to put his room in order, and then all gathered in the chapel for a short but very impressive morning service. Then came breakfast, and later on the morning studies.

I do not know what success the Abbotsholme will have in the reconstruction of the conservative and traditional English school, but I do know that it is a very suggestive institution, well repaying the pilgrimage of the educator and the sociologist. Undoubtedly it is leaving its powerful impress on the lives and ideals of the young men it has in training, each one of whom will be a leader in the economics of England. The institution is being reduplicated in others of kindred forms, and its influence, through all these aggregated and evolving agencies, will be far more in the future than the present defenders of traditional practices may be ready to admit.





THE FUTURE PRESIDENT

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "Beauty's Sister"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"SNORKY" GREEN, at the fourth desk of the middle aisle, gazed dreamily at the forgotten pages of the divine Vergil. The wide windows let in the warm breath of June meadows and the tiny sounds of contented insects roaming in unhuman liberty. Outside were soft banks to loll upon and from which to watch the baseball candidates gamboling over the neat diamond, tennis courts calling to be played upon, and the friendly "jigger" ready to soothe the parched highway to the aching void. And for an hour the tugging souls of forty-two imprisoned little pagans would have to construe, and parse, and decline, secretly cursing the fossils who rediscovered those unnecessary Latin documents.

Eight rows of desks, nine deep, were swept by the Argus eye of the master from his raised pulpit. Around the room, immense, vacant blackboards shut them in—dark, hopeless walls over which no convict might clamber, on which a thousand boys had blundered and guessed and writ in water.

Lucius Cassius Hopkins, "The Roman," man of heroic and consular mold, flunker of boys, and deviser of systems against which even the ingenuity of a Hickey hurled itself in vain, sat on the rostrum, pitilessly mowing down the unresisting ranks.

Snorky's tousled hair was more rumpled than ever, a smudge was on one cheek where his grimy, ball-stained hand had unknowingly left its mark. He was dirty, bored, and unprepared. The dickey at his throat, formed by the junction of a collar and two joined cuffs, saved the proprieties and allowed the body to keep cool. But the spirit of dreams was upon Snorky, and the hard, rectangular room began to recede.

He heard only indistinctly the low, mocking rumble of the Roman as his scythe passed down the rows.

"Anything from the Simpson twins today? No, no. Anything from the Davis House combination? Too bad! too bad! Nothing from the illuminating Hicks? Yes? No? Too bad! too bad!"

Snorky did not hear him; his eyes were on the firm torsos of Billy Dibble and Charley De Soto before him—Dibble, wonder of the football field, hero of the touchdown against the Princeton 'varsity, and De Soto the phenomenal shortstop, both Olympian spirits doomed to endure the barbed shafts of Lucius Cassius Hopkins. Snorky, too, would go down in the annals of school history. He remembered the beginning of an out-curve he had developed that morning in the lot back of the Woodhull—a genuine out-curve, "Ginger Pop" Rooker to the contrary, notwithstanding. With a little practice he would master the perplexing in-curve and the drop. And the Woodhull needed a pitcher badly. McCarthy

had no courage; the Dickinson would batter him all over the field in the afternoon's game, and then good-by to the championship. In his mind he began the game, trotting hopelessly out into left field. He saw Hickey, first up for the Dickinson, get a base on balls—four wide ones in succession. Slugger Jones, four balls—heavens, to be beaten like that! Turkey Reiter, third man up, hit a two-bagger; two runs. Doc Macnooder knocked the first ball pitched for a clean single; a two-bagger for the Egghead! Again four balls for Butcher Stevens! The Red Dog, of all people in the world, to hit safely! And still they allowed the slaughter to go on! The Dickinson House was shrieking with joy, dancing war-dances, back of third, and singing derisive songs of triumph. "Lovely" Mead went to first on another base on balls, filling the bases. And five runs over the plate! Hickey and Turkey on the line began to dance a cake-walk. From the uproarious Dickinsonians rose the humiliating wail:

"We 're on to his curves, we 're on to his curves;
Long-legged McCarthy has lost his nerves."

McCarthy *had* lost his nerves. Five runs, the bases full, and "Wash" Simmons, the Dickinson pitcher, to the bat. The infield, badly rattled, played in to catch the runner at home in approved professional style. Snorky stole in closer and closer until he was almost back of shortstop. Simmons could n't knock it out of the diamond. But Wash knocked what looked to be a clean single clear over the heads of the near infield. That was what Snorky had been waiting for; on the full run he made a desperate dive, caught the ball one-handed, close to the ground, turned a somersault, scrambled to second base, and shot the ball to first before the runner could even check himself! Nothing like it had ever been seen in Lawrenceville. Even the Dickinsons generously applauded him as he came up happy and flushed.

"Snorky, that 's the greatest play I ever saw pulled off. I wish I had made it."

He looked up. The speaker was the dashing De Soto. That from Charley, the greatest ball-player who ever came to Lawrenceville! Snorky's throat swelled with emotion. At last they knew his worth.

One run for the Woodhull. Again the Dickinsons to the bat, and again the rout; one single, a base on balls, two bases on balls—oh, if he only would get his chance! One ball, two balls, three balls. Suddenly McCarthy stopped and clutched his arm with an exclamation of pain. The team gathered about him. Snorky sniffed in disdain; he knew that trick, pretending it was all on account of his arm! What a quitter McCarthy was, after all! Still, what was to be done? The team gathered in grave discussion. No one else had ever pitched.

"Give me a chance," said Snorky to "Rock" Bemis, the captain.

"You!" said Rock, with a laugh; "you, Snorky!"

"Look at me! I can do it," Snorky answered, and met the other's glare. Something of the fire in that look convinced Bemis.

"Why not?" he said. "The game 's gone, anyhow. Go into the box, Snorky, and put them over if you can."

The teams lined up, and Snorky with clenched teeth and a cold streak down his spine strode into the box. An insulting yelp went up from the enemy.

Three balls, no strikes, and the bases full! Turkey at the plate stepped back scornfully to wait for the fourth ball.

"Strike one!"

Turkey advanced to the utmost limit of the batter's box, turned his back deliberately on Snorky, and called out:

"You hit me, and I 'll break your neck!"

"Strike two!"

Turkey turned in surprise, looked at him, and deliberated.

"He can't pull it over," yelled the gallery. "Yi, yi, yi!"

Then Turkey seated himself Indian fashion, his back still to Snorky, and gazed up into the face of "Tug" Moffat, the catcher. A furious wrangle ensued, the Woodhull claiming that his position was illegal, the Dickinson insisting that nothing in the rules prohibited it. "Stonewall" Jackson, the umpire, a weak-minded fellow from the Rouse House, allowed the play.



"THE PHENOMENAL RISE OF THE NEW PITCHER!"

"Strike three!"

Turkey, crestfallen and muttering, arose and dusted himself amid the jeers of the onlookers. Doc Macnooder smote high and low, and then forgot to smite—three strikes and out. The Egghead, despite the entreaties of the Dickinson to bring in his house-mates, could only foul out. Snorky received an ovation. He heard Tug, the catcher, whispering excitedly to De Soto.

"Charley, just watch him! He 's got everything—everything!"

In this inning the Woodhull tied the score on two bases on balls, and Snorky's own two-bagger.

When he walked lightly into the box for the third innings, Stonewall Jackson had been replaced by De Soto with the imperious remark: "Here, get out! I want to watch this."

Snorky gave the great Charley a modest nod.

"When did you ever pitch?" said De Soto, immediately.

"Oh, now and then," he answered.

"Well, now, Snorky, let yourself out."

"Tug can't hold me," Snorky said impudently. "That 's the trouble, Charley."

"Try him."

Tug signaled for an in-shoot. Snorky wound himself up and let fly. Butcher Stevens flung himself from the plate, Moffat threw up his mit in sudden fear, the ball caromed off and went frolicking past the back-stop.

"Strike one!"

Tug, puzzled and apprehensive, came up for a consultation.

"Gee! Snorky, give me warning! What do you think I am—a statue of Liberty?"

"Charley wants me to let myself out. I 'll slow down on the third strike," said Snorky, loftily. "Let the others go if you want."

Tug, like a Roman gladiator, with undying resolve, squatted back of the plate and signaled for an out. No use; no mit of his could ever stop the frightful velocity of that shoot.

"Stri-ike two!"

"Now ease up a bit," cautioned De Soto.

Snorky sent a floating out-drop that seemed headed for Butcher Stevens's head, and finally settled gently over the plate at the waist-line.

"Striker out!"

Moffat no longer tried to hold him, admitting himself outclassed by the blinding speed of ins and outs, jump balls, and cross fire that Snorky hurled unerringly across the plate. The Red Dog and Lovely Mead, plainly unnerved, died like babes in their tracks. Five strike-outs in two innings!

Then De Soto spoke.

"Here, Snorky, you get out of the game."

A cry of protest came from the Woodhull.

"Yell all you like," said De Soto; "Snorky is going with me where he belongs."

And, to the amazement of the two houses, he drew his arm under Snorky's and marched him right over to the 'varsity diamond.

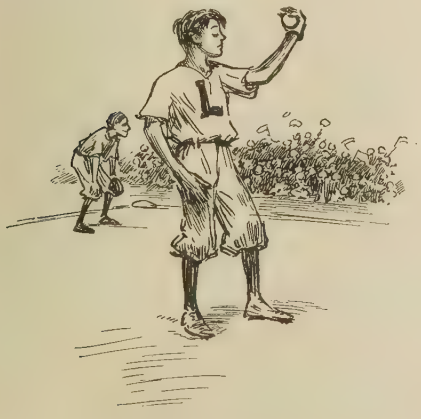
How the school buzzed and chattered about the phenomenal rise of the new pitcher! He saw himself pitching wonderful curves to burly "Cap" Kiefer, the veteran back-stop, built like a mastodon, who had all he could do to hold those frightful balls. He saw the crowds of boys, six deep, who stood reverentially

between times to watch the amazing curves. He heard pleasurably the chorus of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "Gees!" which followed each delivery. Then suddenly he was in the box on the great, clean diamond, with the eyes of hundreds of boys fastened prayerfully on him, and the orange-and-black stripes of a Princeton 'varsity man facing him at the plate. To beat the Princeton 'varsity—what a goal!

He saw each striped champion come up gracefully and retire crestfallen to the bench, even as the Dickinson batters had done. Innings after innings passed without a score; not a Princeton man reached for it. Then in the seventh an accident happened. The first Princeton man up deliberately stepped into the ball, and the umpire allowed him to take his base. It was outrageous, but worse was to follow. On the attempt to steal second, Cap lined a beautiful ball to the base, but no one covered it—a mistake in signals! And the runner kept on to third! Snorky settled down and struck out the next two batters. The Lawrenceville bleachers rose *en masse* and shrieked his praises. Then suddenly Kiefer, to catch the runner off third, snapped the ball to Waladoo a trifle, just a trifle wild; but the damage was done. 1 to 0 in favor of Princeton. Even the great Princeton captain, Barrett, said to him:

"Hard luck, Green! Blamed hard luck!"

But Snorky was n't beaten yet. The eighth and ninth innings passed without another Princeton man reaching first. Nine innings without a hit—wonderful! —and yet to be beaten by a fluke. One out for Lawrenceville; two out. The third man up, Cap Kiefer himself, reached first on an error. Then Green to the bat! Snorky looked around, picked up his bat, and calmly strode to the plate. He had no fear; he knew what was going to happen. One ball, one strike, two strikes. He let the drop pass. What he wanted was a swift in-shoot. Two balls —too high. Three balls—wide of the plate. He was not to be tempted by any such. Two strikes and three balls; now he must get what he wanted. He cast one glance at the bleachers, alive with the frantic red-and-black flags; he heard his comrades calling, beseeching, imploring. Then his eye settled on the far green stretch between right and center field and the brown masses of Memorial, where no ball before had ever reached. A home run would drive in Kiefer and win the game! The chance had come. The Princeton pitcher slowly began to wind up for the delivery, Snorky settled into the box, caught his bat with the grip of desperation, gathered together all his sinews, and—



"HE SAW HIMSELF PITCHING WONDERFUL CURVES"

"GREEN!" called the sharp, jeering voice of Lucius Cassius Hopkins.

Snorky sprang to his feet in fright, clutching at his book. The great home run died in the air.

"Translate."

Snorky gazed helplessly at the page, seeking the place. He heard the muffled voice of "Lugs" Mashon behind him whisper:

"The advance, the advance, you chump!"

But to find the place under the hawk eyes of the Roman was an impossibility. He stared at the page in a well-simulated attempt, then shook his head, and sat down.

"A very creditable attempt, Green," said the master, now with a gentle voice. "De Soto?—Nothing from De Soto? Dear, dear! We 'll have to try Macnooder then. What? Studied the wrong lesson? How sad! Mistakes will happen. Don't want to try that, either? No feeling of confidence to-day; no feeling of confidence." He began to call them

by rows. "Davis, Dark, Denton, Dibble —nothing in the D's. Farr, Francis, Frey, Frick—nothing from the F's; nothing from the D. F's. Very strange! very strange! Little spring fever—yes? Too bad! too bad! Lesson too long? Yes? Too long to get any of it? Dear! dear! Every one studied the review, I see. Excellent moral idea, conscientious; would n't go on until you have mastered yesterday's lesson. Well, well, so we 'll have a beau-tiful recitation in the review. So we all know the review—yes?"

How absurd it was to be flunking under the Roman! Next year he would show them. He would rise early in the morning and study hours before breakfast; he would master everything, absorb everything—declensions and conjugations, Greek, Roman, and medieval civilization; he would frolic in equations and toy with logarithms; his translation would be the wonder of the faculty. He would crush Red Dog and Bogworthy; he would be valedictorian of his class. They would speak of him as a phenomenon, as a prodigy, like Pascal—was it Pascal? What a tribute the head master would pay him at commencement! There on the stage before all the people, the fathers and mothers and sisters, before the Red Dog, and Ginger Pop Rooker, and Tug Moffat, and all the rest, sitting open mouthed while he, Snorky Green, the crack pitcher and valedictorian of his class, a scholar such as Lawrenceville had never known—

"Green, Gay, and Hammond go to the board. Take your books."

Snorky went hastily and clumsily, waiting as a gambler waits for his chance.

"Gay, decline hic, haec, hoc; Green, write out the gerundive forms of all the verbs in the first paragraph top of page 163."

Snorky gazed helplessly at the chronicles of Æneas, and then blankly at the inexorable blackboard, where so many gerundives had been inscribed. Then he wrote his name in firm, neat letters at the top:

"Roger Ballington Green."

Then he erased it, and wrote it again dashingly—the signature of a remarkable man. Satisfied, he drew a strong line under it, with two short crosses and a dot or two, and returned to his seat.



"THEY MARCHED TO THE STATION, AND, AMID A WHIRLWIND OF CHEERS AND GODSPEEDS EMBARKED FOR THE FRONT"

Once more in the abode of dreams he was transported to college, president of his class, the idol of his mates, the marvel of the faculty. He hesitated on the border-line of a great football victory, where, single-handed, bruised, and suffering, he would win the game for his college, and then he found what he sought. War had been declared swiftly and treacherously by the German Empire. The whole country was rising to the President's call to arms. A great meeting of the University was held, and he spoke with a sudden revelation of a power for oratory he had never before suspected.

That very afternoon a company was formed under his leadership. Twenty-four hours later they marched to the station, and, amid a whirlwind of cheers and godspeeds, embarked for the front. During the night, while others slept, he pored over books of tactics; he studied the campaigns of Cæsar, Napoleon, Grant, and Moltke. In the first disastrous year of the war, when the American army was beaten back at every point and an invading force of Germans was penetrating from the coast in three sections,

he rose to the command of his regiment, with the reputation of being the finest disciplinarian in the army. Their corps was always at the front, checking the resistless advance of the enemy, saving their comrades time after time at frightful loss. Then came that dreadful day when it seemed as though the Army of the South was doomed to be surrounded and crushed by the sudden tightening of the enemy's net before the Army of the Center could effect a junction. In the gloomy council he spoke out. One way of escape there was, but it meant the sacrifice of five thousand men. Clearly and quickly he traced his plan, while general, brigadier-general, and general-in-chief stared in amazement at the new genius that flashed before their minds.

"That is the plan," he said calmly, with the authority of a master mind; "it means the safety of a hundred thousand, and if a junction can be made with the Army of the Center, the Germans can be stopped and driven back at so-and-so. But this means the death of five thousand men. There is only one man who has the right to die so—the man who proposes it. Give me five regiments, and I will hold the enemy for thirty-six hours."

He threw his regiments boldly into the enemy's line of march, and by a sudden rush carried the spur that dominated the valley. The German army, surprised and threatened in its most vulnerable spot, forced to abandon the pursuit, turned to crush the handful of heroes.

All day long the desperate battalions flung themselves in vain against the little band. All day long he walked with drawn sword up and down the thinning ranks, stiffening their courage. Red Dog and Ginger Pop called to him, imploring him not to expose himself—Red Dog and Ginger Pop, whose idol he now was; yes, and Hickey's and Dibble's, too. But carelessly, defiantly, he stood in full view, his clothes pierced and his head bared. Then came the night—the long, fatiguing night, without an instant's cessation. The carnage was frightful. Half of the force gone, and twelve hours more to hold out! That was his promise. And the sickening dawn, with the shrouded clouds and the expectant vultures came stealing out of the east. Until night came again they must cling to the spur-top and manage to



"ALL DAY LONG HE WALKED WITH DRAWN SWORD"

live in that hurricane of lead. He went down the line, calling each man by name, rousing them, like a prophet inspired. The fury of sacrifice seized them. They fought on, parched and bleeding, while the sun rose above them and slowly fell. A thousand lives; half that, and half that again. Five o'clock, and still two hours to go. He looked about him. Only a few hundreds remained to meet the next charge. Red Dog and Ginger Pop were cold in death, Hickey was dying. Of all his school friends, only Dibble remained, staggering at his side. And then the great masses of the enemy swept over them like an avalanche, and he fell unconscious but happy with the vision of martyrdom shining above him.

Red Dog, on his way back to his seat, knocked against him, saying angrily:

"Oh, you clumsy!"

Red Dog, of all the world! Red Dog, whom he had just cheered into a hero's death. Snorky, thus rudely brought to earth, decided to resuscitate himself and

read the papers, with their big page-broad scare-heads of the fight on the spur. This accomplished, he decided to end the war. The President, driven by public clamor, put him in command of the Army of the South. In three weeks, by a series of rapid Napoleonic marches, he flung the enemy into morasses and wilderness, cut their line of communication, and starved them into surrender; then flinging his army north, he effected a junction with the Army of the Center, sending a laconic message to the President: "I am here. Give me command, and I will feed the sea with the remnants of Germany's glory." Official Washington, intriguing and jealous, cried out for a court-martial; but the voice of the people, echoing from coast to coast, gave him his wish. In one month he swept the middle coast bare of resistance, fought three enormous battles, and annihilated the armies of the invaders, ending the war. What a triumph was his! That wonderful entry into Washington, with the frenzied roars of multitudes that greeted him, as he rode simply and modestly, but greatly, down the Avenue at the head of his old regiment, in their worn and ragged uniforms, with the flag shot to shreds proudly carried by Red Dog and Dibble; and in the crowd he saw again the tear-stained faces of the Roman and the head-master and all his old comrades, who waved their handkerchiefs to him amid the frantic thousands.



"NOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION"

At this point Snorky's emotion overmastered him. A lump was in his throat. He controlled himself with difficulty and dignity. He went over the quiet, stately years until a grateful nation carried him in triumph into the Presidential chair, nominated by acclamation and without opposition! He saw the wonderful years of his ascendency, the wrongs righted, peace and concord returning to all classes, the development of science, the uniting into one system of all the warring branches of education, the amalgamation of Canada and Mexico into the United States, the development of an immense merchant fleet, the consolidation of all laws into one national code, the establishment of free concerts and theaters for the people. Then suddenly there fell a terrible blow: the hand of a maniac struck him down as he passed through the multitudes who loved him. He was carried unconscious to the nearest house, the greatest physicians flocked to him, striving in vain to fight off the inevitable end. He saw the street filled with tan-bark and the faces of the grief-stricken multitude, with Hickey and Red Dog and Ginger Pop sobbing on the steps and refusing to leave all that fateful night, while bulletins of the final struggle were continually sent to every part of the globe. And then he died. He heard the muffled peal of bells, and the sobs that went up from every home in the land; he saw the houses being decked with crape, and the people, with aching hearts, trooping into the churches: for he, the President, the beloved, the great military genius, the wisest of human rulers, was dead—dead.

Suddenly a titter, a horrible, mocking laugh broke through the stately dignity of the universal grief. Snorky, with tears trembling in his eyes, suddenly brought back to reality, looked up to see Lucius Cassius Hopkins standing over him with a mocking smile. From their desks Red Dog and Ginger Pop were making faces at him, roaring at his discomfiture.

"So Green is dreaming again! Dear, dear! Dreaming again!" said the deliberate voice. "Dreaming of chocolate éclairs and the jigger-shop, eh, Green?"

THE CONCEALING COLORATION OF ANIMALS

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT

(AN ESSAY ON THE QUESTION OF *HOW*, AND TO *WHAT EXTENT*,—NOT *WHY*,—ANIMALS ARE CONCEALED BY THEIR COLORS)

BY GERALD H. THAYER

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS

SINCE the days of Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the great evolutionist, much has been thought and written about the wonderful colors and patterns worn by animals. The phrases, "protective coloration," "adaptation to environment," "protective mimicry," "protective resemblance," "warning colors," "signal colors," etc., are familiar to every one who has read books on natural history. But few people yet know that the greater part of this elaborate fabric of theories has lately been overthrown by an artist and proved to be misconceptions. Slow as men have been in recognizing it, the clues to the subject lay wholly without the scope of ordinary zoölogical observation and reasoning, and wholly within the scope of artistic observation. For the artist is the only true specialist in the matter of visual appearances, *per se*,—the question of *how things look*. As might, indeed, have been expected, the coloration of animals, in its effects, and particularly in its power of making the animals inconspicuous, or well-nigh invisible, involves certain profound and subtle principles of light and shade and optical illusion, matters which belong to the artist's stock in trade, but with which the physical scientist has little or no concern. Hence it is not surprising that zoölogists should all have ignored these underlying principles of animals' coloration, nor that these should finally have been discovered by an artist keenly interested in natural history. Two main results have been reached by the investigations of this artist, Mr. Abbott H. Thayer. First, the revelation of the great principle of counteracted light and shade, with its corollary laws, by which almost alone the long recognized "protective coloration" of animals is achieved;[1] and second, the discovery that most of the colorations which have always been called "conspicuous," are purely and potently *concealing*, with the revelation of the principles under-

[1] Mr. A. H. Thayer's first articles on this subject were published in the American journal of ornithology, "The Auk," in 1896. The two papers, entitled "The Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," and "Further Remarks on the Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," respectively, were republished together by the Smithsonian Institution in its year-book for 1897. A summary of these articles, with an introduction by Professor Poulton of Oxford, was published in the English magazine, "Nature," for April 24, 1902. Mr. Thayer has also shown models illustrating his discovery at various meetings of naturalists in America and Europe, and has given like apparatus as permanent exhibits to the museums of South Kensington, Oxford, and Cambridge in England, and the Royal Zoölogical Museum in Florence, Italy. These models have also been copied by other continental museums; but in the United States there is as yet no such established exhibit, except in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute.

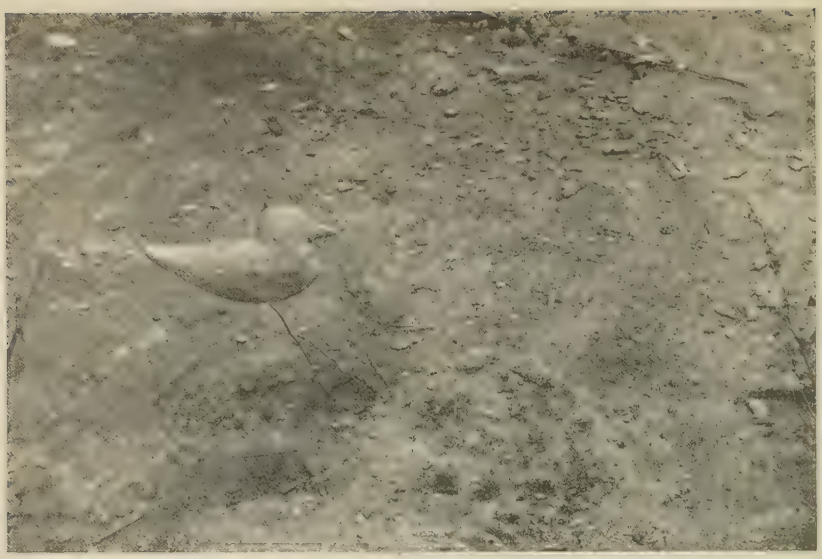


FIG. 1. TWO BIRD-SHAPED MODELS—THE ONE ON THE LEFT MONOCHROME, THE ONE ON THE RIGHT OBLITERATIVELY SHADED

lying this surprising fact.[1] Let us examine these two disclosures in the order named.

Of the simple external factors of visibility there are only two fundamental ones, light and color. In stricter analysis, of course, there is only one,—light,—which engenders color. On relative degrees of light and differing tones of color the visibility of all things depends. Light and shade are primarily attributes of form, while color is only secondarily so. As a proof of this, think of drawings in black-and-white, or of photographs. They may be ever so elaborate, depicting innumerable objects in full detail, with a compelling suggestion of reality, without any variations of color. The whole effect, in that case, is made by degrees of dark and light, variously contrasted,—one thing relieved against another by its darker or its lighter contour. But in all this there are two elements. One is the rendering of color "values," the suggestion of colors by an approximation of their various shades; that is, their specific degrees of darkness. The other and profounder element is the depicting of the light and shade of solid forms, quite independent of color. It is, then, primarily by this light and shade, internal and in silhouette, that the eye is made aware of the existence of solid objects, of their main form, and all their minor modelings. Sticks, stocks, and stones; figures, faces, edifices,—everything,—all reveal themselves to our eyes for what they are, in contour and internal "modeling," largely by means of this one principle of light and shade; that is, the different degrees of illumination of their various parts. Now because this is so, there is a wonderful trick which can be played with any solid object. Imagine, for instance, a statue fixed in an unchanging and sufficiently diffused light, which brings out clearly all its modeling. By putting white paint on the surfaces in darkest shadow, and dark paint on the most brightly lighted parts, all in due proportion, with a careful eye to the effect, one can paint that statue out of visual existence. If the work is rightly done, all the statue's forms and features,—nose, eyes, chin, etc.,—will vanish one by one, until the painter has before him nothing but a blank, gray silhouette. If he now gives it a flat background of exactly the same

[1] First expounded by A. H. Thayer in a paper called "The Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," published in "The Auk" for April, 1896; and next, but with the addition of an erroneous clause, entitled "Protective Coloration in its Relation to Mimicry, Common Warning Colors, and Sexual Selection," published in the "Transactions of the Entomological Society of London," Dec. 24, 1903.

shade and color, it will be entirely invisible.

Pigment, then,—light and dark shades of color,—can be so arranged on a solid object as exactly to nullify and obliterate the unequal distribution of light upon that object. This great law, as simple as it is profound, lies at the very root of the protective coloration of animals, from grasshoppers to whales.

All wild creatures under heaven are lighted from above, from the side opposite to earth. Now among the myriad schemes of color and of pattern which these creatures wear, there is one great principle of coloration running through them all, connecting the most widely separated branches of organic life; that is, a gradation of the shades of color, from dark on the animal's upper side to light —most commonly to white—*on its lower*, exactly what is required as the main essential step toward making animals inconspicuous under the descending light of the sky. This is Mr. Thayer's first great discovery.

Of course, the fact of animals commonly being darker above than below has long been noticed in a general way.[1] This form of coloration, in more or less pronounced development, is worn by at least ninety-nine per cent. of those of the earth's animals, both vertebrate and invertebrate, that live in the open air or in the water not beyond the reach of daylight. In the case of a great many birds and beasts, including virtually all those which have become famous for their power of hiding in plain sight, such as rabbits, quails, partridges, etc., it is developed to an exquisitely elaborate degree. By its aid they are often virtually obliterated, in that the eye judges them as spaces through which the background is seen. Hence, as will soon be made still more apparent to the reader, the significance of our new terms, Obliterative Coloration and Obliterative Shading.

Clearly then, the common belief that the colors of these animals make them look like clods and stumps is erroneous. Now, how about the more indefinite statement that they are "colored like their surroundings"? As far as resultant appearances are concerned, that is quite true; but so far as the actual coloration of the animals is concerned, it is essentially untrue

Take, for instance, the American partridge, or ruffed grouse, a bird which lives much of the time in trees, so that, even to tall human bipeds, its under side is as often exposed to view as its upper. This is one of the birds famous for being hard to see in their homes; so, of course, people say, that it must be colored like its surroundings; that is, dull, mottled brown. Hold this bird upside down in a natural lighting, and look at it. Not only does it show a broad expanse of pure white (with some dark marks) which nobody would call, in the common sense, "protective color," but, by virtue of its inverted counter gradation of shades, which now works *with*, instead of *against*, the effect of the descending daylight, it is



FIG. 2. MONOCHROME WHITE HEN AGAINST A WHITE SHEET

[1] Several years before Mr. Thayer published his first paper on the subject, Professor E. B. Poulton of Oxford, had, unknown to him, recognized and described, in two isolated cases of its working, the very principle which Mr. Thayer afterwards discovered in its universal application. The case is fully stated by both Poulton and Thayer in their joint article in "Nature."



FIG. 3. PLYMOUTH ROCK HEN, LACKING OBLITERATIVE SHADING, AGAINST A FLAT BACKGROUND OF THE SKINS OF EXACTLY SIMILAR HENS

surprisingly conspicuous and solid-looking. If such a beast or bird were merely "colored like its surroundings" (that is, of a uniform, mottled brown above and below), it would not be inconspicuous at all, but would always show up in full relief, more or less bold according to the strength of the light above it. Sometimes, it might escape detection by passing for one of these lifeless things; but this would not often happen, because its structural forms are too distinct, and the eyes of enemies are keen to detect them.

That the reader may not have all this on verbal evidence alone, some photographs are given. Figure 1 shows an experiment with bird-shaped wooden models, under the sky. The conspicuous one, on the left, which can be seen across the room, was colored uniformly like its background, just as dark below as above, but no whit darker. It serves well to make the plain model of the very material, or to cover it with the material, of its background. The obliteratively shaded model, on the right, will almost have to be taken on faith, for the reader will probably have difficulty in finding it. Yet it is in every way a perfect duplicate of the other, save in external treatment. It was just as near the camera, and takes as much room in the picture, which is a faithful reproduction of the scene.

Whales, lions, wolves, deer, hares, mice; partridges, quails, sandpipers, larks, sparrows; frogs, snakes, fishes, lizards, crabs; grasshoppers, slugs, caterpillars—all these animals, and many thousands more, crawl and crouch and swim about their business, hunting and eluding, under cover of this strange obliterative mask, the smooth and perfect balance between shades of color and degrees of illumination.



FIG. 4. BIRD-SHAPED, OBLITERATIVELY SHADED MODEL, LACKING PATTERN, AGAINST A PATTERNED BACKGROUND

Nature, having thus visually unsubstantialized the bodies of animals, so that if seen at all they look flat and ghostly, does not stop there. From solid, shaded bodies they have been converted, as

it were, into flat cards or canvases, and, to complete the illusion of obliteration, pictures of the background, —veritable pictures of the more or less distant landscape—have been painted on these canvases! Such, in effect, are the elaborate markings of field and forest birds. This is the consummation of obliterative coloration; full obliterative shading in conjunction with a true picturing of such scenes, nearer or farther, as would appear straight beyond the animal were it transparent, or as would appear if there were no creature there at all. The animal has vanished, and in his place stands a picture of the distance, with its numberless details! The term "obliterative coloration" truly fits the case, since these animals prove to be colored to disappear from view, and not, as has hitherto been supposed, to look like lifeless solid objects. Some writers, indeed, have mentioned the fact that animals blend into the varied ground behind them, but all have failed to see that this phenomenon could not exist without the aid of some profound principle in addition to the general resemblance of color and pattern.



FIG. 5. BIRD-SHAPED, OBLITERATIVELY SHADED MODEL, WITH PATTERN LIKE THE BACKGROUND

Figures 2 and 3, like the left-hand model in Figure 1, illustrate the futility of color-resemblance alone. The pure white hen against the pure white sheet is very conspicuous, her back being lighter and her belly much darker than the sheet, in its vertical flat plane. Every part of her surface, in fact, except for a few mere points of transition, is either too dark or too light to match her background. So with the barred Plymouth Rock hen, against a background made entirely of flat skins of exactly similar hens (Figure 3). Though the likeness of marking tends to conceal her, it is overpowered by her light and shade, and she is plainly visible. This photograph, then, shows that pattern-resemblance requires the aid of obliterative shading to be effective. Figures 4, 5, and 6, on the other hand, show how essential patterns may be to the completion of the effect gained primarily by obliterative shading. The model in Figure 4 shows no solidity, but is revealed by its blank silhouette against

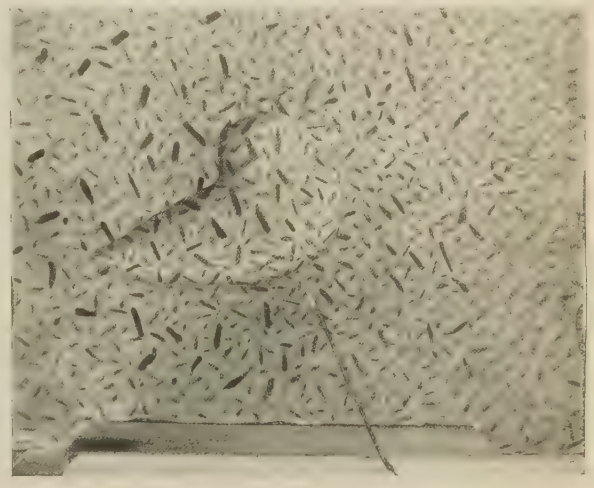


FIG. 6. BIRD-SHAPED, OBLITERATIVELY SHADED MODEL, WITH PATTERN LIKE THE BACKGROUND, BUT IN AN UNFAVORABLE LIGHTING



From a painting by Gerald H. Thayer

FIG. 7. RUFFED GROUSE (OR PARTRIDGE) IN THE FOREST

the patterned board. In Figure 5, it has been obliterated by the addition of the required pattern. Figure 6 shows this same patterned model in a lighting unfavorable to its obliterative shading.

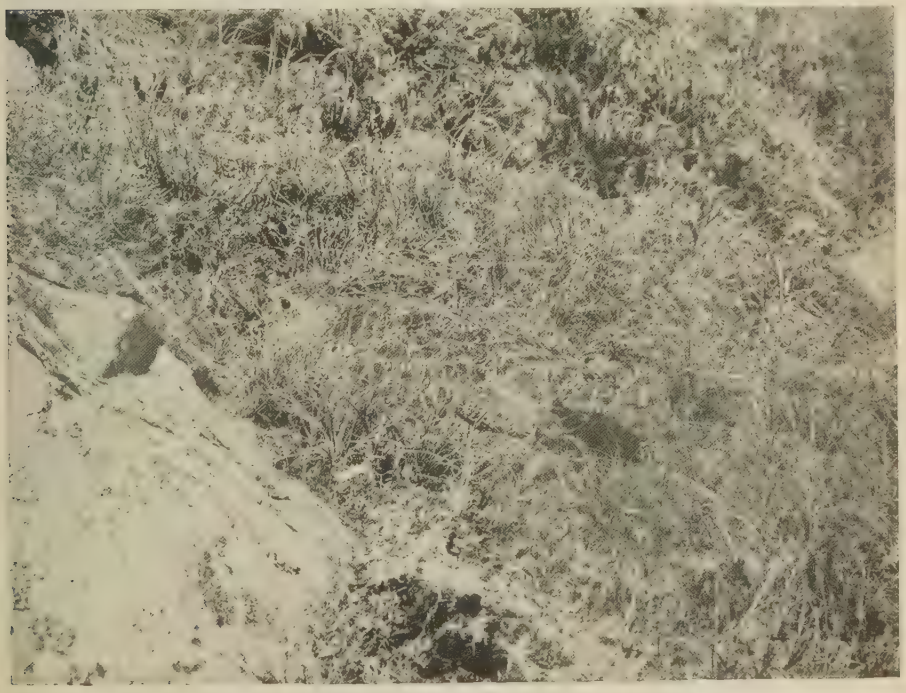
To illustrate the principle of picture-patterns based on counter-shading, I give two photographs (Figures 7 and 8), one from a painting of my own, and the other from a live wild bird upon its nest. The first is of a cock ruffed grouse, the second of a Rocky Mountain ptarmigan. These two allied species represent very different types of picture-pattern, each perfect in its way. The ptarmigan, a bird of the open ground, wears pictures of grass-blades and shadow, near at hand; the grouse, sylvan and partly arboreal, wears a much more complicated system of nearer and farther forest-scenes, exquisitely developed and yet highly generalized, to suit his varied habits, so that it is difficult to find any one background which he matches as closely as the simple pattern of the brooding ptarmigan matches the clump of grasses.

To the eye of an artist, all these pattern-pictures on animals "ring true," beyond all question. In looking at a partridge, an artist who believes in natural selection feels that he is seeing a faultless compound picture of innumerable American forest-interiors. So with the quail in the grass, the sandpiper on the beach, the jaguar and the boa-constrictor in the jungle. Indeed, quite aside from all questions of process or of means, which it is not our province at present to dis-

cuss, the effect of these "picture"-patterns as they exist to-day *is* a marvelously true and subtle averaging of the scenes amid which their wearers live, looked at from the points of view of the wearer's enemies or prey.

The importance of the law of obliterative shading has been questioned by several zoölogists, and, curiously enough, by some who hold to the belief in natural selection, more or less largely discarded by Gadow and a few other modern scientists. To consider fortuitous and trivial so universal an attribute of animal life, and one which has been proved to possess so wonderful a power for concealment as this obliterative shading (see Figures 1–6), is virtually to deny the law of natural selection. So also with the supposition that the shading is due to the tanning effect of light, since if this development by such a process were not along the lines of benefit to the animals, natural selection, if such there be, would surely overcome it. But there is a still better answer to this last theory, and one which involves no questions of evolutionary process, namely, the fact that animals tend to be dark in thickets and dusky forests, and pale on the glaring desert and on ocean beaches. Then should one not suspect that desert animals are bleached by light? No, for their *shadowed undersides* are still the lightest, like those of almost all other creatures.

The dim, brown underworld of tropical forests is tenanted by a race of birds and beasts which show a wonderful uniformity in coloration and degree of shading. The daylight in those solemn depths is diffuse and weak; hence most of the animals which live in them are very slightly shaded from dark to light, and many have pale-brown under-sides. Brown is their prevailing color, and there is one particular tone of rich chestnut brown which occurs almost unvaried on many hundred species. Such sameness of coloration is remarkable, yet it is in perfect keeping with the monotony of the realm in which the creatures live. Almost nowhere else can one find such a widely extended prevalence, throughout the year, of a particular degree of light and a few



Photographed from life by Evan Lewis

FIG 8. COLORADO PTARMIGAN ON HER NEST

simple tones of color, as exists inside the shell of the great tropical forests. On the outside of the forest everything is different. There, in the blazing sunshine toward which the closely crowded trees and vines are ever struggling, the victors heave their leafy heads, flashing and dancing with a thousand tints of gold and green and sky-reflected blue, jeweled with gorgeous fruits and flowers. In this gay realm of scintillating lights and colors live almost all the brilliant birds and

walls of a museum? The real out-door world is a boundlessly varied pageant of ever-shifting lights and forms and colors, cut up into innumerable bolder or dimmer patterns of all kinds and sizes, dancing and altering in endless, kaleidoscopic show with the play of wind and sun and clouds. This vivid changefulness of scenery has, like everything else, its maximum and minimum, and, as we have seen in connection with tropical forests, the extremes are in this case



From a painting

FIG. 9. COPPERHEAD SNAKE ON DEAD LEAVES

butterflies for which the tropics are famous; and they are as closely fitted to their environment in colors and patterns as are their dull-brown relatives of the somber shades below. The tropics are as rich in dull-colored birds and butterflies as in bright ones, but the dull ones are not often collected and exported, and, even when they are, do not attract popular attention.

This brings us to the second of the two main revelations which have resulted from an artist's study of the coloration of animals.

Whence came that old, erroneous assumption that bright-colored creatures, and those with bold, sharp patterns, are of course conspicuous in their homes? Did people judge the out-door world by colorless collecting-boxes, or the plastered

rather wide apart. But we are to consider it as a general principle, with special regard to its maximum development. Against one of these brilliantly and minutely patchy backgrounds, how ought an animal be colored and marked in order to be as inconspicuous as possible? Plainly and dully, as naturalists have said? By no means; brightly and patchily, to the highest possible degree. The bolder, brighter, and more arbitrary such a creature's patterns are, the more they will cut up his own peculiar and characteristic form, and dissolve him into his background, as it were. Conversely, the only coloration which could make such an animal conspicuous, is a dull monochrome, without counter-shading or pat-



Photographed from life by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

FIG. 10. SPHINX MOTH (*PHILAMPELUS PANDORUS*), ON BIRCH BARK

tern. This would make his solid form apparent by its light and shade, or his peculiar outline by its unbroken, dingy color. Monochrome alone makes a solid object intrinsically conspicuous against a normal landscape. Patterns, contrary to the common opinion, have an intrinsic power to destroy the conspicuousness of the object on which they are placed. The stronger the pattern appears, the dimmer appear the forms and outlines of its wearer.

Picture-patterns, working with obliterative shading, have already been shown and described. We must now consider



FIG. 11. COMMON SKUNK (STUFFED SKIN) AGAINST BUSHES AND SKY-LINE

other obliterative effects and optical illusions achieved by patterns alone. In some cases brilliant patterns quite take the place of obliterative shading. The blazing crown of the tropical forest, with its multiplicity of bright-colored vegetable forms, offers many opportunities for this, and Nature has taken advantage of them. Tropical tree-top birds are "cut up" with all sorts of rank patterns and bright, contrasting colors, and comparatively few of them are simply "counter-shaded." But all these bright-colored tropical birds have alike been called conspicuous by most naturalists. The error has been wholly based on theorizing: collectors have not found the birds easy to see in the woods; but, on the contrary, have sometimes testified to the strange elusiveness of certain brilliant kinds, such as birds of paradise. This has led to the supposition that they are aware of their dangerous brilliancy, and *hide themselves,* with the greatest care.

Brilliantly changeable or metallic colors are usually supposed to make the birds that wear them conspicuous, but nothing could be further from the truth. Iridescence is, indeed, one of the strongest factors of concealment. The quick-silver-like intershifting of many lights and colors, which the slightest motion generates on an iridescent surface, like the back of a bird or the wing of a butterfly, destroys the visibility of that wing or back as such, and causes it to blend inextricably with the gleaming and scintillating, labyrinthine-shadowed world of wind-swayed leaves and flowers. Even without motion the animal's surface, which would show all in its true place and plane if it were plainly colored, is by its iridescence dissolved into many depths and distances. Here is a bright place that stands out near and clear, there a dark area that melts away into indefinite remoteness,—and so on. Rarely does such a changeable surface, out-of-doors, reveal itself fully and truly to the eye. Hence iridescence is one of the prime fac-



FIG. 12. COMMON SKUNK (STUFFED SKIN), AGAINST BUSHES AND SKY-LINE

tors of obliterative coloration, and quantities of creatures profit by it, especially in the gay-colored parts of tropical woods. As a general rule, it is found on animals that spend much of their time in lively motion. Such creatures cannot profit by the more minutely detailed forms of obliterative coloration, but need a strong and simple principle to veil the conspicuousness of their movements. This



FIG. 13. WHITE-BACKED SKUNK OF THE SOUTHWESTERN PLAINS (STUFFED SKIN) AGAINST THE SKY-LINE



FIG. 14. WHITE-BACKED SKUNK (STUFFED SKIN), WITH CONTOUR OF BACK REVEALED

is found in iridescence, which has the remarkable power of independent and contrary motion. When the animal is still, the slightest change of light upon him will cause a bewildering play and movement of his colors; and when he moves, the varied dancings of his colors are far more apt to belie and perhaps conceal his motions, than to accentuate them.

Not less noteworthy than iridescence are appendages,—such as long tails, tufts, crests, etc. The concealing-power of such developments, though it may seem to the reader sufficiently obvious, has been overlooked by most naturalists, including Darwin. The principle is well stated, however, by Mrs. F. H. Eckstorm in "The Bird Book" (p. 152).

Since the simple, organic outlines of an animal's body tend to reveal it to the eyes of enemies, Nature has resorted (in effect, at least) to many devices for the concealment of those outlines. Such are various kinds of bold, contrasting patterns, one of the main effects of which is to hide the curved, characteristic forms by letting into them, as it were, bays and notches of the background, of arbitrary shape. Appendages are exactly the converse of this. They break the normal contours by extending them irregularly outward, so that, figuratively speaking, the animal is pulled out of shape, and "bridged over" into its surroundings. Some of these devices must have a remarkable power to conceal. Think for instance of the Mexican resplendent trogon, with its enormously long, green, drooping tail. How effectively delusive to a hawk, flying over a seated trogon, might be this indefinite, smooth extension of its green back into the maze of leafage!

All or almost all such developments among birds, belong to the class of generalized obliterative devices. None of them, so far as I know, serves a truly mimetic function. Mimicry, in our nomenclature, includes all cases of simple counterfeiting of the appearance of one thing by another, whether the model is animate or inanimate. Mimicry of an inanimate model is well exemplified by the famous Indian leaf-butterfly (Kallima), or the dainty little tropical bats that look marvelously like woody knots on the mangrove-branches to which they cling in groups. Or, again, the peculiar insects well named "walking sticks," the supremely wonderful flower- and leaf-simulating mantes, and certain measuring worms (geometrid lepidopterous larvæ) that stand out stiff and straight from their food-plant, like small twigs, of which they are almost perfect facsimiles

in markings, form, and color. Such cases are legion, and most of them are well known. I cite them here only to emphasize their difference from the principles of obliterative coloration, our theme.

The white rumps and tails of timid fleet mammals, the so-called "banner-marks," have a wonderful purely obliterative use, as Mr. Thayer has lately discovered. They blot out the beasts' forms against the sky when they flee before terrestrial enemies. In this, which must be considered their paramount function, they are truly background-picturing patterns, like almost all the rest. Close cousin to them, and no less wonderful in their perfect and simple potency, are the white patterns of back and *face* worn by some of the grubbing nocturnal carnivores, such as the skunks. Yet the skunk's brilliantly pied black-and-white costume has often been considered a preëminent example of conspicuous and warning coloration, a blazoned badge of the brute's noxious identity. This is the character in which the skunk's pattern has figured in many previous writings on the subject, and the discovery of the full and perfect obliterative use of this chief among supposed "showy" costumes is one of the most compelling details of the entire revelation. Figures 11, 12, 13, and 14, unaltered photographs of stuffed skunks posed out-of-doors, need but little explaining. *Seen against the sky,* the skunk's "white"[1] is always very inconspicuous and often quite invisible. This is the case even in full daylight, and at night the effect is even better.[2] Now the skunk is a nocturnal ground-beast, and preys on small terrestrial (and digging) animals of many sorts. Viewed from the low position of his little victims, he looms up against the sky, towering high and huge as an elephant would above a skunk. Then it is that his white pattern plays its wonderful obliterative part, disappearing utterly and leaving the separated black patches to look like bushes, trees or rocks relieved against the sky. See Figures 13 and 14. The dangerous head of the grubbing hunter, held close to the ground, is obliterated for the little hunted ground-beasts it approaches, up to the last moment, by its lengthwise medial white stripe, which "carries down the sky" as if between bushes. Not only skunks, but badgers and most other terrestrial grubbing carnivores, wear some form of this white head-marking, at once the antithesis and the counterpart of the ruminant's white rump, which is a fleeing-mask.

Here, in the case of these two skunks, and of the white-sterned ruminants and rodents, we have a most notable vindication of the rule, which wider research still shows infallible, that the patterns of animals work for their concealment *in the situations and aspects wherein it most profits them to be concealed.* Sky-picturing is a widely prevalent element in obliterative patterns; witness the white stripes, flecks, and patches so generally worn by tree birds, and wanting on terrestrial thicket-haunters. All these markings prove to be perfect background-pictures, and in proportion as there is more or less of sky in an animal's normal background, from the average point of view of his enemies, so, as a rule, is there more or less of sky-picturing in his pattern. Thus, when we come to the animals which might profit by concealment against unbroken sky, such as the deer and skunks above described, we find them furnished with big, immaculate "sky-patches" of extraordinary obliterative power. The reader may easily prove their power to his own satisfaction by experimenting at night with pieces of white and black paper or cloth. He will see then, if he has not before, that the widely accepted theories of "warning coloration," and "banner-marks" have been very gravely shaken by these latest revelations of the pure natural laws of obliterative pattern.

[1] In reality pale buff,—light dead-leaf-color—but so shiny as to be more than equivalent in brightness, in this view, to lusterless pure white.

[2] The top-white patterns of skunks, deer, etc., are merely their participation in the law that animals in general wear only proportioned samples of all constant elements of that background against which they *need not to show.* Most ocean birds, feeding, virtually always, on the surface of sea or sand, wear mainly the white, or pearl-color of the sky against which their small victims must necessarily see them. On the other hand, terrestrial species that are never seen by any eye that concerns them against either sky, water, or snow, never have any top white. But let the species be one which, like the skunks, coons, and badgers, have, from their prey's point of view, the pied background of foliage and sky interstices, and, behold, the front they show their prey is pied in the same proportions a most perfect simulation of their average background. Among all animals that in any way profit by concealment this law is practically unfailing.

A FORGIVENESS

BY LILY A. LONG

I

A YOUNG man, whose temperamental vividness was subdued, but not obscured, by his conventional evening dress, was running a searching look over the guests at Mrs. Sargent's reception.

"Not there, and not there," he seemed to say, as from his position of vantage on the turn of the stair he examined one section of the crowded rooms after another.

He came down slowly, and as he made his progress toward his hostess, people turned to look at him. There was something about him which challenged attention, whether it lay in the somber curve of his still young mouth, or in the intensity of his look. His very atmosphere was charged with life, but with life passionate rather than exuberant.

"Who is he?" some one murmured.

"Have n't you heard? Philip Hill. He is just back from Alaska—with a fortune."

"Oh! Was n't there some *esclandre* about him years ago?"

"Come, come! I said a fortune. You should train your memory to be more discrete."

Philip Hill, passing the open door of the library, had paused an instant, as though every unexplored corner teased him to a search; but a girl whom he did not know turned a startled and somewhat distressed face toward him from within the room, and he moved on. He had not seen the man who, beyond the angle of his vision, faced the girl.

"I should not have said that," the man was saying to the distressed girl; "but —you have been so kind that I forgot. I hoped that perhaps—"

"You promised not to bring that question up for a year," she said quickly.

"I know; but—it is hard to wait." He put down the volume that had been his pretext for bringing her here apart, and with his finger he traced nervously the lines of the tooling. "It means so much to me—if you would only just give me a word—"

"But a word would be everything! I asked you not to speak of it—or make me think of it—just so I might have time to be sure what word was the right one."

He lifted humble yet urgent eyes—the eyes of a man whose desperate need makes him press on against even more desperate odds.

"There is n't any one else, Lois?"

"Oh, *no*."

"And—you like me—a little? At least you don't dislike me? I know I 'm not good enough, I 'm only an ordinary man, and I 've never had the advantages—"

His very blundering touched something like chivalry in the girl's nature, as it often had before. If he did not mind for himself, she, for him, must not let him be so humiliated.

"It is n't that; you must n't say that, George," she urged hastily. "I have always liked you. I know how much you have done, and all that, and I honor you for it; but—"

"I—I 'd do anything in the world for you," he said urgently. "You 'd never have to ask for anything twice. I would be very good to you, Lois."

She frowned a little. "I don't think I want you to say that, either. It would n't be a question of being *comfortable* with the man I—loved." Her voice quivered at the word, and her face blossomed suddenly as at the touch of sunshine. It was only the quivering of her nature at the great mystery, but George

Webb, for all his humility, could not believe such tenderness to be impersonal. He looked up with sudden hope.

"Lois!"

"No!—not yet. Not till the year is up."

"That will be in three months. Oh, Lois, how can I wait?"

Miss Lowry, a lady whose fifty-odd years had not served to chill her interest in the game of life, watched to catch Philip Hill's eye, and then beckoned to him with her jeweled fan. She was one of the few people in St. Andrews who had known him in the pre-Alaskan days, and one of the fewer whom he might call his friends.

"You must n't act as though you thought the whole duty of man at a modern reception is to stand around and look picturesque. Come and entertain me. What have you been doing all evening?"

Hill dropped into the chair beside her, and laughed with something of the mischievous amusement of a school-boy.

"I 've been talking—a great deal. I have made up about twelve years' arrears. That 's merely counting the length of my stories. As to their tallness—I am not sure I have n't even drawn on my future."

"You don't mean to say you have been telling *yarns* to Lois Warren! An utter waste, I assure you."

"Which was Lois Warren?"

"The young woman yonder, near the azaleas. I saw you bring her an ice."

"Oh, is that her name?" He turned to look at the girl. "I 'm going to get people horribly mixed. She somehow did n't make any definite impression on me. I suppose a peony would attract my barbarian attention sooner than a pink-and-white azalea."

Miss Lowry's quizzical eyes glinted.

"Poor Lois! She 's from New England. Well, what else are you going to do now, besides mixing people up?"

A sudden veil dropped over the light behind Hill's eyes. With obvious obtuseness he echoed:

"Do?"

"Yes. Why did you come back to St. Andrews—especially?"

"One must live somewhere."

"Quite true. And St. Andrews has no more disadvantages than any other agglomeration of two hundred thousand souls. But—what are you going to do to George Webb?"

His veiled eyes still met hers smilingly, though some subtle change had taken all the carelessness out of his smile.

"Why should I have anything to do to George Webb—or with him?"

"Philip, you have learned to be secretive."

"I have probably learned many ungracious things."

"But to me?"

"Dear Miss Lowry," he said quite softly, and looking away, "don't think that I have ever forgotten your goodness to a wretched boy."

"I am glad to have you admit that your memory has not failed you," she retorted dryly. "That being the case, what are you going to do to George Webb?"

He laughed in frank amusement.

"You melodramatic lady! What would you suggest? I 'm terribly handicapped by the times and the manners of St. Andrews, in the first place. If I had him in Eagle City, now! But here, even with all the good will in the world, I can't very well challenge him to a duel, or provoke a fist-fight, or stab him of a dark night, or do anything else really satisfying to poetic justice. Do you see my way clear to doing anything more deadly than letting him alone?"

Miss Lowry looked at him with unconcealed dissatisfaction.

"Philip, if you think to pass yourself off to me as a milk-and-water young man, you are implying no compliment to my skill in physiognomy; and if you want my countenance—"

"In such a course as you are suggesting? *Dear* Miss Lowry, whatever opinion you may have of me, I think too highly of you to dream for a moment of involving you in any such blood-thirsty medievalism."

"How good of you!" She fell back from the attack for a moment, baffled, looking for a weak point in his defense. "Remember," she said, "I always respect a confidence, but if you refuse me your confidence I shall find out for myself—and finding 's keeping."

"Oh, if you will *keep* it—"



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I DO NOT WISH EVER TO SEE YOU AGAIN.'" (SEE PAGE 272)

"I won't—unless I like. You 'd be wiser to tell me."

"Was there ever such a temptress? I have n't even seen George Webb since I returned. He is n't here." His searching look swept the room again.

"You came on the chance of seeing him?" she demanded eagerly.

"I came because you honored me by securing an invitation for me."

She looked at him steadily until he broke into an amused laugh.

"You might tell me something about him, since you insist upon my having a sinister interest in his affairs. He is in business here—and prospering?"

"Like a wicked bay-tree. He came back to St. Andrews from New York just after—" She hesitated, and he helped her out smoothly:

"Just after I had been expelled from college, and had completed my ruin and killed my father by leaving for parts unknown. Yes, I knew he came here and went into business for himself. He had come into a little capital." His voice was even and his eye careless, but Miss Lowry saw a small vein on his temple suddenly outline itself like a heavy cord.

"Well, he has gone on prospering from that time," she said sharply.

"That is to his credit."

"It is n't to the credit of Providence."

"No," he conceded smilingly; "it is probably due to his unassisted efforts."

"And unhindered."

Hill shrugged his shoulders slightly, in acknowledgment of her pertinacity.

"Is he invited here—for instance?"

"Yes."

Involuntarily Hill half rose, and she added, after a sufficient pause:

"But he left early. I think possibly he saw you."

"Pooh! He has not your imagination. Has he married? I hope not."

"No." She gave a little laugh that made him turn a waiting look toward her. "It is n't his fault that he has n't. He has been trying for a long time to marry Lois Warren."

"Oh, that girl I did n't pay any attention to?" He glanced toward the azaleas, but she was no longer there. "Well?"

"She has him on probation. Now, let this be a lesson to you, Philip, on the dangers of withholding your confidence. Lois is a dear friend of mine, and if she had *told* me anything about her affairs, I would sooner die than speak of them. But she is like you: she prefers to keep her own counsel, and I could n't help happening to glance in her direction occasionally, could I? George Webb is desperately in love."

"And she?"

"She is n't. But she has had to defend him so often against her indiscrete friends—"

He looked up so sharply that she caught up her sentence with a laugh. "Oh, you suspicious man! I have never told her anything except that I could n't tolerate him. I have a right to my private dislikes, have n't I? But I 'm afraid that it has had the effect of making her feel that he was misunderstood, and that such humble devotion as his is in itself a sort of a claim. He *is* humbly devoted. I have an intuition that she has set the time-clock for June!"

Philip Hill leaned back in his chair with a look of polite interest.

"He can make himself very attractive, when he tries," he commented. "I only wonder that Miss Warren considered it necessary to keep him so long on probation."

"Well—he does n't exactly belong to her caste. She is Brahmin, and he is—late-renaissance. That 's one reason why winning her would mean so much. His feeling goes deeper than his heart: it touches his vanity. She and her family represented the utterly unattainable, all the mystery and glory of a guessed-at world, in the days when the Webb family did n't exactly know what to do with napkins at the table."

Hill laughed. "If you judge by such standards, I shall never dare to give you any intimate account of my life in the Klondike. Napkins, quotha!"

"Oh, that 's different. A napkin stands to you as one of the minor conveniences in living. It stands to George Webb as a symbol of the higher life."

"And now Miss Warren has personified the symbol?"

"Exactly."

"And you think he really cares for the higher life?"

"In that form, yes; tremendously.

And it is n't all ambition, either. He really cares. I suppose we have to admit that a man may be dishonorable in business and still fall madly in love when his time comes. I think he would give his soul to marry Lois."

Philip was listening. Of that there could be no doubt; but his words were wholly careless.

"Oh, a man may be dishonorable in business, and still make a model husband. Let us hope for the best, even if we always believe the worst. The new combinations we can make out of the same old human nature keep the game interesting."

Half an hour later Miss Lowry had a glimpse of Philip across the room that made her suddenly pause. He was talking with an animation that lighted up his uncommonly striking face as with an inner flame. Even in repose he always suggested power; when interested, no one else in the room seemed worth looking at. He was life, with all its command and its fascination. But it was not Philip's animated face alone which gave Miss Lowry startled pause, and then brought a wicked gleam into her intelligent eyes. It was the fact that the girl who listened, with surprise and wonder and something like awe in her look, was Lois Warren.

"So *that* is the way he is going to do it!" Miss Lowry said to herself, with swift recognition of the significance of the tableau. "And he decries medievalism! He could give points to the Medici. I *knew* that sort of mouth meant something."

Philip Hill's wooing of Lois Warren was almost operatic in its brilliancy and swiftness. From the evening on which he first met her at Mrs. Sargent's he laid siege to her heart with a frankness and a *savoir-faire* that rather took the breath of the staid people of St. Andrews. Everybody watched him, everybody discussed him and his extravagant methods, everybody was sure from the beginning of his success. For such a wooing to fail would have been an affront to all true sentiment. Never before had a quiet girl been so suddenly lifted upon a pedestal, so worshiped. The atmosphere of fairy-tales was folded about her, the rainbows of romance were torn from their setting to make a pathway for her feet, and the dreams which every girl hides breathlessly in her heart were proved to be pale and inadequate visions beside this ardent reality.

"There is n't another man in St. Andrews who could do it without making himself ridiculous," the interested observers commented over their tea-cups. "But Mr. Hill does it so *well!* It is like seeing it done on the stage."

"It argues previous experience," said Myra Moody. Miss Moody was an incipient novelist, and for the nonce she was cultivating the cynical style.

"Oh, no doubt about *that*. You know what a reputation he has. Why, he was expelled from college."

"It makes one realize what a colorless thing virtue is," said Myra, and she had her reward when the shocked ladies looked at her askance and murmured:

"Oh, my dear!"

Lois Warren did not analyze the situation even to herself. She simply yielded to the most powerful influence her life had ever known. The touch of awe she had felt that first evening never faded. There was always something dazzling about Philip, something unfathomed and wonderful. She could not ignore what was made plain to the whole town, nor doubt the sentiment which spoke in every tone and glance; but his nature was a veiled one, and its mysteries were never made plain to her. Yet if she kept him from the irrevocableness of words, it was less from doubt, either of him or of herself, than from pity for George Webb. For through those weeks Webb "went shaking and white," and the heart of Lois, more tender to his pain than formerly to his love, ached in sympathy. He had put up no fight at all, and Lois thought she understood why. His self-distrust, a consciousness of his own lack of certain qualities that the men about him possessed, was always keeping him back. He was crude, she would admit, but there were worse things in the world than that. She had championed him so often that she had even grown used to the idea that it might be her mission in life to undertake his higher education. He adored her and he needed

her. There is only one claim more powerful, and to this Lois had heretofore been a stranger. Now she knew, with the vision of the illumined, that George's hopes had slipped down among the things that are for evermore impossible, and she felt the agony of the silence into which he had withdrawn so sensitively that she, too, veiled herself in silence—a symbolic mourning for his dead.

But one day, when the first of June was still two weeks away, Philip spoke. He had brought a little nugget of Alaskan gold to show her.

"That was the first piece of gold I found," he said, unrolling the bit of paper that held it. "I can't make you understand what it meant to me unless you remember that I was a sort of outlaw from my own world, and that a fortune seemed to hold the only possible way of getting—even again. I *prayed* over that nugget. It was probably a heathenish prayer,—I am not at all sure in which direction it was addressed,—but it was desperately earnest. I have always carried that dull little lump as a visible reminder of that vow."

"I understand," Lois said softly.

Philip's inscrutable smile hinted at an inner doubt, but after a moment he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"Lately the fancy came to me that I should like to have my wife's wedding-ring made of that gold. Lois—will you wear it?"

"Oh, are you sure you—want me?" she faltered.

His hand closed upon hers.

"More than anything else in all the world," he said. The fervor and triumph in his voice thrilled her soul.

When he left Lois he went straight to Miss Lowry.

"Congratulate me," he said.

That lady slipped a marker into the play she had been reading, and scrutinized him through contracted eyes.

"You handsome heathen!" she said. "So Lois prefers you to George Webb?"

He met her look without answering.

"Yes, I congratulate you. Lois is a dear girl—a thousand times too good for George, as I have told her many times. I think she is probably too good for you, also."

The excited triumph in his eyes darkened for a moment.

"At any rate, I save her from Webb."

"Yes. Oh, there are good points about you, Philip. I don't say that I am not congratulating her, too. And now I suppose you want the news of your engagement made as widely known as possible?"

He smiled at her.

"Would you like to have me arrange a screen scene, so that you may hear how he takes it?"

His lip curled. "I don't ever want to come near enough to touch him." Impatiently he walked across the room and stood glowering at the Hermes on the book-case until her voice recalled him.

"When are you to be married?"

He looked startled. "I don't know. That 's as Miss Warren may decide, of course."

"What are you going to do this summer?"

"I don't know."

"Are Lois and her mother going out to the lake again?"

"I don't think I 've heard her say."

Miss Lowry looked at him quizzically.

"Lois is a girl of spirit, Philip. The story of the man who stopped running when he had caught his car would not appeal to her. For your own sake, be just a little careful."

"Thank you," he said somewhat shortly. The dull red surged slowly up under his brown skin.

II

The Warrens went out of town the first of June, and established themselves for the summer at a lake cottage not far from St. Andrews. Philip, perhaps mindful of Miss Lowry's warning, perhaps more spontaneously, found a nearby hotel from which he could easily go over to see Lois. They golfed and played tennis, rowed and read poetry, discussed their friends and the philosophy of life, and even, in time, ventured to be silent together.

So June went by in a soft tumult of hurrying growth. July, more self-aware, began to mint her sunshine secretly in unconfessed laboratories, and August, calm and content, already saw the guaranty of endless futures in the yellowing glow of

her fields. Lois, at first tremulous with the wonder of life, grew sweetly assured with the steadying year, till her shyness was even bold enough to laugh at itself in words.

"How did I ever *dare* to say I would marry you?" she suddenly demanded one day. They had been discussing the French stage, but her question did not strike her as irrelevant. "You might have been so different—I did n't really *know* you; and I could n't bear to have you an atom different in any way."

"I don't know that we deserve any special credit, either of us," Philip said. The summer had subtly changed him, also. The somber look had softened and given place to an air of quiet which might almost have been peace. They were sitting in the shade of an oak, on a little hillside overlooking the lake, and Philip turned from her to look out, with absent vision, over the water, as he repeated soberly, "We did n't either of us know."

"You remember that evening at Mrs. Sargent's?"

"Oh, yes, *I* remember."

"I have often wondered what it could have been that made you notice me that evening. I noticed you, of course, because you were a stranger, and I had heard stories—heard about you, I mean. But you had n't heard of me; and I was one of a hundred."

"One in a hundred."

"But at the *very* first you did n't know it. You talked to me for ten minutes when we were introduced without looking at me. You were not particularly brilliant. I wondered how any one who looked so interesting could talk *so*. Yes, I did! Then, when the evening was just coming to an end, you hunted me up—oh, do you remember that? I think everything was settled then—everything for all the rest of our lives—in about five minutes, though I did n't know it. Is n't it all wonderful!"

Philip nodded without speaking. The absent look had left his eyes, and a flush had come over his sunburnt face. She noted it, with a woman's keen eye for the slightest indicia of emotion in a face she loves.

"Philip, there is something I want to ask you."

There was just the hint of a startled pause on his part before he turned toward her with a look of guarded composure.

"Anything—of course."

"I wish you would tell me *your* story about that college escapade—whatever it was. Of course you know that I have heard there was some sort of—row—"

"The facts are simply that I was expelled from college for misconduct during my freshman year. That 's why I am so ignorant."

"You are not ignorant."

"On that side I am. It ruined the man I might have been, at any rate."

"What was the misconduct?"

He did not answer. His face had so changed that it was easy to believe he could not speak.

"It makes you *angry* to think of it," Lois said swiftly, leaning toward him. "By that I know that somehow you were wronged. If it had been merely your own wrong, you would be sorry and ashamed, but not angry. That 's what I have seen before—that 's why I want to know the truth, not the facts. You may not want to accuse any one to the world; what does the world care? But—*me!*" She reached forward to slip her hand into the half-open hand he had flung out upon the sward. His fingers closed over it, and he drew it to his lips, which now were smiling.

"I don't quite see why you go through the formality of asking anything, you wise woman."

"Oh, but I want details, too. I want to revel in the knowledge that I am with you on the little island where you have been standing alone so long. Tell it to me just as you tell it to yourself."

He let her hand go, and braced his shoulders against the trunk of the oak.

"Well—I was a fool, chiefly. If I had had sense—but I was a motherless boy, and I had always run wild. I never discovered a wall until after I had knocked my head against it. My father I adored, but I could no more have approached him familiarly than I could have been insolent to him. He was a physician, and too honest ever to grow rich. It was the great desire of his heart that I should have the college education which he had missed. I knew from the time I was a baby that that was the great object of both our lives. To help raise the money,

he sold his practice in the East, and came to St. Andrews to begin everything anew. When I was ready for college, he deposited the money in my name in a bank in the college town. It was to be drawn as I needed it for my college expenses. You see how he trusted me."

"He would n't have done that if you had n't always proved trustworthy," she said softly.

"Perhaps; I don't know. He had a theory about developing responsibility. At any rate, that 's how things were. I went to college, and for the first few months all went well. Then I fell in with—with rather a fast set of young men. I did n't have sense or experience enough to distrust them, for I was really a pretty innocent kid, in spite of having a reputation for wildness. They played cards in a businesslike way that I had never seen before, and there were late suppers after the theater, and more or less drinking. You can imagine the process. I was flattered to be sought out by older men, and full of self-confidence. One morning I woke up with a splitting head and a sense of oppression that was like a nightmare, and which gradually resolved itself into an indistinct recollection that I had been gambling the night before, and that I had given a check to cover my losses. I tried to remember, and then I roused myself and went to—to the man I had played with—"

He stopped for a moment, as though the black mood again strangled his words.

"I could n't find him at first. He was keeping out of my way. But when I did, he told me, with a show of surprise at my forgetfulness, that I had given my check for an amount which equaled every cent I had to my credit in the bank. He had already cashed the check. He taunted me with playing the baby act—talked about trying to sneak out of a debt of honor, and sneered at me for not proving to be a dead-game sport. I tried to fight him, but I was only a drunken boy, and he threw me out into the street. I was half-mad, I suppose. Certainly I made myself quite mad with drink. When I came to my senses at last, I had been playing the fool generally, there was a great row, and I had been expelled from college."

"Who was the man?" she asked, with fierce intensity. He turned to her with a flashing smile.

"You must n't ask me that. I could n't tell, you know, after having prejudiced you so against him."

"Did you never tell any one?"

"I wish I had n't; but I did tell Miss Lowry. She was in New York at the time. I had no mother, you know, and Miss Lowry had always been very good to me. But this went beyond her help. It was so serious that I could n't see anything for it but to run away to Alaska and make a fortune to replace the money that I had lost. I went. I did n't leave my address with any one, and I did n't hear from home for four months. Then I received a bunch of St. Andrews papers I had sent for, and there I read the notice of my father's death."

"Oh, that was *too* cruel!" cried Lois with tears in her voice. "How could you bear it!"

"I think it merely put the seal of finality upon my bitterness. It took away the possibility of what I had hoped,—to make a reparation,—and so left me nothing but a desire for vengeance. For years I worked desperately, with no conscious object except sometime, somehow, to get even with the man who had trapped me. I have n't been much of anything since the day I read that death notice but an embodied hate."

"Until now," she whispered urgently.

He turned to look at her with a half-sad smile. "Even yet I can't forgive him, for I should be better worth your love if I were not such an ignorant fellow—and that lies at his door."

"But I would not have you an atom different. I can't imagine caring a bit for you if you parted your hair half an inch more to the right or left."

"I 'm glad I satisfy you in essentials like that, but unless you distinctly prefer an ignoramus, I think I 'd be more comfortable myself if I could understand what you are saying when you talk about books, and lofty subjects like that."

"P-o-o-h!"

"Oh, that 's all very well, but even if a man is decently humble, he hates to have his girl know how much more she

knows than he does. You mentioned Marcus Aurelius the other evening, and I 've been wondering ever since whether I could n't slip up to town and look him up in the encyclopedia. Beyond a general impression that the gentleman took time from his regular job of governing Rome to provide material for the future calendar-maker, I don't know what, when, or where he was. It 's humiliating."

Lois laughed softly.

"He 's there at your hand—that blue book with gold medallions on the cover. We can read it together."

"I 'd rather have you tell me about it."

Lois picked up the book and fluttered the pages with a shyly mischievous look.

"Well, he was writing down his thoughts for the calendar-makers, you know, and he began by recording his thanks for the things that he had learned from various people,—from his grandfather, and his father, and his mother, and his teachers, and his friends. From some he learned to love philosophy, and from some to desire a plank bed and a skin, and from some not to walk about in the house in his outdoor dress, and from some equanimity and self-control. And he thanks the gods for his good associates, and also for his lack of proficiency in rhetoric and poetry, since he might have become completely engaged with them if he had seen that he was making progress, whereas he was destined for other things."

He shot her a sidelong glance under his eyelashes.

"You mean that for me, young lady."

"Well—I should be sorry if college had cut Alaska out of your life."

Philip threw himself back upon the grass, his curly head resting upon his clasped hands. Overhead the talkative leaves were doing their best to explain something to him. Lois also went on trying to explain something to him. His wide-eyed quiet was so alluring that she discoursed at some length, flattered by his attentiveness, until presently a question hung in the air unanswered.

"You are not listening," she cried accusingly.

"I am doing nothing but listen."

"What have I been saying?"

He considered.

"I don't know the outside words of it. But I heard what you were saying, just as I heard the leaves. Songs without words, you know."

She looked doubtful. "If that 's all you care about, I might as well be reciting Mother Goose to you. Perhaps I have n't a thought worth mentioning, but you might go through the form of looking as though you thought I were saying something."

"Oh, you *say* things," he answered abstractedly.

He got upon his feet and walked a little apart, pausing as if to view the scenery. Then he came back and began methodically to gather up their scattered books, though she had said nothing of returning to the cottage.

"You *say* things all right," he repeated in that curious inner voice.

A small boy of the neighborhood, who had taken to himself the joyous duties of letter-carrier, came running up the slope.

"Only eleven letters for you this morning, Miss Lois. Guess your friends must be forgetting 'bout you. There was a letter for you, too, Mr. Hill, so I brought it along, 'cause I thought you might happen to be here, just by accident." And he grinned in delighted enjoyment of his innuendo.

"The Boy Guessed Right," said Philip, lightly, taking his letter.

It was only a one-page letter, but Philip was still looking at it when Lois had finished her eleven, with running comments.

"Myra Moody writes that she is coming out to spend to-morrow with me," she said, as she folded up the last. "I 'm so glad. She 's a clever girl. I hope you 'll like her."

"I sha'n't be here to-morrow. I 'm going in to town."

"Oh, how horrid! Was that what your one wretched little letter had to say?"

"Yes, it is from my lawyer. He is looking after some investments for me."

"No bad news, I hope. You look so —serious."

Philip laughed. "I 'd never dare to play poker with you. How far in do you see, anyhow?"

"Then it *is* bad news?"

"No—except that it is going to take

me away from you. That 's enough to look serious over." He threw himself down beside her and pressed her hand against his cheek with sudden and intense emotion. "I can't imagine anything more serious than that."

The next morning Philip went to town on the early train, and as Lois turned back alone from the station, the desolateness of the whole countryside struck on her nerves with the sharpness of a revelation. The dew was on the grass, and the sky was limpidly blue—but what of it? The birds were chattering, a squirrel looped his way from branch to branch before her eyes, and something unseen rustled among the bushes beside the path—but what of it?

"The whole world seems to have stopped," she mused. "It is almost terrible to have *everything* center in him. It—hurts. And yet I would n't have it otherwise. I don't want to see except with his eyes, or to think or feel or live except with his life."

But when Myra Moody came out by a later train, Lois found that she still had an interest in life. She had gone on many a quest with the hungry little romance-hunter, in the old days before she knew phantoms from realities.

"Are you writing anything now?" she asked, as they settled themselves under the oak for a girl's confidential talk.

"That 's what I chiefly came out to see you about. I 've got a stunning plot, but I don't know whether to work it up for a short story or a novel or to try it for a play. If you can detach your mind sufficiently from the one and only True Romance—"

"Oh, nonsense! Just try me."

"My hero is a man who has been wronged, bitterly and past forgiveness, by the villain of the piece. He waits years for a chance to get his revenge, but he 's a civilized man, so no crude personal violence would satisfy him. He just waits for fate to help him out. Then the villain falls in love—really desperately in love, you know, with a nice girl. It is his one chance for personal salvation. If he wins her, he will be spiritually regenerated, and if he fails in that, he is going to be everlastingly damned. It is his one chance. He knows it, and stakes everything on that one throw. The hero knows it, too, and sees his chance for vengeance. He cuts in and wins the girl himself. See the beautiful complication?"

Lois looked startled. "But—he loves her, too, does n't he?" she asked.

"No; that 's the point. He does n't care a rap for *her*. She is simply his means of reaching the other man. Then, after they are married, of course she finds out that he does n't love her and never did—"

"Myra, that 's horrible."

"There 's grip in it, is n't there?" said Myra, delightedly. "You look actually absorbed—more than mere politeness would demand. If I can make the girl seem really nice and really *real,* you know, so that it will wring your heart to see her fooled—"

"I don't like your plot. It is too cruel. You have an inhuman imagination—"

"It is n't my imagining," Myra said desolately. "I wish it were. Then I 'd know just how to end it. But it 's a real situation, and I 'm afraid the seam between the facts and my imagination will show. Miss Lowry gave me the outline. She once knew such a situation in real life. Lois, what is the matter? You 're looking simply ghastly. Here, put your head down. Our walk in the sun was too much for you. Can I get you anything?"

Lois lay perfectly still for a long minute. Then she opened her white lips to say, "There are some salts in my room, if you don't mind."

Myra flew to the cottage. By the time she returned with the violet salts and a small glass of sherry, Lois was sitting up; but she drank the wine with a certain fierce eagerness, as a sick man takes his bitter potion. Her forehead was damp and cold.

"What was the matter?" asked Myra, anxiously.

"A sudden—queer feeling all over. Never mind me. I 'll pull together in a few minutes. Go on talking. Tell me more about your plot. Tell me all that Miss Lowry told you, and everything else. I just want to listen, without talking."

And Myra, reassured by her friend's returning color, talked of romance and realism, local color and literary proba-

bilities, and had a very interesting afternoon, in spite of Lois's unusual quiet. She rather hoped that Lois might urge her to spend the night, and give her a chance to study two engaged lovers at close range, but Lois did n't mention it.

"Happiness makes people sort of oblivious," the little story-teller reflected. "She is so absorbed in her own affairs that she does n't realize what it would mean to me in the way of material. That 's a point to remember, anyhow."

And under the shield of talk that meant nothing, Lois spent the hours pulling her forces together.

"I must be strong—and quiet," she kept saying to herself. "I *will* be strong and quiet. I must hold myself steady until I have a chance to ask him—to see how he looks when I ask him. O *God*, help me to keep steady!"

He came when the long shadows were beginning to fall across the sward. She had waited for him under the oak, and as he came toward her with quickened step and glowing face, the beauty of him wrenched at her heart until she could have cried aloud for the pain of it.

"Glad to see me, sweetheart?" he asked gaily. Then, suddenly: "What is the matter?"

"I want to ask you something," she said, with stiff lips. "Was—was George Webb the man who cheated you at college?"

He stood suddenly arrested, with keen inquiry in the look he bent upon her. "Yes," he said quietly.

"And when you—sought me out, was it because you thought *that* would be the surest way of getting your revenge?"

The color flamed over his face. He made a step toward her, but she checked him rather by a look than by any gesture.

"I just want a straight answer to that question—yes or no."

"Yes; but—"

"I don't think that I care to hear anything more."

"But I insist on your hearing more. I am sorry and ashamed—"

She drew a sharp breath. "Don't! I can't bear it. I was so proud of you. That is worse than knowing that you have simply used me for your own purposes when I believed—oh, I *can't* talk about it." She drew his ring from her finger, and put it down on the rustic table under the tree. "I can never see you again."

"But, Lois! I *do* love you! Whatever it may have been at the beginning, surely you must know—"

She swept him with a look of contemptuous scorn.

"Surely you must know that that is an insult. There has been nothing between us but a trick. I do not wish ever to see you again. I shall be glad when I have quite forgotten you."

At that he took up the ring.

III

THE worst of having the world stop is that one is not freed from the empty shell. Life persists, and the forms of living which have suddenly become meaningless must still be maintained. Lois felt that if she could have fled to the desert and been alone with her hurt, it would have been easier to bear things. But here she was ringed about with eyes whose watchful kindness must be endured. For very pride she could not mourn; for very sorrow she could not be angry. She could only set the seal of silence upon thought itself, and give all her strength to holding herself in quietness until the bitter tide should ebb.

The first of October she went back to St. Andrews with her mother, and the old order of living was taken up. But the different look which the whole world wore made her realize how the breath of change had blown over Eden. Philip had gone out of her life, but his modes of thought had become a part of the very fiber of her nature. And with the return to town, where at any moment she might see him, she found it increasingly difficult to keep him out of her thoughts. Day by day the wonder pressed if he was near, if, turning this street corner, she might see him, if the sun and the rain and the wind that touched her reached out also to touch him. His name was not mentioned, for the knowledge of their broken engagement sealed the lips of her friends, and half-unconsciously, half by intention, she had kept away from Miss Lowry.

Then one day, as she stepped aboard a street car, she saw Miss Lowry sitting alone near the front, and after a moment's hesitation she went up and sat beside her.

"Good girl!" said Miss Lowry, with a whimsical smile. "I wondered when you were coming to see me."

"I have n't been back very long."

"I know. George Webb told me yesterday all about your movements. In fact, he rather flaunted his familiarity with your affairs."

Lois's eyebrows contracted.

"Are you going to take him up again?" Miss Lowry pursued calmly.

"No."

"Then the summer has not been in vain, whatever happens. I always told you that your generosity blinded you in that direction, you know."

"You might have told me *why* you thought so," Lois cried involuntarily. There was more confession in her voice than she had ever meant.

Miss Lowry looked at her with quiet scrutiny, and gave inward thanks that the car was virtually empty.

"Well, in the first place, I could n't, because Philip had bound me not to tell or hint a word of that story, and aside from that, there was nothing but atmosphere. I don't understand now why Philip told you. It was n't necessary."

"He only told me half. Myra told me the other half, in that plot you gave her."

Miss Lowry's glasses fell into her lap.

"That 's what comes of Philip's secretiveness," she said ruefully, as she readjusted them. "I *told* him it would be safer to take me into his confidence."

"You need n't mind my finding it out. That 's the only point about the whole thing that is as it should be."

They traveled a block before either spoke again. Then Miss Lowry, who had been cogitating, remarked blandly, "Well, my dear, you are well out of the whole thing. Philip is too headstrong and self-willed to make any woman happy; for women like men to be reasonable, and they have a right to ask that much, Heaven knows. Philip would have to die and be made over to make him reasonable. He will always be going off on some queer tangent. The way he saved Webb's business last month, and then blackballed him at the club afterward was very characteristic."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why, Webb was on the verge of bankruptcy, and Philip advanced the money to put him on his feet. At first blush that looks Christian, does n't it? It rather made me gasp. Then I heard that when Webb's name came up a few days later for the club, Philip kept him from an election; so I concluded he was not changed beyond recognition. He simply saved his old enemy's business life with the same lordly impersonality with which he would have pulled him out from under the wheels of a runaway in the street. Then he flicked off the dust of the incident."

Lois listened, with the color coming and going in her face. "But he did save him?"

"Yes, that fact remains, explain it how you will."

"How do you know?"

"Well, Philip did n't tell me, or I should respect his confidence; and Webb did n't tell me, because he does n't know to this day where the money came from. He thinks his lawyer managed a clever loan. I think it is just as well for me to keep the rest to myself."

"Do you know when he did it? Was it before—?"

"He arranged it that day Myra went out to see you. I remember, because she spoke of missing him at the lake."

Lois sat for some time absorbed in thought, while Miss Lowry, in her own mind, performed a little burial service over her sacrificed secret. "You 'll never know what I 've done for you this day, Lois. Ah me, that was out of the confidential pigeonhole!"

But when they reached Miss Lowry's corner, she had quite recovered her poise. "Come in and have a cup of tea with me, Lois. Ah, do!"

Lois went. As they entered the hall of Miss Lowry's little flat, that lady gave a swift glance at the hat-rack, and pushed Lois gently before her.

"Go into the drawing-room, dear. I 'll get—the hot water." And she disappeared into her bedroom and shut the door.

Lois went on to the little drawing-

room at the end of the hall, and found herself face to face with Philip Hill. Her first impulse to flee was arrested by the swift change that flashed over his unguarded face. All the unseen choirs of the universe broke out into song as she saw how his eyes fell to veil their longing, and, bold with a courage not her own, she went on to where he stood.

"Philip, *why* did you give that money to George Webb?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"I know what you did; I want to know why you did it. Oh, don't stop to think whether you ought to tell me, or how I know, or anything else. Just tell me that one thing—why, *why?*"

"Because I did n't want to be under obligations to him, chiefly."

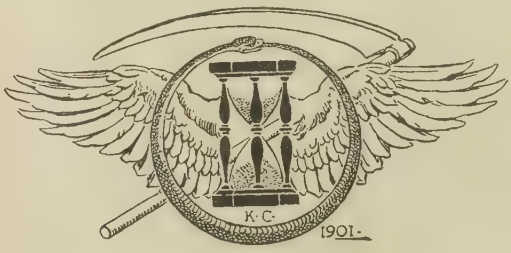
"Obligations? You?"

"I would n't have minded being in debt to another man, but you know my feeling toward him. After our talk about Marcus Aurelius and his gratitudes that day, I had thought to myself that I owed more gratitude to Webb than to any one else in the world, because if it had not been for him I would not have found you—and that was the greatest thing in my life—incomparably the greatest. So, when I heard that he was in a tight place, I saw I had a chance to clear scores so that I might be justified in forgetting him. I wanted to forget him utterly."

Lois drew off her gloves with nervous little pulls.

"When we are married, Philip," she said, "you must learn to talk to me. Mind-reading is all very well for ordinary things, and I 'm willing to do my share of it; but when it comes to really important matters, it 's safer—"

But the rest was lost, for the hard beating of Philip's heart drowned her words.



ON BROADWAY

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

GREAT jewels glitter like a wondrous rain
Of pearl and ruby in the women's hair;
The men beside them drag a golden chain,
As though they walked in freedom. In the glare,
Luxurious-cushioned wheels a revel-train
Where kings of song with weary feet have trod,
And Poe, sad priest to beauty and to pain,
Bore through the night the Vision and the God.
Yet perhaps now in this assemblage vast,
In some poor heart sounds the enraptured chord,
And staggering homeward from a hopeless quest,
The God-anointed touched me,—yea, a guest,
From song's high mansion,—and mine eyes have passed
Without salute the vessel of the Lord.

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D.

One of his Consulting Surgeons

SECOND PAPER

SEEING General Grant so frequently, I had reasonable opportunities for studying his moods and becoming acquainted with his views on many subjects. The topics were for the most part introduced by himself, and there was a freedom in their discussion that was in strange contrast with his general reputation for studied reserve. His insight into character and motive was the outgrowth of long and varied experience with men and circumstances, and was always edifying to the listener. In recognizing fully the hopelessness of his physical ailment, and that the mortal issue was a mere question of time, there was a sad sincerity in his reflections that allowed no doubt of their weight and accuracy. At times he appeared to talk for posterity, that he might leave behind him some testimony that would be suggestive or useful to others.

It will be easily taken for granted that he had a great burden to bear in the contemplation of the ultimate doom that awaited him. Although he defiantly and bravely awaited the final termination of his sufferings, there were many occasions when he became mentally depressed. At such times he was ominously silent, and would sit gazing abstractedly into space, and be in essence and substance the silent and introspective man. When attempts were made to arouse him from such depressing reveries he would merely reply in monosyllables, as if desiring in a courteous way to be left to himself. Often, in apparent desperation, he would take to a game of solitaire, and for hours would be quietly fighting a battle with himself.

During these periods of depression he was incapable of fixing his mind on his "Memoirs," and often after an ineffectual effort would give up in despair. He was then aware of having lost his grip on himself, and would wait patiently and uncomplainingly for an opportunity to recover it. What seemed to annoy him most was the teasing pain in his throat and his difficulty in swallowing. When these symptoms were prominent, the mental depression was proportionately pronounced. His only concern was lest he might choke in his sleep. This possibility was so constantly in his thoughts that it was frequently necessary to comfort him with positive assurances to the contrary. His "choking spells" so often mentioned in the bulletins were nevertheless very distressing, and, although temporarily demoralizing to his pluck, were never attended with immediate danger of absolute suffocation.

Still these conditions worried him, and it was often a matter of surprise to those about him that he could at any time do any work whatever. His quietly determined struggle to do his best was a wholesome object lesson for all. For hours, while stubbornly working at his desk, he would deny himself a drink of water rather than trust to the chance of special pain in swallowing it.

Although he expressed firm belief in Christianity, he was in some sense a fatalist. Often, in speaking of his malady, he would say: "It was to have been." His was a Christianity that taught him to submit to whatever might come. Religion supported him on one side, and philosophy on the other. Thus conditioned, he was naturally tolerant of the views of

others. Sects to him were differences in methods rather than in principles. In speaking of this subject he remarked that latitude in religious thought and freedom of its expression were the foundations of true liberty in any government. The worship of God according to conscience was also the fundamental principle of all religions. The real point to be considered was whether a man was doing the most with the light that was given him. The Methodist form of worship appealed to him for its simplicity. The argument in favor of faith in the supernatural was the peace, comfort, and safety of its acceptance.

Although strictly reverential, he was not what might be called an enthusiastically devout Christian. When the Rev. Dr. Newman, his pastor and friend, called to pray with him, he was always pleased to see him, would be the first to kneel to the devotional exercise, and afterward would always in a quiet and humble way converse with his spiritual adviser on spiritual affairs. There could be no doubt of a great bond of sympathy between these two men, who, from long association, understood each other perfectly.

Grant's respect for religion was quite consistent with his high moral attributes. It has been most truly said of him that he was never profane or vulgar. His friends and intimates can bear ample testimony to this commendable part of his private character. He had promised his mother never to utter an oath, and had faithfully kept his word. He could be emphatic enough in his conversation, his orders, and his writing, to make oaths of any kind entirely unnecessary. No one who knew the man would venture a questionable story in his presence. On one occasion, after a dinner, a guest, in venturing an anecdote, asked in a furtive way if any ladies were within hearing. The General, then President of the United States, simply replied: "No; but there are some gentlemen present," and showed his readiness to leave the room.

The other side of Grant's character and his belief in "What was to be, would be," presented a much more positive aspect. His explanations of the reasons why such should be the case were, however, more of a material than of a spiritual character. It was his interpretation of every-day events and of their direct relation to causes. Certainly his own life-experiences helped to ground him in such a faith. Events and conditions shaped themselves consistently in support of such a view. The waiting man and his real work came together at last, and when they did, as usually happens, there was the short circuit to fame. The man, the gun, the aim, and the game were all in line at the proper time. How many have tried, and how many more will try to fulfil such conditions, and have only failure for their efforts! He would modestly explain it from his own point of view by remarking: "It was to have been."

Certainly destiny appeared to control his career against many apparent odds. The strangest fact of all is, that Grant himself, after entering the army, never expected to be anything more than an ordinary soldier, doing his duty in humble positions, until such time as he might secure an instructorship at West Point, and enjoy a quiet, rural home on the Hudson. He often said that, next to being a physician, such a life had been his highest ambition. What he did was done because he could not help doing it. His life was an evolutionary process with a sure ending in the proper choice. Fate laid hold of the right man at last. No one could have guessed the choice amid the parade, bluster, defeat, and failure of those who were equally prominent in the earlier years of the rebellion.

No man had had a poorer chance to distinguish himself than he after his early resignation from the army, in which he had reached the grade of captain. It was virtually the end of his ambition for military honors of any kind, and his only resource was to begin life again on a farm, with hard labor and a struggle with poverty, obscurity, and discouragement. No discipline could be more severe to one with even moderate aspirations; but he bowed to it with the becoming resignation of a victim to uncontrollable circumstances. Impressed with the conviction that he had tried and failed, there was apparently nothing ahead for him but a repetition of past experiences. Still, behind it all was a determination to retrieve

what he had lost. In such a determination there was the evidence of that staying power which afterward made him the great man. The will was there, in spite of the disheartening circumstances of his environment. His energies were loaded for action, but the opportunity was not yet in sight.

In that period before the Civil War he was known as the quiet, retired captain who had luck against him, and was becomingly pitied by such as believed that there might yet be some good in him. It so happened, however, that when military affairs were discussed in his home town of Galena at the outbreak of the war, no one there was better qualified to give advice in the raising and equipment of volunteer troops. At a public meeting he was asked to give his views. Embarrassed beyond measure, he modestly expressed them, and was surprised to find them accepted. In promising to take part in the movement, he was merely offering to do his bounden duty as an humble citizen. His only ambition was to be useful in a small way. The aim was to do diligently whatever came to hand, to work for the work's sake. Such a disposition characterized all his subsequent efforts. His highest hope at first was to be the colonel of a volunteer regiment, and this was made barely possible to him by the number of incompetent persons who through purely political influence had been appointed to that position. Even when he was promoted to be a brigadier-general, he was inclined to doubt his fitness for the responsibilities of the rank. His father, in fact, warned him at the time not to allow any foolish ambitions to get the better of his cooler judgment. He became so impressed by the admonition that he never thought of aiming higher. Thereafter it was to him the glory of his work rather than a reputation for its doing. He was too busy with material results to count the smaller vanities of their achievement.

Contact with great events gave him broad views of men and things, and calm judgment of motives and justice, in the estimation of qualifications for action in others. His early personal experiences gave him also a charitable feeling for failure in others. There was always a kind word for the man who had missed his mark. The unfortunate one was always viewed as the unlucky person who had been unable to overcome difficulties. There was never any arrogance or pretension in explaining his own successes. They were to him the merest accidents of circumstances.

It was plain to see that in his estimate of the different generals with whom he had been associated, Sherman and Sheridan took first place. He seemed never tired of speaking of their qualities in terms of deep affection: The first as the well-poised, stubborn, self-reliant, and unconquerable warrior, the other as the dashing, impetuous, and irresistible charger, but each incomparable in his respective line. In speaking of McClellan he maintained that the course taken by him early in the war was necessary to the end attained. McClellan was a judiciously cautious general, was justly loved by his army, was a good disciplinarian, and a splendid organizer. It was excellent strategy to protect and drill raw recruits until they were fit to take the offensive.

Contrary to what might be expected, he was very lenient in his criticism of Butler in connection with the Dutch Gap Canal fiasco. It may be recollected that Grant referred officially to the fact that the enemy had corked up Butler's army as in a bottle. On asking the General why he had used such an expression, he avowed that he had no intention of making a severe or offensive criticism, but had merely repeated a phrase which had been used in a personal report made by General Barnard, his chief engineer.

For the Confederate generals he had great respect. Lee was a resourceful commander, a born strategist, and a valiant fighter. Joe Johnston showed wonderful ability, and his possible manœuvers were always a matter of deep concern to any one about to attack him.

Stonewall Jackson had been one year at West Point when Grant was graduated. Though viewed as a veritable crank, there seemed even then to be something in him that would tell in the long run. When Jackson obtained a command, his chance came. He was of the Cromwellian type, believing with all his heart that God was on his side. It was the conviction of a special mission. He im-

agined himself directly chosen to maintain the right, to stand against anything and everything wrong like the stone wall that he was.

For Buckner, who was Grant's old-time friend, there was always a good word, and when that officer visited Mount McGregor to tender his sympathies, the meeting was such as might have been expected.

For Napoleon General Grant expressed no liking. He said that Napoleon's treatment of Josephine was abominable, and admitted of no possible excuse, and would be a blot on his character for all time. Conceding that as a military genius Napoleon took first rank, he found his motives grasping, arbitrary, and selfish. It was the man working for himself rather than for his country—the use of tremendous power for most insignificant ends. Personal ambition so overwhelmed patriotism that he became a veritable "military monster."

Cromwell he regarded as an able general and still better statesman, and although a fanatic, he was admirably suited to the conditions of his time.

It was evident he thought that Wellington had the fortunes of war on his side at Waterloo, but it was by sheer force of good generalship that he took advantage of them. Napoleon, though more than a match for Wellington in resources, made a fatal miscalculation. But it was high time for Napoleon's career, based on a mere desire for personal aggrandizement and dictatorial power, to come to an end.

The character of Lincoln was often a subject of comment, and the General seemed always ready in his communicable moods to refer to some peculiarity of the martyr president which showed simplicity of demeanor and directness of purpose. His esteem for him was unbounded. "The first time I saw President Lincoln," he said, "I was profoundly impressed by his modesty, sincerity, and earnestness. He was justice, humanity, and charity all in one."

General Grant always showed amusement in referring to Lincoln's humor under trying circumstances, and his great tact in easing the disappointment of a candidate for office. The habit of illustrating a point by a little story or a timely parable was one of Lincoln's traits. He was always ready to argue a point on such a basis, and his meaning was seldom misunderstood. On one occasion the General himself was the subject of one of these touches of humor. Governor Smith of Virginia, having removed the State capitol from Richmond to Danville, after Lee's surrender, sent a letter to General Grant, asking if he would be permitted to exercise the functions of his office, and if not, to leave the country unmolested by the Federal authorities. The Federal headquarters were then at Burkesville, and in the absence of Grant in Washington, the note was received by General Meade, who immediately telegraphed its contents to his commanding officer. General Grant on meeting the President, showed him the despatch by way of asking for instructions, but Lincoln, referring to the request to be permitted to leave the country, gave none except as implied in the story he told of an Irishman who was popular in Springfield, and who had been persuaded to sign the pledge. Tiring of soda water, which he was using as a substitute stimulant, one day, in spite of previous good resolutions, he was strongly tempted to indulge in his old beverage, and holding an empty tumbler behind him asked a friend if some brandy could n't be poured in the water "unbeknownst" to him. In reciting this anecdote, General Grant would pose himself as Lincoln had, by standing by a chair, placing one foot on a rung and with glass behind him and an averted face appear to be expecting the favor.

While General Grant was in no strict sense a story-teller on his own account, he was at times given to repeating in an effective way the anecdotes of his friends, and quietly showed great appreciation of the humor of the various situations. He was never tired of referring to Lincoln's odd and innocent mannerisms on the occasions when they met. This, however, was always done in that loving spirit which was the natural and instinctive outgrowth of an unquestioned admiration for "the greatest man he had ever known."

In conversing even on the most serious subjects, Lincoln appeared to forget all ordinary conventionalities in the earnestness of his purpose. When sitting he had the habit of resting his legs over the arm

of a chair and swinging his feet while talking. At other times, when squarely seated, he would clasp his flexed and upraised knee, and gently swing himself, while intently surveying a petitioner. Lincoln often said that an apt story was the readiest argument against a threatened over-persuasion by a chance caller.[1] It was a surprise to me to learn from Grant that Lincoln never laughed at his own stories—at least at those he told the General. At most there was a mere twitching of a corner of the mouth and a merry twinkle in the watchful eye.

The plainness of manner of General Grant was the result of a natural disposition probably inherited from his mother. He showed it in all his doings. He had accustomed himself to look at his life work from the serious aspect of untiring and concentrated effort. It was doing the thing rather than talking about it. Such men, appreciating their responsibilities, are modest, reserved, thoughtful, and reticent. The one who holds his tongue is always an enigma. Such proved to be the case when, after his great battles, everybody was wondering what he had to say for himself. But the results needed no discussion. His natural shyness was beyond the temptation of vainglory. In all his lesser work he was always the same quiet and unobtrusive person.

There was a natural antipathy against display of any kind. Dress parade never appealed to him. In his ordinary dress he was the plainest of men. Although always neat in person, he never affected anything but the simplest attire. His aim was for ease, not show. In most of his portraits there is a conspicuous absence of military primness. His coat is usually open, and even his waistcoat is partly unbuttoned. The standing collar is conveniently bent and flared to allow of ease of flexion of his short neck, and his cravat is a mere ribbon with a carelessly tied bow-knot. Except for his sturdy build, firm jaw, and resolute mouth, there was nothing particularly soldier-like in his appearance. In the ordinary dress of a well-to-do citizen he might have been taken as readily for a successful merchant or a prosperous gentleman farmer as for a great man of affairs. He was accustomed to assume easy attitudes while seated. It was relaxation rather than erectness. His favorite sitting posture was bent and lounging, with hands on the arms of the chair, one leg crossed over the other. When in deep thought he would sometimes rest his bent elbows on the arms of the chair and steady his hands on the tops of his fingers. In writing, he would sit at the table sidewise and to the right, so that he could accommodate himself to his favorite cross-legged position. Although his delicate hand would hold his pen with easy suppleness and graceful poise, his handwriting was by no means a work of art. It was inclined to be rapid and jerky, as if the mechanical execution was irksome Thus he would often omit crossing his t's, and dotting his i's, and would occasionally spell incorrectly. He evidently preferred a lead-pencil to a pen as giving him less trouble, and as obviating the constant interruption of dipping for ink.

His methods in composing were also exceedingly simple. Environment had no influence on him. He could write anywhere and anyhow, with pad on knee, against a tree, or on a camp-chest. So at home, wherever he might be, no accessories were essential. He wrote his memoirs on an extemporized table which had folding legs, and could be easily moved from one part of the room to another. All he needed was his pad, his notes, and a few sheets of plain manila paper. He was a slow and painstaking composer, his aim being to make himself clear to the reader. After a long and studied effort in framing a descriptive sentence, he would read it to his friends with all the modesty of a school-boy reciting a lesson. A pertinent question from them would give him the hint he required.

At times he could work with ordinary rapidity, but often would devote hours to a short description of a complicated battle. He often referred to Sherman's "Memoirs," refreshing his memory on points that he might have missed in relating his own story. It was fortunate for him that early in his sickness he became thoroughly absorbed in authorship.

[1] See Colonel Silas W. Burt's article, "Lincoln on His Own Story-Telling," in THE CENTURY for February, 1907.

It opened to him an entirely new field for diversion, and enabled him to get away from himself and for a time to forget the advance of his relentless malady.

His style was simple, terse, and devoid of pedantic ornamentation, and was founded in a literary way on the practice of writing military orders and reports, short, sharp, perspicuous, and to the point. Now and then there was a stroke of humor in his references, but even this lacked the suppleness and art of a practised touch. Not that he did not appreciate humor; but he was not always happy in giving it a graceful turn. It was the man speaking for himself without special training in literary work. In this respect his modest narrative holds a distinct place in literary history. His aim was to make every reader understand what he meant to say. That the composition of the book was peculiarly his own no one can doubt.

With those who understood him, General Grant was always frank, courteous, and unassuming. In conversation he was a considerate and patient listener. His comments were brief and modest, but showed a ready grasp of the subject in hand. It was seldom that he branched into any extended discussion, being more inclined in his terse way to dissent from or agree with the views of others rather than to volunteer any new phase of the question. He apparently weighed matters quite deliberately from his own point of view as a man accustomed to plan for himself. While he was ready to admit there was another side to an argument, his own position was well guarded. As in the fighting of his battles, this was the developed caution of judicious antagonism. Even when pleasantly chided for his apparently stubborn attitude, he had in reserve a ready answer for the disputer.

An amusing illustration comes to mind in this connection. Mrs. Grant was on one occasion mildly complaining of the General's inconsistency and want of forethought when matters purely domestic were to be considered. "When President Garfield was shot," said she, "we were living at Long Branch, New Jersey. The General insisted that I should move the entire family to New York without delay and suggested the possibility of its being done within two days. When I told him of the impossibility of such a procedure on such short notice, he rather tantalizingly said that he did not see why there should be much difficulty in the matter as he had moved at least twice that number of people in half the time." The General, who was listening to this illustration of his thoughtlessness, while keenly amused at the humor of the situation, was apparently quite contented tacitly to acknowledge the playful rebuke.

He was earnestly sympathetic, without being effusively sentimental. Always considerate of the rights and privileges of others, there was in him an unassuming way of acknowledging them. For children he had an almost affectionate regard, and was always pleased to meet and chat with them. There was something in their innocence and playfulness that appealed to him. Of boys he was especially fond, and would talk to them in a kind, frank, and fatherly way. On one occasion the young son of Dr. Titus Munson Coan, who had been a Navy surgeon, was introduced to him. The lad was six years old, and his father had solicited the introduction through a friend of the Grant family. While the youngster was waiting in the reception-room below, word was sent to him to come to the sick-room. He was shown up-stairs, and was greeted by the General as courteously and deferentially as if he were one of the great men of the time. Sick as he was, the invalid rose from his chair and with extended hand and pleasant smile walked nearly half-way across the room to meet his young visitor, who was overawed, and bereft of all power of speech.

"I am glad to see you, my little man," said the General. Philip Coan timidly responded to the greeting and murmured a "Thank you," as he stared at the kindly face that was bent over him. "What are you going to be, my son, when you are grown up—a soldier or a doctor?"

To the question there was no answer, and the General, fully understanding the bashfulness of the boy, took his hand and gently smoothing his head bade him call again. For the youngster it was a thing long to be remembered; for the plain man in his yellow gown it was the display of a simple and fatherly feeling which was his habit and delight.



JESSE ROOT GRANT AT SIXTY-NINE

HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT

THE PARENTS OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

The portraits are from original photographs owned by E. R. Burke, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, whose mother was a cousin of General Grant.

His consideration for young people was also strikingly illustrated by his courteous and cordial reception of my daughter Minnie, then a mere girl, and whom he had expressed a special desire to see. Before she was ushered into his room he rose to change his wrapper for his frock-coat, being determined to be presentable when, as he naïvely said, "young ladies called" on him. When I protested that this was entirely unnecessary in such a case, he insisted upon having his way. In referring to the fine weather he asked her, with mock seriousness, if she did not think her father was cruel in keeping him confined to his room and in exercising on him such a domineering spirit, pleading that she should use her influence to have the sentence mitigated. This at once placed the young visitor on an easy conversational plane, and the expected embarrassment of the occasion was happily dispelled. "However it may be," he remarked, "I have always been used to obeying the man in command."

Although General Grant had the reputation of being more than trustful with his friends, his other relations with men and affairs impressed him at times with the desire of many to use him for their own purposes. In spite of his habitual shyness, he was forced by circumstances to admit that he was a public character and that all his doings were measured in the exacting balance of propriety and policy. This thought kept him more or less on his guard with strangers. He was thus forced to question the usual motives that governed the appeals of outsiders, and was often surprised at the comparatively trivial circumstances that governed them. On one occasion an importunate army veteran succeeded in gaining an audience with him in his sick-room on the plea of inquiring about his health and of bringing a message from an army comrade. In the course of the conversation the General asked in a friendly way concerning his visitor's occupation, when he was informed of a wonderful meat extract for which the man was an agent. True to the instincts of the vendor, the article was produced, and the usual samples were thrust upon the patient.

Many other agents, however, were not so fortunate in introducing their wares. Many samples were sent by express to the

house, accompanied by absurd stories as to their virtues. To gratify a craze for notoriety, numbers of people who had no personal acquaintance with the sick man would ostentatiously call, and after leaving their cards at the door, would yield to the eager questioning of the reporters.

Always considerate for others, Grant



ULYSSES S. GRANT, GRANDSON OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT

This photograph was made about the time the letter was written which is shown in facsimile on page 285.

was inclined to be more than charitable in his interpretation of apparently interested motives. As a public man he was accustomed to meet the ordinary place-hunter with a *quid pro quo*. From such a point of view he had abundance of opportunities for studying human character when it was actuated by purely selfish interest. Modest in his own claims, he was slow to be impressed with the person who lauded his own superior fitness for position. Thus it soon became known that he selected his advisers and those closest to him in official capacity by his own estimate of their merit. He picked his men as a skilled workman would his tools. And the public was not slow in crediting his capacity and discernment for such purposes.

At one time several of his political enemies opprobriously termed him the "gift-taker," so numerous were these apparently friendly offers made to him, and frankly accepted in good faith, as evidences of personal esteem. After a while he began to interpret intentions from an entirely different point of view. In this connection I recollect his reference to a gift from a gentleman in Chicago that was so purely a friendly one that the donor had neither before nor after asked him for a favor.

While always studiously courteous to strangers, acknowledging their respectful salutes and ever ready to show them polite attentions, he not infrequently resented any ill-bred attempts at familiar-

ity. He was so considerate in this regard himself that he would not tolerate any breach of ordinary etiquette by others. On one occasion, while on a ferry-boat crossing the river from Jersey City, he was quietly enjoying his cigar in the smoking saloon when an impudent and loud-speaking young man sat down by him and said familiarly: "Good morning, General. I 'm glad to see you looking so well." The salutation was returned in a studiously formal manner. "You still like your smoke, I see." A look, but no answer. "Say, General, can't you give a fellow a light?"

The General, surprised and annoyed, handed his cigar to the stranger, who in due time returned it, much the worse for the fumbling it had received. Whereupon the General, on receiving it, looked at it for a moment, and then quite unconcernedly threw it out of a window at his back.

Grant's love for the horse was a veritable passion, and dated from boyhood.



From a photograph by Pach Bros., New York

LIEUTENANT ULYSSES S. GRANT, U. S. A. (GRANDSON OF GENERAL GRANT), WHEN A CADET AT WEST POINT

At West Point, Cadet Grant was the best rider in his class. In after life to own a trotter was always a temptation. After he became famous, and his taste was known, he had many opportunities for testing his skill in driving noted animals, as when Mr. Vanderbilt's "Maud S." was lent to him for a spin. "The finest mare I ever drove," Grant would say. On one occasion, at least, he met a

driver who valiantly vindicated the rights of the road in a way that quite astonished him. While spending a summer in Long Branch, the General would take a daily drive behind a noted trotter. By courtesy, although often against his wish, he was always given a free and open course. One day while quietly jogging along he noticed in a casual way a farmer and his wife who, with single horse and errand-wagon, were just ahead, evidently returning from market. On attempting to "draw alongside" and pass the couple, there was a race on in a moment. The farmer simply chirped in a peculiar way, and his horse squatted into a long-gaited and easy trot. Altogether it was a veritable surprise to the other driver, with his "professional trotter" and light road-wagon. But the farmer kept the lead in spite of Grant's efforts to overtake him. Occasionally through the dust he could see the farmer's wife look back to note their relative positions. Finally, after a mile heat, the farmer "slowed up" a little to allow the General to come within hearing distance.

"Did he know who it was, General?" Grant was asked.

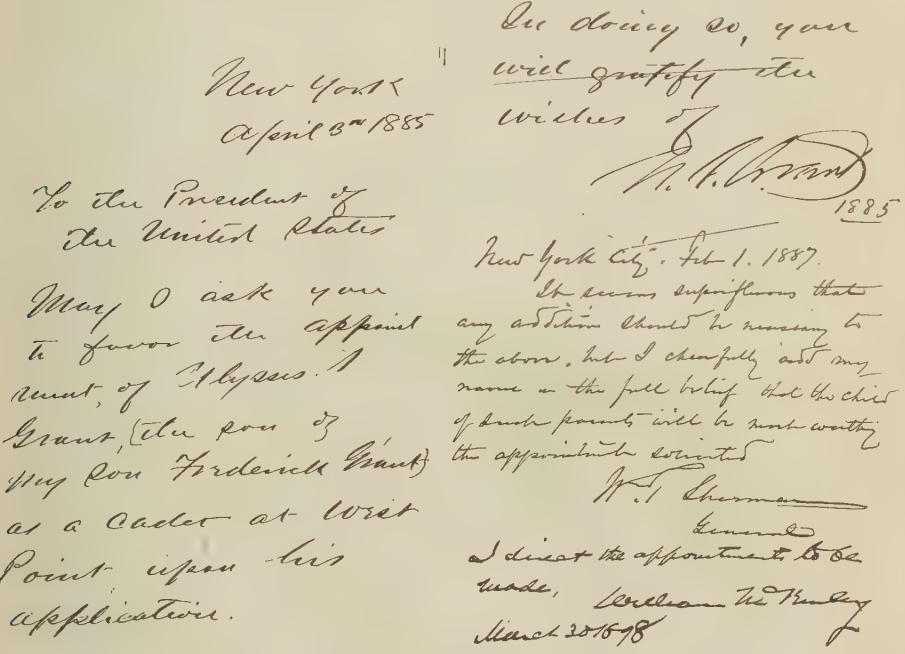
"Oh, yes," he replied. "The man simply said, 'General, you 've got a good one,' and then I allowed him to go on."

In referring to courage in battle, Grant was inclined to believe that it was a cultivated quality rather than an inherent trait. The instinct of self-preservation was inborn, and was governed by natural impulses. There was always a great difference between foolhardiness and a dutiful effort to face danger in any form. A genuine scare was the first and the best lesson. There were few men who were not inclined to run when they heard whistling bullets for the first time. The fear of being called a coward was then the main thing that held them. The courage that lasted was that which thoroughly appreciated danger and boldly faced it. He confessed to this as a personal experience. His first engagements were matters of discipline in this regard. The only comfort was in the hope that the enemy might be the one who was more afraid than he was, and would decamp first. He realized such a possibility in his early military career, and always afterward kept it in mind when in a tight place. A man was often like a skittish horse: he must first be made to see and approach the object of his fear; and thereafter he might "duly exercise his horse sense."

The story of General Grant's sick-room was, as all the world knows, a sad one. With no desire to display the harrowing side of his physical suffering, I still wish to describe the manner in which he bore his trials under the many adverse circumstances which tested to the utmost his remarkable fortitude, stubbornness of will, and Christian philosophy. His wonderful self-control, which seldom deserted him, not only made him the least complaining, but the most dutiful, of patients. The study of his different moods in his long wait for death was a revelation in resignation which could never go unheeded. To fit oneself to the burden of sickness requires time and patience. It was at first hard for him to submit to the inevitable. View the situation as he might, there was still the ominous shadow over his immediate future. The willing submission to fate strains the strongest philosophy. Still, like others under like circumstances, he resolved to face the enemy, and trust to adapting himself to new conditions. This explained his deep gloom when the real nature of his malady was first announced to him. It was this discipline that was necessary for the few working days left to him. The only relief in the situation was to make the most of the remaining opportunities, and stubbornly persist to the end. Then came the reaction that readjusted the burden. Becoming more used to the mental depression, it was the more easily borne. He admitted that fact, and bravely trudged along under heavy marching orders. This desirable change for the better was duly noted by those around him, and every effort was made by them to divert his mind into new channels of thought. It thus became his necessity to devote himself afresh to the completion of his memoirs.

In spite of the calm manner in which he would discuss his fate, it was evident that he resolved to be prepared for every emergency. He seemed more eager than ever to do things on the spur of the moment, in order that nothing should be left undone toward the last. This disposition

was illustrated in him when he was asked for a picture of himself with his autograph. This particular instance may be worthy of special record, inasmuch as it may be associated in times to come with another incident of historical interest in his own family. Although still feeble from his recent set-back, the General walked at once to the adjoining room, sat down at his table, turned to Colonel the son in a quiet and impressive manner said: "Father, I would like you to sign this also," at the same time handing him a letter. This was a letter to some future President, asking him to appoint the General's grandson, Ulysses third, to West Point. Without dipping his pen in ink again, the General attached his name to this letter. It was done quietly, but in view of the circumstances, the action



FACSIMILE OF GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER, ASKING THE APPOINTMENT OF HIS GRANDSON TO WEST POINT, WITH THE INDORSEMENTS OF GENERAL SHERMAN AND PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Grant, who was near, and said, "Bring me one of the Marshall pictures for the Doctor." The selection of the particular engraving proved his preference for it. Whenever he presented a picture of himself to any of his close friends, it was always a copy of the engraving by William E. Marshall.

I then suggested that the General might sign one for each of the other members of the medical staff—Doctors Douglas, Sands, and Barker. This he accordingly did, the Colonel carefully arranging them on the table for the signatures to dry.

When the General was about to rise, was dramatic. Young Ulysses, the son of Colonel Grant, was then a mere boy. We all knew that when the letter should be presented, General Grant would have been many years in his grave. It was only a question of months, perhaps weeks, when the hand that held the pen would be stilled forever. Altogether it was a situation that had in it much pathos. It meant a benediction for the future soldier. I believe the others must have been equally impressed, for after the scratching of the pen had ceased there was absolute silence in the room while Colonel Grant carefully folded the letter and gently led his father away.

(To be continued)

A DESERT "SPORT"

BY EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

THIS story was told me by my friend Clarence King, author of "Mountaineering in the Sierras," "The Helmet of Mambrino," and "Style and the Monument," probably the most witty and brilliant, and one of the most broadly learned, scientific men this country has ever produced. While yet little more than a youth, King was chief of the United States Geological Survey of the 40th Parallel, and, later, first Director of the United States Geological Survey—one of the intellectual princes of the earth, with a stout heart set in a breast as tender of sentiment as a woman's, a man whose friends were as many as the folk he knew.

In the retelling I make no claim to accuracy of detail; much less do I hope to have caught the charm of style for which both as *raconteur* and writer King was justly known.

"It was while I was with Brewer on the Geological Survey of California," King began. "We had finished a season's fieldwork, and were journeying across the Humboldt Desert, with a pack outfit, to our California headquarters.

"The Indians were bad that year, and we had with us a small escort of ten cavalrymen. Our two packers, besides being worthy Knights of the Diamond Hitch, were otherwise accomplished. Fresno Pete was a half-breed Mexican, a vaquero earlier famous from the Fresno to the Sacramento as a bronco-buster. Many the time on holidays, at some rancho or *placeta* of the San Joaquin Valley, sloe-eyed señoritas smiled, silver-girt sombreros were tossed in air, many-colored rebozos waved, and lusty bravos shouted, in compliment to some victory of Fresno Pete's over all comers, vaqueros and horses alike, and the San Joaquin was for many years famous for breeding the wildest broncos and the best busters in the State.

"Faro Harry was a Virginia City gambler, a graceful, supple figure, as sinuous of movement as a snake, as quick as a cat, and of a superhuman dexterity with a pistol, who, by his own reserved account, had sought service with us for his health. But from observation of his perfect physique and some knowledge of the high esteem in which he was held by Virginia City's undertakers, Harry's real motive for absenting himself from the rich pickings of mine owners' private rolls and pay-rolls, and contenting himself with a packer's modest pay, was surmised by our party to lie in the fact that the local Virginia City 'Boot Hill' (specially reserved to the occupancy of gentlemen who had passed out of this life with their boots on) was full to overflowing, suggesting temporary suspension of his recreations until a contemplated addition to Boot Hill could be made ready.

"We had been on very scant rations of water for forty-eight hours; our throats and nostrils were parched and our skin was cracked by the fierce heat and blinding sand of the desert. It was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that we pitched camp early one afternoon in the little clump of cottonwoods about Antelope Spring, the only water on the desert trail, and by turns buried our faces in its cool depths and lolled in the shade its waters fed.

"The spring was then held, by right of occupancy at least, if by no better title, by Old Man Tison, a hunter well-nigh sixty, but as strong and active as in his youth—a tall, gaunt, sinewy man, with a shock of iron-gray hair falling over the collar of his buckskin shirt,—great fes-

toons that looked like Spanish moss pendent from his chin,—close-set, fierce, gray eyes glaring out from ambush beneath other clusters of gray moss, with hands like hams, and moccasined feet that, in the vernacular of the region, 'left a trail that looked like where a bunch of deer had bedded.'

"Tison's cabin stood perhaps fifty yards from the spring, and there he had dwelt for I don't know how many years, with a Piute squaw for a helpmate and seven or eight half-breeds of assorted sizes as incidents. He had a few cows and piebald cayuse ponies, but subsisted himself chiefly by selling water and venison to overland travelers; for wayfarers on the desert had as little time to hunt meat as they had opportunity to get water.

"Not long after we pitched camp, refreshed by the water and shade, I strolled over toward Tison's cabin, for he had not yet been near us. As I approached the cabin, a fierce, big, yellow dog, evidently of a strong mastiff strain, sprang out at me, snarling and snapping viciously. No one showed at the door or at the one window of the cabin. Glad to be relieved of its weight, I had left my pistol-belt in camp. Thus I was confronting the dog with bare hands, too far from the door to make it before he could seize me, without even stick or stone in reach, and yet reluctant to call for help from his heedless owner.

"In this dilemma, waiting till the dog dashed up almost upon me, I made a spring, seized him by each jowl, gave him a violent shaking for a moment, and then, releasing one hand, patted him on the head and spoke to him quietly.

"First the savage wrinkles began to smooth out of his face, then his tail started a friendly wag, and the next thing I knew his big paws were on my shoulders, and he was fawning upon me as violently as a few seconds before he had been threatening me.

"Just at this very moment old Tison himself stepped to the door. He must have heard the snarling and barking, but he had not seen my approach.

"'Fine dog you have, sir,' I called. 'Must be a splendid watch-dog.'

"'H—— he is! I sort a thort he *was*. Say, stranger,' he asked, 'did yuh-all ever see that thar dog befo'? Were he raised wi' yuh, or anythin' that away?'

"'Why, no, I never set eyes on him until this very minute. Has a nice, kind temper, has n't he?'

"'Wall, stranger, sence yuh 'pear tuh think so much o' him, 'n' he o' yuh, he 's yurn. Stranger, no man ever handled that thar dog befo' but me, 'n' I won't have airy dog 't airy other feller *kin* handle,' he snapped in a growl as surly and threatening as his dog's. 'What 'n ——'s the use of a dog 't airy fool stranger 't comes along kin handle? Might 's well have a passle o' sheep round,' he added, after a moment's pause.

"'Suppose you and your dog take a running jump for—Yuma,' I suggested, turned back to camp, told Brewer and the boys the incident, and received their congratulations on the cordiality of my reception by the lord of this desert manor.

"And before the laugh at my expense had ceased, a shot rang out from the direction of the cabin, and looking, we could see the dog's great tawny length writhing in death-throes on the sand!

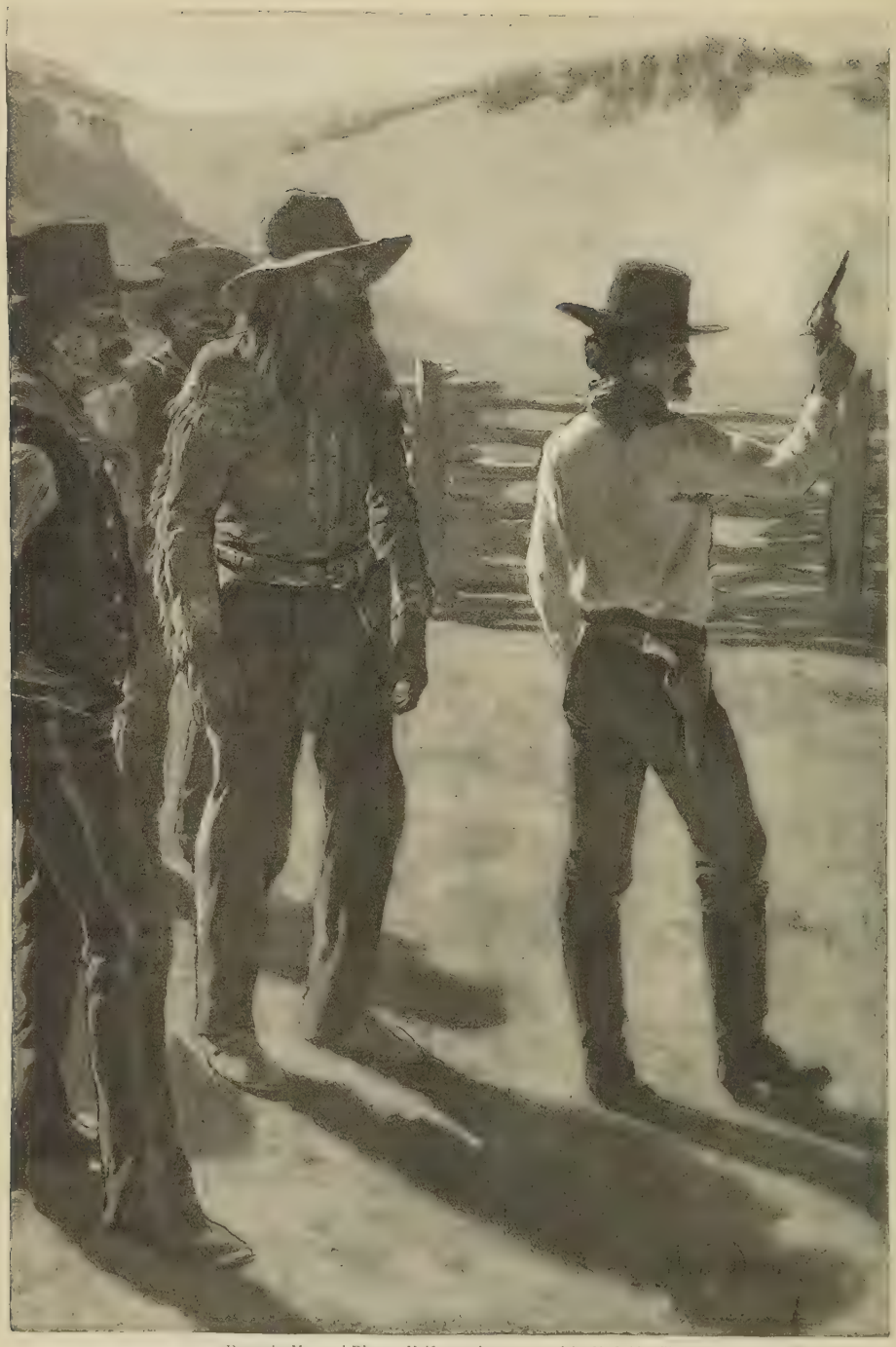
"Half an hour later, Tison strolled over to our camp-fire, drawled a gruff 'Howdy' with a comprehensive nod, and stood for some time staring sullenly into the fire. Presently he spoke:

"'Boys, yuh-all 's done handled my dog, but I want to tell yuh I 'm the best bronco-buster 't ever forked a twister, 'n' I got a cayuse 't 's sech plumb p'ison 't nobody 's ever sot him fer keeps but me. Ef thar was airy man in this yere camp as thinks he 's the real thing in *buckjeros*, I 'd admire tuh see him fork that thar cayuse. Of course I cain't promise nuthin' tuh his widder, 'cept that the *remains* will be gathered an' planted wi' cer'monies.'

"This challenge was nothing short of joy to Fresno Pete, who for weeks had been showering rolling Spanish expletives upon the steady pack-train mule he rode, for its unbearable docility.

"'Meestar Teeson,' Pete promptly spoke up, 'I weell have much *gusto* try for ride your horse. He keel me—*bueno, no importa,* for I have no woman, me. But, *carajo!* I much more like keel him: Injun cayuse never foaled can t'row Pete.'

"Without another word Tison strode off to his house, and soon a couple of



Drawn by Maynard Dixon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HARRY PROMPTLY TOOK TISON'S PISTOL"

little half-breeds were scurrying out over some low sand-hills, from behind which they shortly drove in and penned seven or eight ponies. As they entered, Pete picked up his riata, bridle, and saddle, and started for the pen, followed by every man in camp, including the cook.

"Arrived, Pete entered the pen and joined Tison, while the rest of us distributed ourselves along the top rails of the corral fence.

" 'Stranger,' growled Tison, 'ef you hain't got no mammy or neah kinfolk that 'll miss yuh none, yuh might drop yuh rope on that thar split-eared pinto; 'n' ef yuh cain't git yuh saddle on him, jes call on the ole man.' And then he, too, discreetly climbed the fence.

"The pinto indicated was of an unusually stocky build for an Indian pony, heavier than the average by 200 pounds, lacking the usual long barrel, ewe neck, and light quarters of his breed—a powerful beast for his inches.

"The moment the lariat noose tightened on his neck, he charged at Pete like a thunderbolt, with mouth open, teeth bared, and such a look of fury on his face that, to Tison's great delight and the general amusement of the crowd, Pete made a hasty and ignominious ascent of the fence.

"Then Pete slipped down from the fence, caught the end of the trailing rope, and sought to snub it about a snubbing-post. But he was too slow. Before he could reach it, the pinto was almost upon him, reared on his hind legs, prepared to strike, and Pete had to shift tactics.

"Just as the pinto struck, Pete sidestepped and sprang back fifteen or twenty feet, and then, as the pinto again reared, Pete threw a half-hitch circle in his rope that ran rapidly up the rope till it neatly encircled both forefeet, made a quick run to one side, and, giving a stout pull, brought the pinto to the ground. Before he could rise, Pete landed on him, and soon had the wicked hind legs safely half-hitched, and all four feet securely bound together in the 'hog-tie.'

"After that it was only a matter of a little time to saddle and bridle him, while he thus lay bound upon the ground.

"Then Pete placed his left foot in the stirrup and stood astride the horse, seized reins and saddle-horn in his right hand, reached down with his left, and released the bound feet, and the pinto rose under him, with Pete firmly settled in the saddle.

" 'Huh!' grunted old Tison, 'thinks he 's smart, don't he? Wait till the pinto lights in to drive his backbone up through the top o' his haid; 'n' ef she ain't case-hardened, he 'll shore do it.'

"And that the pinto honestly tried to make old Tison's word good we were all ready to admit.

"The gate had been opened, and Pete of course wanted to get him outside. But this did not suit the peculiarly devilish strategy of the pinto, who was quick to observe useful first aids to the injured bronco within the walls of the corral itself. Along the north wall of the pen ran a long, low shed—a shed so low that when, after three or four minutes' violent bucking in the center of the pen that would have unseated most men, the pinto suddenly plunged, bucking as high as he could leap, beneath the shed, Pete had to swing his body down alongside the horse, quite below level of horn and cantle, to save himself.

"Disgusted with this failure, the pinto pitched madly twice about the open pen, then stopped and looked about. To his right a low gate or door had been cut through the solid log wall, leading to a milk pen, the upper log left uncut for lintel. The moment he spied this door, at it the pinto dashed, and rein and spur as he would, Pete could not turn him. Nothing remained but to throw himself bodily out of the saddle, and so throw himself Pete did (without serious injury) just as the horse plunged through the door, the horn of the saddle catching on the lintel, bursting straps and tearing out cinch rings, and leaving the saddle a wreck behind him.

" 'Bein' as the pinto 's easy-gaited 'n' kind-like, would yuh now allow tuh ride him bar'-back, o' shall we-uns loan yuh a saddle?' patronizingly queried old Tison.

" 'I tak' a saddle, me, *por ese diablo!*" panted Pete.

"Another saddle was quickly brought.

"The pinto, bleeding of flank where the rending saddle had torn him, was driven back into the main corral. Pete again roped him, and, with Harry's help,

drove him through the gate into the open, where he was again saddled, and Pete remounted.

"Then, for perhaps twenty minutes, ensued a battle royal between bronco and buster, the bronco by turns pitching furiously, and then standing and trying to kick Pete's feet or bowing his neck in the effort to bite his legs, with an occasional rear and fall backward, while all the time Pete's spurs and quirt were cruelly searching flank and shoulder.

"In the end Pete conquered, rode the pinto quietly back into the pen, drawn of flank, quivering in every muscle, hardly able to stand, and painfully swung himself out of the saddle, his own nose bleeding severely.

" 'Wal, stranger, I reckon it 's up tuh me tuh say yuh shore kin ride *some,*' grumbled old Tison, and then we all strolled back to camp.

"Half an hour before supper was called, old Tison paid us another visit. For probably ten minutes he stood glum and silent among us. Then suddenly his face brightened with a happy thought, and, still staring into the fire, he spoke:

" 'Fellers, I 'lows yuh-all reckons I 'm a purty pore sort o' white trash. Yuh done handled my dog 'n' rid the pinto; but I now puts it up to yuh-all cold that thar ain't airy one o' yuh bunch kin tech me a-shottin' of a gun; I 'm the shore chief o' the Humboldt Desert wi' a six-shooter; wi' a six, fellers, I 'm a wolf off the headwaters o' Bitter Creek, 'n' it 's *my* time tuh howl *all* the time! Don't guess *airy* o' yuh fellers kin shoot none, kin yuh?'

"This was plainly Faro Harry's cue, and he modestly mentioned that some of his friends thought he could shoot a little, but probably he would not be in it with a real Bitter Creek lead-pumper—a gentle piece of irony from a man so expert that he could have let Tison draw his gun and then have killed him before he got his gun cocked.

"Tison had shown such an ugly mood that none of us, probably Harry least of all, was certain whether his proposal was meant as an invitation to a fight or a target-match. It was therefore some relief to us when Tison answered:

" 'Huh! Think yuh kin shoot a *leetle,* do they? Wal, yuh 'll have tuh shoot straight as ole Mahster travels when he makes up his mind tuh git yuh, tuh hold a candle tuh *me.* Ef yuh has no objections, I 'll jes shoot yuh three shots apiece fo' the champeenship o' this yere desert; 'n' yuh beats me, yuh shore wins her.'

"A match was soon arranged, distance ten paces, Harry's target the three spot of spades, Tison's the three of clubs.

"Tison fired his round, aiming carefully and slowly, fairly hitting two of the three clubs, and narrowly missing the third.

"Then Harry, firing quickly and rapidly, sent a ball into each of his three spades amazingly near the center of each.

" 'Cain't do it ag'in, with my gun, kin yuh?' Tison grumbled.

"Harry promptly took Tison's pistol, and a moment later had almost plugged the three holes previously made in his three of spades.

"Tison received back his pistol, turned it over in his hands once or twice, felt of hammer and trigger, and then tossed it on the ground, remarking:

" 'Reckon 't 's up tuh me tuh *re*-tire from the shootin' business.' And he slouched back to the house.

"As we were sitting down to supper, Professor Brewer remarked to Faro:

" 'Well, Harry, I imagine you have taken the last ounce of brag out of Old Man Tison. Surely there can be nothing else he can fancy himself such a past master of that he will be after us with a new challenge.'

" 'Professor,' answered Harry, 'I have to disagree with you. I know that old coffee-cooler's breed pretty well, and if I 'm not badly mistaken, he 'll be makin' plays at us till the game closes by our leavin', or at least until he finds a game he can do us at. Mighty stick-to-a-tive kind o' folks, his 'n. Cain't just think what she 's apt to be, but he 's dead sure to spring a new play of some sort.'

"And Faro's prediction proved as true as his shooting, for scarcely was our supper finished when out of the darkness and into the circle of our firelight stalked the grim figure of old Tison.

"Once among us, he was chipper and chatty in a measure we realized boded us no good, for it bespoke a joy in which we had learned he did not indulge, at least

in his intercourse with us, except when he believed he had worked out some new scheme for our humiliation. Indeed, now he was so nearly downright gay that we suspected he had some plan to tackle us all at once instead of individually.

"However, we were not left long in suspense—he was so pleased with and sure of his new line of attack he could not long hold it, and he also appeared to fear it would take some diplomacy and wheedling to enmesh us.

" 'Fellers,' he began, 'I reckon 't 's up tuh me tuh sort o' 'pologize tuh yuh-all. Of course 't ain't calc'lated tuh sweeten a feller's temper none tuh have his dog handled, his worst outlaw rid, 'n' tuh have the hull lights 'n' liver o' his conceit 'bout bein' the best gun-shot on the desert kicked plumb outen him at one kick; 'n' then, besides, that old squaw up tuh the cabin she gets tuh steppin' on my narves pow'ful hard sometimes, specially lately, gittin' fool idees in her ole Injun head 'bout dressin' up 'n' bein' fash'n'ble 'n' goin' visitin' 'n' travelin', like she sees these yere emigrants women on the overland trail dress up 'n' go; 'n' 't 's gittin' tuh be jest 'bout hell tuh git tuh hold her. Which-all 's my *ex*-cuse fer a treatin' yuh-all like tuh make yuh think I feels I want licked on the squar'. But squar' 't was, 'n' thar 's no squeal comin' tuh me, 'n' I makes none; 'n' that 's what I come over tuh tell yuh.'

"After a brief pause—a pause so brief we lacked time to make due acknowledgment of his apology, he resumed:

" 'But bein' 's I 'm here, it jes occurs tuh me tuh *re*-mark that *my* game 's seven-up, 'n' that thar ain't airy feller 'twixt Salt Lake 'n' Sacramento, unless some fancy-fingered perfesh'n'l short-card sharp, whose money ain't like jes nachally findin' it to me at that thar game. Of course, arter sech a' admission, I ain't a-invitin' o' anybody tuh shuffle 'n' deal wi' me; but I shore got a deck over t' the cabin that ain't busy none, 'n' ef airy o' yuh sci'ntific gents counts gamblin' among yuh 'complishments, an' actooally *insists* on 't, I *might* be pe'suaded tuh go yuh a whirl.'

"Oddly enough, Professor Brewer, for a member of the church, was far and away the best seven-up player I ever knew. He loved the game and played it often—for diversion, never for stake of any kind. But this night, carried away by the humor of the situation, Brewer whispered to me:

" 'King, it does seem a duty to take another fall out of that old bunch of conceit; I really believe I ought to tackle him.'

"And he did—strolled with Tison over to the cabin, followed by three of us.

"With the limited bunk-space filled to overflowing with half-breeds, and the one table the cabin boasted backed up against the wall, requisitioned as an impromptu bed for two of the overflow, it only remained for Brewer and Tison to convert a bench into a joint seat and table, by sitting astride it, and shuffling and dealing on the bench space between them, the blaze of the fireplace their only light.

"Tison had the courage of his convictions of his own skill, and proposed stakes that made Brewer hesitate, but, with a shrug and smile at us, he accepted, and the game was on.

"From the outset Brewer outheld and outplayed his opponent. Thus it was not long until he had won all the cash Tison was able to wager, and when, about nine o'clock, I and my mates withdrew to camp, Tison had just wagered his horses, and Brewer had accepted at such valuation as Tison saw fit to name.

"About midnight Brewer entered our tent and awakened us to say:

" 'Boys, you can scarcely believe it, but I 've won every last thing Old Man Tison possesses—money, spring, cabin, horses and cattle, squaw and half-breeds, down to and including the sucking papoose—and have given it all back to him! And when I told him I had no idea of accepting my winnings, and urged he should regard the evening as just a friendly game for fun, then he wanted to fight me fer makin' a —— fool o' him.'

"Very shortly after sunrise the next morning, before breakfast was ready, and even before some of the party were up, Old Man Tison made us another and last visit, his wicked gray eyes reddened and his face haggard from an evidently sleepless night, his hands stuck in his belt—the right dangerously near his gun, which we had sent back to him the previous evening; so near I noted Faro keenly watching his every move.

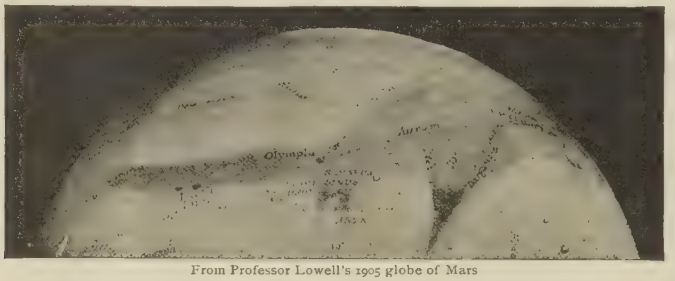
"And when he spoke his tones were ominous; his voice had lost its slow, soft drawl, and instead carried a crisp, smart, vibrant ring that spelled a mind alert and muscles tense.

" 'Mo'nin', fellers,' he began; 'pow'ful fine day fer *travelin',* ain't it? I 'lowed yuh-all 'd be a-hittin' of the trail 'fore this.'

"Faro indiscreetly observed that we were enjoying ourselves so much we thought we might camp with him several days.

" '—— yuh do! Want to be a-rubbin' of 't in, do yuh? Well, I reckon yuh won't. The handlin' o' my dog, 'n' the ridin' my pinto, 'n' the outshootin' me was all on the squar', 'n' I has no roar to make, 'n' makes none. 'N' so was the beatin' o' me at seven-up on the squar', 's fer 's the game went, 'n' the winnin' o' every thing I got; but sence that thar solemncholy, sky-pilot-lookin' feller r'ar'd up 'n' refused tuh take his winnin's, a-makin' o' me look like a hungry houn' pup too pore tuh take anythin' from, my mind 's dead sot yuh-all come here special' jes tuh see how many different kinds o' a damfool yuh could make outen o' me; 'n' I 'm a-gittin' gradu'lly mos' terr'ble riled. Unless the sky-pilot-lookin' feller takes 't least the squaw 'n' the breeds, thar 's shore tuh be hell's own trouble ef yuh-all don't pull yuh freight *pronto.* Mebbe-so I kin git tuh hold out a hour more, but within that time I 'd shore admire tuh see you-all hit the trail.'

"And, out of consideration for Brewer, we packed and pulled out."



From Professor Lowell's 1905 globe of Mars

THE CARETS OF MARS

Carets at the borders of the "seas"; showing those of *Icarii Luci* and their resemblance in miniature to the two forks of the *Sabæus Sinus.* These carets are distinctive phenomena marking the entrance of the canals from the dark regions into the light. They are found at such points and at such points only.

PROOFS OF LIFE ON MARS

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

ASTRONOMICAL discovery is of two kinds. If it consist simply in adding another asteroid or satellite to those already listed, obedience to the law of gravitation, with subsequent corroboration of place, alone is needed for belief. But if it relate to the detection of an underlying truth as yet unrecognized, then it is only to be unearthed by reasoning on facts after they are obtained, and effects credence according to one's capacity for weighing evidence. Breadth of mind must match breadth of subject. For to plodders along prescribed paths a far view fails of appeal; conservative settlers in a land differ in quality from pioneers.

DISCOVERY OF TRUTHS SIMILAR TO DETECTIVE WORK

DISCOVERY of a truth in the heavens varies in nothing, except the subject, from discovery of a crime on earth. The forcing of the secrets of the sky is, like the forcing of man's, simply a piece of detective work. It is the finding of a cause in place of a culprit; but the process is quite similar. *Causa criminis* and *causa discriminis* differ only by a syllable.

Like, too, are, or should be the methods employed. In astronomy, as in criminal investigation, two kinds of testimony require to be secured. Circumstantial evidence must first be marshaled, and then a motive must be found. To omit the purpose as irrelevant, and rest content with gathering the facts, is really as inconclusive a procedure in science as in law, and rarely ends in convincing, any more than in properly convicting, anybody. For motive is just as all-pervading a preliminary to cosmic as to human events, only for lack of fully comprehending it we call the one a motive and the other a cause. Unless we can succeed in assigning a sufficient reason for a given set of observed phenomena we have not greatly furthered the ends of knowledge and have done no more than the clerkage of science. A theory is just as necessary to give a working value to any body of facts as a backbone is to higher animal existence or locomotion. It affords the data vertebrate support, fitting them for the pursuit of others that otherwise had eluded search.

Coördination is the end of science, the aim of all attempt at learning what this universe may mean. And coördination is only another name for theory, as the law of gravitation witnesses. Now, to be valid, a theory must fulfil two conditions: it must not be contradicted by any fact within its purview, and it must assign an underlying thread of reason to explain all the phenomena observed. Circumstantial evidence must first lead to a suspect, and then this suspect must prove equal to accounting for the facts.

This method we shall pursue in the case before us; and it will conduce to understanding of the evidence to keep its order of presentation to the detective in presenting it at the bar of reason.

REVIEW OF THE NATURAL CHAIN OF EVIDENCE

STARTING with the known physical laws applicable to the concentration of matter, we found that though in general the course of evolution of the earth and Mars was similar, the smaller mass of Mars should have caused it to differ eventually from the earth in some important respects.

Three of these are noteworthy: (1) Its surface should be smoother than the earth's, (2) its oceans relatively less, (3) its air scantier. On turning to observation of Mars, we then saw that these three attributes of the planet were precisely those the telescope disclosed. (1) The planet's surface was singularly flat, being quite devoid of mountains; (2) its oceans in the past covered at most three eighths of its surface instead of three quarters, as with us; (3) its air was relatively thin.

ASPECT OF MARS CORROBORATES PRINCIPLES OF PLANETARY EVOLUTION

WE next showed that physical loss should, from its smaller mass have caused it to age quicker, and that this aging should reveal itself by the more complete departure of what oceans it once possessed and by the wider spread of deserts.

Telescopic observation we then found asserted these two peculiarities: (1) No oceans now exist on the planet's surface; (2) desert occupies five eighths of it.

From such confirmation of the principles of planetary evolution from the present aspect of the planet Mars, we went on to consider the two most essential prerequisites to habitability: water and warmth. The phenomena of the polar cap proved explicable as consisting of water, and not as of anything else.[1] Still more important was the question of temperature. We took this up with particu-

[1] Since this was written a striking corroboration of it has been obtained at Flagstaff. On plates especially sensitized by him, Mr. V. M. Slipher has photographed the evidence of water vapor in the atmosphere of Mars; the "a" band in the spectrum of the planet showing darker than in that which under identical conditions has traversed only our own air. This band is known to be that of water vapor. —P. L.

larity. We found several factors to the problem not hitherto reckoned with, and that when these were taken into account the result came out entirely different from what had previously been supposed. Instead of a temperature prohibitive to life, one emerged from our research entirely suitable for it. This the look of the disk confirmed. From these conditions vegetation might follow, and we saw effects which could only be explained as such. A climate of extremes was what that of Mars appeared to be, with the summers warm. Now, investigations on earth have shown that it is the temperature of the hottest season that determines the existence of both animals and plants. Thus the conditions on Mars showed themselves hospitable to both, the latter actually revealing its presence by its seasonal changes of tint.

ANIMAL LIFE DISCLOSED ONLY BY MIND

Here we reached the end of what might directly be disclosed in the organic economy of the planet. For at this point we brought up before a most significant fact: that vegetable life could thus reveal itself directly, but that animal life could not. Not by its body, but by its mind, would it be known. Across the gulf of space it could be recognized only by the imprint it had made on the face of Mars.

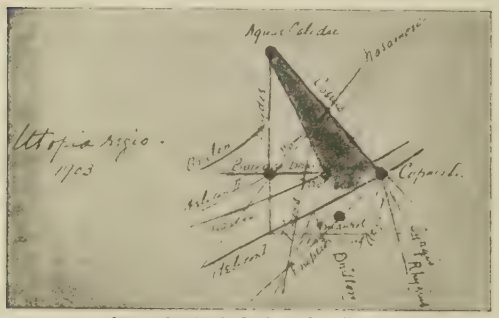
CANALS CONFRONT THE OBSERVER

Turning to the planet, we witnessed a surprising thing. There on the Martian disk were just such markings as intelligence might have made. Seen even with the unthinking eye they appear strange beyond belief, but viewed thus, in the light of deduction, they seem positively startling, like a prophecy come true.

Confronting the observer are lines and spots that but impress him the more, as his study goes on, with their non-natural look. So uncommonly regular are they, and on such a scale, as to raise suspicion whether they can be by nature regularly produced. Next to one's own eyesight the best proof of this is the unsolicited indorsement it has received in the skepticism their depiction invariably evokes. Those who have not been privileged to see them find it well-nigh impossible to believe that such things can be. Nor is this in the least surprising. But however consonant with nescience to doubt the existence of the lines on this score, to do so commits it to witness against itself of the most damaging character the moment their existence is proved. Now, assurance of actuality no longer needs defense. The lines have not only been amply proved to exist, but have actually been photographed, and doubt has shifted its ground from existence to character, a half-retreat tantamount to a complete surrender. For without equal investigation, to admit a discovery and deny its description is like voting for a bill and against its appropriation. It reminds one of the advice of the old lawyer to a junior counsel: "When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

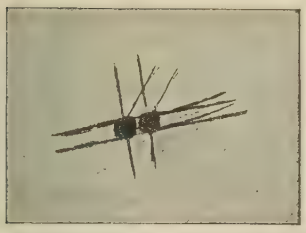
Unnatural regularity, the observations showed, betrays itself in everything to do with the lines: in their surprising straightness, their amazing uniformity throughout, their exceeding tenuity, and their immense length. These traits, instead of disappearing, the better the canals have been seen, have only come out with greater insistence. With increased study not only the assurance gains that they are as described, but a mass of detail has been added about them impossible to reconcile with any natural known process.

A single instance of the methodism that confronts us will serve to make this plain. The *Lucus Ismenius* is a case in point. The marking so called consists of two round spots each about seventy-five miles in diameter. They lie close together, not more than fifty miles of ocher ground parting their



From a drawing by Professor Lowell, 1903

UTOPIA REGIO, WITH ITS CONGERIES OF CANALS



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

LUCI ISMENII, REVEALING THE SYSTEMATIC METHOD IN WHICH THE DOUBLE CANALS ENTER THE TWIN OASES

peripheries. Into them converge a number of canals—seven doubles and three singles. Now, the manner of these meetings is curiously detailed. Three of the doubles embrace the oases just inclosing them between their two arms. The four other doubles send a line to each oasis to enter it centrally. Which connection the double shall adopt apparently depends upon the angle at which the approach is made. If the direction be nearly vertical to the line of the two oases, the entrance is central; if parallel, it is an embrace. As for the singles, they connect with one or the other oasis, as the case may be. Such precise and methodical arrangement, thus marvelously articulated and detailed, discloses an orderliness so surprising, if on nature's part, as to throw us at once into the arms of the alternative as the least astonishing of the two.

NOT RIVERS

Before passing on to reason upon the fact we note that the characters mentioned are themselves enough to negative all suppositions of natural cause. First, the lines cannot be rivers, since rivers are never straight and never uniform in width. Now, we see the canals so well as to be quite certain of their evenness. The best proof of this is that though each is uniform, some are at least ten times the size of others. If one of them dwindled *en route,* we should have ample measure of the fact.

NOT CRACKS

Nor can the lines be cracks in the surface, because cracks also are not straight, and because cracks end before finishing. We have examples of undoubted cracks in more than one heavenly body, and their appearance is quite unlike the look of the lines of Mars. The moon offers such in many, if not all, of her so-called rills.

To the most superficial view these suggest their nature, but when carefully examined at Flagstaff, corroboration of the fact came out in certain definite characteristics. For the rills proved to be made of parts which overlapped at their ends, one fractional line taking up the course before the other had given out, thus exactly reproducing the composition of the cracks in any plaster ceiling.

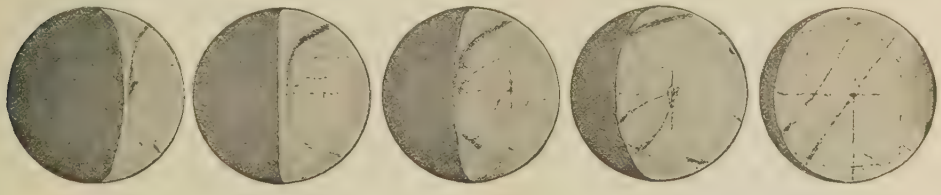
Mercury bears testimony to the same



From drawings by Professor Lowell

MERCURY

These two plates show the irregular character of the lines on the planet Mercury, differing entirely in look from the canals on Mars. The plates also show the libration due to the eccentricity of the planet's orbit, from the fact that the markings appear farther and farther from the terminator, the latter being the elliptical contour separating the illuminated from the unilluminated portion of the disk; or nearer and nearer according as the libration swings one way or the other.





From a drawing by Professor Lowell

THE MOON, SHOWING THE STRAIGHT WALL AND RILL TO THE RIGHT OF BIRT, MAY, 1905

These are palpable cracks like those in a ceiling, and quite unlike the uniform canal-lines of Mars.

effect. Its lines, more difficult than the canals of Mars,—for we see Mercury four times as far off when best placed as we do Mars,—though roughly linear, are not unnatural in appearance even at that great distance, and show irregularities suggestive of cracks.[1]

OTHER NATURAL EXPLANATIONS PROVE IMPOSSIBLE

Rivers and cracks are the two most plausible suppositions made to account for the lines on any theory of natural causation. Other guesses have been indulged in, such as that meteors by their passing attraction have raised the lines as welts upon the surface—welts easily allayed by application of the fact that the lines change with the seasons, actually disappearing at certain epochs, to revive again at others. Such suggestions there are, but none have been advanced to my knowledge that bear the most cursory inspection.

Still more inexplicable on any natural hypothesis is the systematized arrangement of the lines to form a network over the whole planet. That the lines should go directly from certain points to certain others in an absolutely unswerving direction; that they should there meet lines that have come with like directness from quite different points of departure; that sometimes more than ten of them should thus rendezvous, and rarely less than six; and that, lastly, this state of intercommunication should be true all over the disk, are phenomena that no natural physical process that I can conceive of—and no one else seems to have been able to, either—can in the least explain. Yet this arrangement cannot be due to chance, the probabilities against the lines meeting one another in this orderly manner being millions to one.

OASES EQUALLY INEXPLICABLE

But the canals are not all that is wonderful; we have to reckon with the oases as well. These are remarkable, both in themselves and in their relation to the system of lines; for they occur at the junctions—only at the junctions, and virtually always at the junctions. They are thus of the nature of knots to the network. No explanation can be given of this by purely physical laws.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

A CORNER OF MARS, JUNE 10, 1907

So we might go on, with the enigma of the double canals more and more mysterious the more one learns about them—with their strange positioning on the

[1] Since this was written, at least two writers have tried to show that the descriptions of the spoke-like markings seen on Venus at Flagstaff in 1897 and later, are inconsistent. The seeming inconsistency is due to our own air, which sometimes defines them, sometimes not. But *the* point made by me, suppressed by the critics by omitting the context, was that the Venusian lines are *irregular*.—P. L.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

ARETHUSA LUCUS, APRIL 15, 1903, SHOWING CONVERGING CANALS FROM THE NORTH POLAR CAP

planet in the tropical belts; with the curious phenomenon of converging or wedge-shaped doubles descending to join them from the pole; and with other facts equally odd.

ARTIFICIALITY SUGGESTS ITSELF

BUT long before the catalogue of geometric curiosities had drawn to its close, —for it were wearisome to count them all, and where even one is so cogent, numbers do not add,—it becomes apparent to any one capable of weighing evidence that these things which so palpably imply artificiality on their face can not be natural products at all, but that the observer apparently stands confronted with the workings of an intelligence akin to and therefore appealing to his own. What he is gazing on typifies not the outcome of natural forces of an elemental kind, but the artificial product of a mind directing it to a purposed and definite end.

When once this standpoint is adopted, we begin to see light. The recognition of artificiality puts us on a track where we gather explanation as we proceed.

GREAT CIRCLE CHARACTER OF THE CANALS

THUS two attributes, one of the canals, the other of the oases, find explanation at once. The great-circle directness of the lines stands instantly interpreted. On a sphere a great circle takes the shortest distance between two points. It offers, therefore, the most expeditious route from one place to another. It is, then, that which, when possible, intelligence would adopt. Even in the case of our very accidented earth, our lines of communication are being rectified every year as we progress in mastery of our globe.

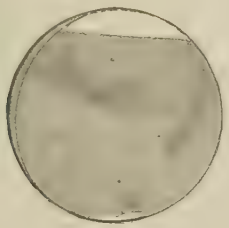
CIRCULARITY OF OASES

EQUALLY suggestive is the shape of the oases, or spots, that button the lines together. For they show round. Now, a solid circle has the peculiar property that the average distance from its center to all points in it is less than for any figure inclosing a like area. It would be the part of intelligence, then, to construct this figure whenever the greatest amount of ground was to be reached for tillage or any other purpose at the least expenditure of force.

No less telltale is their behavior; and now not only of the bare fact of artificiality, but of the manner in which it came to be.

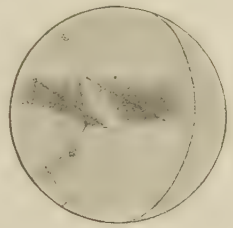
NOTE OF WATER RUNS THROUGH THE ACTION

THE extreme threads of the world-wide network of canals stand connected with the dark-blue patches at the edge of one or the other of the polar caps. But they are not always visible. In the winter season they fail to show. Not till the cap has begun to melt, do they make their appearance, and then they come out dark and strong. Now, the cap in winter is formed of snow and ice that melts as summer comes on. Here, then, the attentive



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

CANALS FROM THE SOUTH POLAR CAP, THE WHITE BONNET AT THE TOP OF THE PICTURE, JUNE 6, 1907—MARTIAN DATE, SEPTEMBER 22



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

CANALS FROM THE SOUTH POLAR CAP SHOWN AT THE TOP OF THE PICTURE, OCTOBER 25, 1907—MARTIAN DATE, DECEMBER 18

ear seems to catch the note of running water.

From their poleward origin the lines begin to darken down the disk. One after the other takes up the thread of visibility, to hand it on to the next in place. So the strange communication travels, carried from the arctic zone through the temperate and the tropic ones on to the equator, and then beyond it over into the planet's other hemisphere. A flow is here apparent, journeying with measured progress over the surface of this globe. Here again the mental ear detects the sound of water percolating down the latitudes.

Across what once were seas, but are seas no more, the darkening of the lines advances, with the same forthrightness as over the ocher continental tracts. Blue-green areas of vegetation and arid wastes alike are threaded by the silent deepening of tint. Latitude bars it not, nor character of country. It great-circles the old sea bottoms as cheerfully as it caravans the desert steppes. This persistency made possible by the loss of what the seas once held, the thought of water is once more thrust upon the sense, its absence now as telling as its presence was before. One hears it in the very stillness the lack of it promotes.

Then, as with quickened sense one listens, the mind is aware of antiphonal response in the unlocking of the other cap to send its scanty hoardings in similar rilling over the long-parched land. The note of water confronts us thus at every turn of this strange action. Water, then, must be the word of the enigma: the clue that will lead us to the unloosening of the riddle.

ITS LOCOMOTION EXPLAINED

But though water it be, this is not the complete solution of the problem; for, as one ponders, the unnatural character of the action dawns on one. That a wave of progression passes through the canals down the disk; that something, then, proceeds from the pole to the equator; and that this something can be none other than water, giving rise to vegetation, sounds simple and forthright. The startling character of the action is not at once apparent. It becomes so only when we try to account for the locomotion. When we so envisage it, the transference turns out to be a most astounding and instructive thing.

To understand wherein lies its peculiarity we must consider the shape of the planet. For the planet is flattened at the poles by $\frac{1}{190}$ of its diameter. This, to begin with, will make the action seem even stranger than it is. It might seem at first as if the water in going to the equator had to run twenty-one miles uphill.

MARS' SURFACE IN FLUID EQUILIBRIUM

If Mars did not rotate, its figure would be a sphere, except for such tidal deformation as outside bodies might give it, because its own gravity would pull it into a shape similar in all directions. As Mars rotates, its rotatory momentum bulges it at the equator, changing the sphere into what is called an oblate spheroid of the general form of an orange. A rapidly rotated mass of putty will take on the same shape. In the case of Mars the stresses are so enormous that for a long acting force, such as is here concerned, the planet, although probably as rigid as steel, behaves as if its mass were plastic. The result is that the direction of gravity is always perpendicular to the surface at every point; or, in other words, the surface is in stable equilibrium.

GRAVITY INCAPABLE OF WATER TRANSFERENCE

Now, the fact that every point of the surface is in equilibrium means that any particle of a liquid there—as, for example, a drop of water—would not move, but would stay where it was. For all the forces being exactly balanced to rest, their resultant cannot solicit it to stir. Just as on the surface of the earth water upon a level stretch of ground shows no tendency to move.

Consequently, any water set free near the pole by the melting of the polar cap would stay where it was liberated without the least inclination to go elsewhere. The only force which would have the slightest effect upon it might be its own head, if it had any. Were the melting ice or snow that gave birth to it ten feet thick, and it is more likely to be less, it would give rise to an average head of

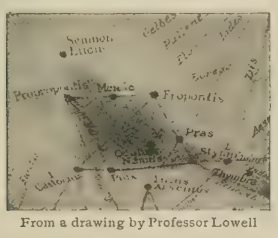
water of five feet. Now, a head of five feet could not urge the water against surface friction more than a few miles at most. So that any such impulse is quite impotent to the effects we see.

Face to face, then, we find ourselves with a motion of great magnitude occurring without visible or physically imaginable cause. A body of water travels 3300 miles at the rate of fifty-one miles a day under no material compulsion whatever.

ARTIFICIAL CARRIAGE ONLY POSSIBLE CAUSE

It leaves the neighborhood of the pole, where it was gravitationally at home, and wanders to the equator, where gravitationally it was not wanted, without the slightest prompting on the part of any natural force. The deduction is inevitable; it must have been artificially conducted over the face of the planet. We are left no alternative but to suppose it intelligently carried to its end.

Nor is this the limit of the extraordinary performances shown by the progressive darkening of the canals down the disk. Were they actuated by natural forces, what they next do would be simply incredible. For, not content with descending to the equator without visible means of propulsion, once arrived there, they promptly proceed to cross it into the planet's other hemisphere and run up the latitudes with equal celerity on the other side. Now, any physical inducement given them to come equatorward must have its action reversed so soon as that dividing-line was crossed. If, then, they were in any way helped to the earlier part of their peregrination by natural forces, they would be hindered by them in this latter portion of their career. Thus, the only rational result of our envisaging is that these things are not dependent on natural forces for their action, but are artificial productions designed to the end they so beautifully serve. In the canals of the planet we are looking at the work of local intelligence now dominant on Mars. Such is what the circumstantial evidence points to unmistakably.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

PROPONTIS, A DARK AREA SEAMED BY CANALS



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

DJIHOUN

The "original" canal leaves from the tip of the *Sinus*, the "duplicate" from higher up its coast.

MOTIVE: SCARCITY OF WATER

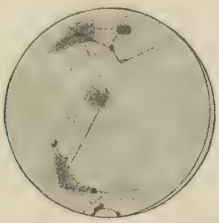
To detection of a motive we now turn. And here it is our study of planetary evolution in general becomes of service. As a planet ages, its surface water grows scarce. Its oceans in time dry up, its rivers cease to flow, its lakes evaporate. Its fauna, if it have any, dependent as they are upon water for life, must more and more be pushed to it for that prime necessity to existence.

As the water leaves a planet, departing into space, so much of it as does not sink out of sight into its interior, stands for a while atiptoe in its air before taking final flight into the sky. In the planet's economy it has ceased to be water, and become that more ethereal thing, water vapor. In one way and place only does it ever in any amount descend to earth again and take on even transiently its liquid state. This is in the polar caps. The general meteorologic circulation of the planet deposits it there throughout the winter months. From the cold of the arctic latitudes its deposition takes the form of snow or ice, and in consequence of this solid state is largely tethered to the spot where it falls, remaining *in situ* until the returning sun melts it in the spring. This is the state of things on Mars.

When this unlocking occurs, and while the water is in its intermediate liquid state, between not easily transportable ice and ungatherable vapor, it is in a condition to be moved, and may be drawn upon for consumption. Then and then only is

it readily available for use, and then, if ever, it must be tapped.

Now, in the struggle for existence, water must be got, and in the advanced state of the planet's evolution this is the only place where it is in storage and whence, therefore, it may be obtained. Round the semestral release of this naturally garnered store everything in the planet's organic economy must turn. There is no other source of supply. Its procuring depends upon the intelligence of the organisms that stand in need of it. If these be of a high-enough order of evolution to divert it to their ends, its using, from a necessity, will become a



From a drawing by Professor Lowell, June 1, 1905

DIFFERENTIATION OF THE *GANGES*

The *Ganges* is the double canal going upward, a little to the left from the center of the disk. It will be noticed that the right-hand line is stronger than the left-hand one.

fact. Here, then, is a motive of the most compelling kind for the tapping of the polar caps and the leading of the water they contain over the surface of the planet: the primal motive of self-preservation. No incentive could be stronger than this. We have now to examine whether it can be put into execution.

ORGANISMS EVOLVE AS A PLANET AGES

As a planet ages, any organisms upon it would share in its development. They must evolve with it, indeed, or perish. At first they change only as environment offers opportunity, in a lowly, unconscious way. But, as brain develops, they rise superior to such occasioning. Originally the organism is the creature of its surroundings; later it learns to make them subservient to itself. In this way the organism avoids unfavorableness in the environment, or turns unpropitious fortune to good use. Man has acquired something of the art here on the earth, and what with clothing himself in the first place, and yoking natural forces in the second, lives in comfort now where, in a state of nature, he would incontinently perish.

Such adaptation in mind, making it superior to adaptation in body, is bound to occur on any planet, if it is to survive at all. For conditions are in the end sure to reach a pass where something more potent than body is required to cope with them.

ONE SPECIES SUPPLANTS ALL OTHERS

A CERTAIN test would be forthcoming to tell whether such life existed or not. Increase of intelligence would cause one species in the end to prevail over all others, as it had prevailed over its environment. What it found inconvenient or unnecessary to enslave, it would exterminate, as we have obliterated the bison and domesticated the dog. This species will thus become lord of the planet and spread completely over its face. Any action it might take would in consequence be planet-wide in its showing. Now, such is precisely what appears in the world-spread system of canals.

TO DIE OF THIRST

As the being has conquered all others, so will it at last be threatened itself. In the growing scarcity of water will arise the premonitions of its doom. To secure what may yet be got will thus become the forefront of its endeavor, to which all other questions are secondary. Thus, if these beings are capable of making their presence noticeable at all, their great occupation should be that of water-getting, and should be the first, because the most fundamental trace of their existence an outsider would be privileged to catch.

The last stage in the expression of life upon a planet's surface must be that just antecedent to its dying of thirst. Whether it came to this pass by simple exhaustion, as is the case with Mars, or by rotary retardation, as is the case with Mercury and Venus, the result would be all one to the planet itself. Failure of its water supply would be the cause. To procure this indispensable would be its last conscious effort.

END FORESEEN

WITH an intelligent population this inevitable end would be long foreseen. Be-

fore it was upon the denizens of the globe, preparations would have been made to meet it. And this would be possible, for the intelligence attained would be of an order to correspond. A planet's water supply does not depart in a moment. Long previous to any wholesale imminence of default local necessity must have begun the reaching out to distant supply. Just as all our large cities to-day go some distance to tap a stream or a lake, so it must have been on Mars. Probably the beginnings were small and inconspicuous, as the water at first locally gave out. From this it was a step to greater distances, until necessity lured them even to the pole. The very process, one of addition, instead of one of total synchronous construction, seems to show stereotyped to us in the canals. These run in their fashioning rather with partial than with teleologic intent, giving as much concern to half-way points as to the goal itself, although in their action now they are totally involved. The thing was not done in a day, and by that very fact stamps the more conclusively its artificial origin.

The ability of beings there to construct such arteries of sustenance, two considerations will help to make comprehensible: one of these minifies the work, the other magnifies the workers. In the first place, it is not what we see that would have to be constructed. The object of endeavor is not only the water itself, but the products that water makes possible. It is vegetation which is matter of immediate concern, water being of mediate employment. This, then, is what would probably show. Just as on the earth it is the irrigated strip of reclaimed desert, and not the Nile itself, which would make its presence evident across interplanetary space. If these lines are irrigated bands of planting, the vertebral canal would be a mere invisible thread in the midst of that to which it gave growth. This alone would have to be made, and indeed it would probably be covered to prevent evaporation.

Now, we have evidence that the canals are thus composed of nerve and body. When they die down, they do not entirely vanish. Under the visual conditions of Flagstaff they may still be made out in their dead season, the mere skeletons of themselves as they later fill out. And even so we do not actually see the nerve itself.

For the construction of these residuary filaments we have a plethora of capabilities to draw upon: in the first place, beings on a small planet could be both bigger and more effective than on a larger one, because of the lesser gravity on the smaller body. An elephant on Mars could jump like a gazelle. In the second place, age means intelligence, enabling them to yoke nature to their task, as we are yoking electricity. Finally, the task itself would be seven times as light. For gravity on the surface of Mars is only about thirty-eight per cent. of what it is on the surface of the earth; and the work which can be done against a force like gravity with the same expenditure of energy is inversely as the square of that force. A ditch, then, seven times the length of one on earth could be dug as easily on Mars.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

NORTHEAST CORNER OF *AERIA*, JULY 2-5, 1907

SELF-PRESERVATION

With this motive of self-preservation for clue, and with a race equal to the emergency, we should expect to note certain general phenomena. Both polar caps would be pressed into service in order to utilize the whole available supply and also to accommodate most easily the in-

habitants of each hemisphere. We should thus expect to find a system of conduits of some sort world-wide in its distribution and running at its northern and southern ends to termini in the caps. This is precisely what the telescope reveals. These means of communication should be, if possible, straight, both for economy of space and of time, it being specially necessary to avoid any wasteful evaporation on the road. Construction of such would needs be very difficult, if not impracticable, on earth, owing to the often mountainous character of its surface. But on Mars this is not the case. As we have seen, there are fortunately no mountains on Mars. Thus the great obstacle to canals, and, in consequence, the great obstacle to their acceptance, is providentially removed. Terrane offers the least of objections, terror the greatest of spurs, to their construction.

Thus we see that not only should the execution be possible, but that it should exhibit precisely the phenomena we see.

FURTHER PHENOMENA

It would be interesting, doubtless, to learn how are bodied these inhabitants that analysis reaches out to touch. But body is the last thing we are likely to know of them. Of their mind as embodied in their works, we may learn much more; and, after all, is not that the more pregnant knowledge of the two? Something of this we have surveyed together. But beyond the lime-light of assured deduction stand many facts awaiting their turn to synthetic coördination which we have not touched upon. It is proper to mention some of them under due reserve, for they constitute the bricks which with others yet to come will some day be built up into a housing whole.

Not least of these are those strange caret-shaped dark spots at the points where the canals leave the dark regions to adventure themselves into the light. No canal thus circumstanced in position is apparently without them, and, unlike the oases, they do not show round. On the theory of canalization they are certainly well-placed. We have seen that the blue-green regions and the ocher ones lie undoubtedly at different levels, the former standing much lower than the latter.



From a drawing by Professor Lowell

MOUTHS OF *EUPHRATES* AND *PHISON*

The drawing shows the way in which each branch of the two double canals enters the desert from a common point of departure.

Here, then, should occur difficulties in canalization which would have to be overcome. Are these, then, the evidence of their surmounting? They certainly suggest the fact.

Then the oases themselves lure our thoughts afield. Important centers to the canal system they are on their face. But, if centers to that, they should bear a like relation to what fashioned the canals. That they dilate and dwindle seasonally points to vegetation as their chief constituent, whence their name. But behind and informing this, must be the bodied spirit of the whole. We are certainly justified in regarding them as the apple of the eye of Martian life—what corresponds with us to centers of population.

An interesting phenomenon about the oases makes this the more probable. Observation discloses that the oases are given to change of size and tone. They fade at certain seasons, retaining only a relatively diminutive dark kernel. They are thus formed of two parts, pulp and core. The pulp itself indicates vegetation, since it follows the same laws as the canals; the core may well be the evidence of the permanent population. That they are the largest, some seventy-five miles across, seems to give sufficient space for living and the means to live. If our cities had to be their own sources of supply, they might well be of this size. As it is, Tokio is ten miles by ten, and London yet larger. But we must in this be careful to part surmise from deduction.

SPECULATION EXCLUDED

In our exposition of what we have gleaned about Mars, we have been careful to indulge in no speculation. The laws of physics and the present knowledge of

geology and biology affected by what astronomy has to say of the former subject, have conducted us, starting from the observations, to the recognition of other intelligent life. We have carefully considered the circumstantial evidence in the case, and we have found that it points to intelligence acting on that other globe, and is incompatible with anything else. We have, then, searched for motive and have lighted on one which thoroughly explains the evidence that observation offers. We are justified, therefore, in believing that we have unearthed the cause and our conclusion is this: that we have in these strange features, which the telescope reveals to us, witness that life, and life of no mean order, at present inhabits the planet.

Part and parcel of this information is the order of intelligence involved in the beings thus disclosed. Peculiarly impressive is the thought that life on another world should thus have made its present known by its exercise of mind. That intelligence should thus mutely communicate its existence to us across the far stretches of space, itself remaining hid, appeals to all that is highest and most far-reaching in man himself. More satisfactory than strange this; for in no other way could the habitation of the planet have been made known to us. It simply shows again the supremacy of mind. Men live after they are dead by what they have written while they were alive, and the inhabitants of a planet tell of themselves across space as do individuals athwart time, in the same mind manner.

OUR LIFE NOT UNIQUE

Thus, not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self-centered position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this deposing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmoplanetary breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extra-mundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.

MARTIAN LIFE NEARING ITS END

A sadder interest attaches to such existence: that it is, cosmically speaking, soon to pass away. To our eventual descendants life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond the hope of study or recall. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last. For the process that brought it to its present pass must go on to the bitter end, until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly but surely time will snuff it out. When the last ember is thus extinguished, the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.



ENGLAND'S LAST ROYAL POLITICAL BOSS

BY EDWARD PORRITT

OF the many curious letters concerning eighteenth-century social and political life in England in the correspondence of George Augustus Selwyn, none nowadays seems more curious than the letter which Gilly Williams wrote to Selwyn in March, 1768. A parliamentary general election was then proceeding, and the country was greatly disturbed by the Wilkes agitation. In this letter Gilly Williams tells Selwyn that their friend Coventry had complained to the King, on the previous day, of an Indian nabob who was opposing Coventry at Bridport, and adds that the King "gave him advice how to proceed in the conduct of his election." To-day a man who, in an audience with the sovereign, should so much as mention his fortunes in an election contest, would be regarded with amazement; for in these days the crown has as little to do with parliamentary elections in detail as it has to do with the election of the President of the United States.

In the days of George III's political activity, however, a parliamentary candidate who was encountering difficulties, could not have gone to a better person than the King for advice, provided that he had steadfastly supported the crown in his earlier parliamentary career, and that he was a man on whom the crown could rely for support in the new Parliament. If Coventry had searched England over in March, 1768, he could not have found a man better able to advise him how to carry an election than George III. He might have found an election attorney, a practitioner known in those days as a "seat-broker," who could introduce him to a borough at which he might have been elected for £2500 or £3000 paid down in cash. Or he might have found a borough boss, euphemistically termed a "borough patron," who knew the devious ways of two or three boroughs, and by what means elections could be carried in them. But search England as he would, he could not have found a man who knew more about borough-mongering in general, or who was better versed in the arts of electioneering as these arts were practised in the most corrupt period of English political life, than George III.

Whatever may have been the merits and demerits of George III, he certainly was not the "country gentleman called by fate to rule an empire" formerly so frequently depicted in English and American history. Rather it may be said of him that he was the greatest parliamentary boss who was ever on the English throne; and as regards control over the House of Commons, it has to be conceded also that he was the most successful of English royal bosses. Other English sovereigns had sought, and at times had obtained, some measure of unconstitutional control over the House of Commons. English sovereigns began to seek this control in the early days of the House of Commons. Sovereigns, as early as James I, were adept in electioneering; and excepting the first two Georges, who were too ignorant of the working of the English parliamentary system, and too indifferent to the House of Commons and its control to exert themselves personally in electioneering, it is hardly possible to name a sovereign, king or queen, from James I to George III, who did not interfere in elections so as to insure Parliaments which would do their bidding.

Several reasons explain why George

III, the last of the royal bosses, succeeded in controlling elections to a greater extent than any of his predecessors. He liked the business, and his opportunities for bossing the House of Commons were better than those of any of his predecessors. With the commercial and industrial expansion of England, and with the growth of England as a colonial power, there necessarily came larger opportunities for a sovereign who was bent on exercising the power of a boss. In all countries with representative institutions, and in all times, the success of a boss depends almost entirely on the amount of spoils at his disposal; and as regards spoils, George III was immensely better placed than any sovereign who had preceded him. Further than this, the English parliamentary system in the course of centuries, had been increasingly warped out of its original lines. It had long been losing its early simplicity and democratic character, and it was at its worst and was more adapted to manipulation by a boss during the long reign of George III than at any time during the five centuries of its existence.

Half a century before George III came to the throne, Scotland had come into the British parliamentary system. Ireland came in during George III's reign; but by 1801 the King's intense and continuous interest in electioneering had come to an end, and there are no traces of direct interference by George III in elections from Ireland to the House of Commons of the United Kingdom. Scotland was bossed from the time it came into the Union in 1707. Queen Anne turned Scotland to full account in her management of the House of Commons. The ministers of George I and George II did likewise. George III was personally active in the bossing of Scotland; and there never was a representative system better suited for boss-manipulation than that on which, from 1707 to 1832, Scotland's forty-five representatives at Westminster were chosen. During these years Scotland never lacked a boss, and until a short time before the Reform Administration of 1830–34, these bosses were usually able to deliver Scotland's forty-five votes to the sovereign, or to the government for which they were acting.

First in the succession of men who managed Scotland in this period came the Earl of Cromarty. He was followed by the Earl of Islay. Next came the famous Duke of Argyll; after him Stuart Mackenzie; and after Mackenzie, who was managing Scotland when George III came to the throne, Henry Dundas, who may be described as the last and the most famous of Scotland's line of parliamentary managers.

Dundas was bossing Scotland during the greater part of the time George III was exerting himself in the management of the House of Commons; and, from the point of view of a boss, the representation of Scotland was never better managed. During Dundas's rule the forty-five Scotch members were little better than automata. They never troubled themselves to take part in the general debates. They were keen enough in looking after Scotch interests; so keen that from the Union until the first or second decade of the nineteenth century, Scotland's forty-five members practically constituted a grand committee for North Britain. Then, as now, a Scotch discussion in the House of Commons had little interest for members from England and Wales. Scotchmen, however, were always in attendance to make a House, and on such occasions the will of Scotland easily prevailed. But while the contingent that followed the lead of Dundas seldom intervened in general debates, its members rarely missed a division when a government policy was at stake, and they invariably voted as Dundas directed.

The question is sometimes asked how it is that so many Scotchmen are famous in the annals of the British colonial and Indian service. It is easily answered. These men were the sons or nephews of the county voters in Scotland who elected the Dundas squadron. They got their appointments in India and in the colonies because their fathers or uncles voted with Dundas; and, bad as the spoils system is considered to-day, these men unquestionably did credit to Scotland, and earned for Britain much of the renown which has accrued to her as a colonial power. Mr. A. J. Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party in England, is the grandson of a man who owed his fortune to Dundas, for whom Dundas found a lucrative position in India; and the Dic-

tionary of National Biography is studded with the names of men whose openings to avenues to fame or fortune were made by Dundas or his predecessors in the eighteenth-century management of Scotland, as direct or indirect rewards for partizan loyalty.

Turning again to George III's activity in parliamentary electioneering in England, the fact must be kept in mind that, when the King came to the throne in 1760, party lines in England had well-nigh disappeared; and until George III had been king for some years no great political question divided the country. The first question in which the country at large took any lively interest arose out of the King's contest with Wilkes. The next great political issue arose out of the revolt of the American Colonies.

Everything favored the King in his ambition to be his own chief minister and to make his ministers merely royal secretaries and exponents of his policies in the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

It is undeniable that he loved political science and was actuated by the strongest desire to practise the science as he understood it, and as he conceived it ought to be practised by a King of England. Before he came to the throne he had trained himself for the work he was bent on undertaking. He had studied Blackstone when that book was still in manuscript, and the taste for serious reading he thus early displayed marked the whole of his life.

In the preceding reign the management of English elections had been in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham. As soon as George III came to the throne, he took the business of bossing into his own hands. George II died on the 25th of October, 1760. On the 10th of November, George III was interfering in an election at Liverpool. The candidates were Thomas Ross and Sir William Bucknall. The peremptory way in which the King began his career as a boss is best told in the language of one of the candidates. "This morning," wrote Ross, whose letter has been preserved in "Captain Stewart's Manuscripts," published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, "his Majesty sent to me Colonel Rolt Philips of the Bedchamber, with a command to desist from pretending to be burgess of Liverpool, his Majesty resolving that one Sir William Bucknall shall, if possible, be the man." In the following year, when a new Parliament had to be elected, the King's interference in electioneering was quite general; and the attitude he intended to take toward the administration was shown by his action in connection with a group of rotten boroughs in Cornwall. These boroughs were attached to the duchy of Cornwall. The Prince of Wales is Duke of Cornwall. In the absence or minority of the Prince of Wales, it had been the custom for the ministry to name the members for these duchy boroughs; but at the election of 1761, when the King was busy forming a party of his friends who would act in the royal interest, he himself named the members for the Cornish boroughs controlled by the duchy.

Of the five hundred and thirteen English members who were of the House of Commons in the reign of George III, four hundred and seventeen were from two hundred and fifteen boroughs; and it was in these boroughs that the bosses had their sway. There was no uniformity in the franchise. In some of the boroughs members were chosen by the burgage-holders. These were the owners or occupiers of lands, or houses standing on lands, whose boundaries could be traced back to the earliest beginnings of town life. Few of the burgage boroughs had large populations, even as populations went in the more rural counties of eighteenth-century England. But small or large as the populations might be, only the holders of the precious burgage lands were permitted to vote, and in most of the burgage boroughs the electors were so few that they could have been convened in an ale-house kitchen.

In other boroughs only the freemen voted. In a third group the members of the House of Commons were elected by the municipal councils, whose chief reason for existence at this time was to elect these members, and divide the spoils, the big cash bribes and the government offices, which accrued to these oligarchies from their place in the parliamentary system. In a fourth group were the boroughs in which the people generally

elected. These were the inhabitant householder boroughs, the scot-and-lot boroughs, and the pot-walloper boroughs. Of this group the pot-walloper boroughs were the quaintest. Before the Reformation, men who were anxious to prove to their neighbors that they were free, that they did not eat the bread of serfdom at any great man's table, took their victuals to the church kitchen, and there dressed and cooked them, and ate them in public. These were the original pot-wallopers of the English representative system; and long after church kitchens of the pre-Reformation period had disappeared, even until late on in the eighteenth century, these pot-walloper voters once a year spread a table in the street in front of their houses and ate a meal in public to prove their right to a parliamentary vote.

With elections in one borough thus in the hands of the burgage-owners, in another in those of the municipal oligarchy, in a third in the hands of the freemen, and in a fourth in the hands of the scot-and-lotters or the pot-wallopers, there was, as James I boasted of his Scotch Parliament, little "popularite" about a general election, so far as the four hundred and seventeen members from the boroughs were concerned. Few boroughs were without a boss, and in the eighteenth century many of the bosses were so securely in possession that they sold nominations to Parliament as openly as railroad shares are sold on the London Stock Exchange to-day.

The electoral system which George III so quickly turned to account was peculiarly adapted to the control of the House of Commons on which he was bent. With money, offices, and honors—baronetcies and peerages—at his command, he was soon able to have a large party in the House ready to do his bidding. In many elections he directly interfered. In others he made his bargains with the local bosses. For some boroughs he paid in cash, and exercised personal self-denial to no small extent that he might have money to place "where it would do most good." Other borough-owners took their pay in offices; others in army and navy contracts, and shares in loans; while the landed families who controlled boroughs, and were not disposed to vulgar deals on a pounds, shillings, and pence basis, took their pay in peerages, or, if they were already peers, in promotions in the peerage. There were over two hundred elevations to the peerage or advancements in rank in the peerage between 1760 and 1820, the great majority of them earned by "right votes in the right places."

While George III was in control, English electioneering was characterized by most of the later-day methods of American bosses. I have been a student of American elections since 1884; but in American elections I have discovered only one factor who has no counterpart in elections in England in the days of George III. The factor whom I have been unable to trace in English elections during that reign is the repeater. Except in the counties, where the electors, who were numerous, were comparatively pure, the constituencies were too small for the repeater; and in the eighteenth century a voter was called upon to take so many oaths that a repeater must have been discovered before he could reach the table where the open voting was proceeding. But the colonizer was an important factor in English borough elections. In twenty-five or thirty boroughs he constantly went in and outvoted the resident electors; and this colonization of voters was systematized to an extent never possible in this country.

Even contested delegations and split conventions were not unknown when George III was in command as a boss. These, however, were confined to the Scotch boroughs, and grew out of the method, peculiar to Scotland, of electing delegates to elect members to the House of Commons.

In the use of civil service appointments as a currency for corrupt electioneering, America has never had a boss who could have given any hints to George III. The peerage, the church, the army, and the navy, the customs and the excise departments, the post-office, the public loans, and even the supplying of beer to the London jails, were all turned to account by George III. The King was always alert when any appointment was about to fall vacant. If a bishop were ill, he did not wait for his death to choose his successor; and when the see fell vacant it went to some cleric who had busied him-

self in electioneering in the King's behalf, and who could be counted upon in the House of Lords to vote as he was told by the crown.

Early in George III's career he made it a rule to bestow offices and appointments on men already in possession of some office. This was not because he was favorable to pluralists. He was far too shrewd a boss to sanction pluralities, except in very special cases. He adopted the plan of favoring a man already in office because in this way two men and their friends came under obligations to him. The same far-sightedness characterized George III's elevations of accommodating borough-owners to the peerage. He would first make the borough boss an Irish peer, an honor at that time but little esteemed. If the Irish peer continued useful he was next promoted to the peerage of Great Britain. The order in the peerage is barons, viscounts, marquises, earls, and dukes; and "one step at a time" was George III's rule in paying his indebtednesses to the borough-owners. The only borough-owner who jumped several stages was Sir James Lowther, afterward Earl of Lonsdale. But Lowther was the greatest unofficial electioneering boss of the eighteenth century. Ordinarily he was able to name nine members to the House of Commons, and at times his contingent numbered as many as eleven.

There was scarcely an office too small to be turned by the King to account in electioneering. In many of the decayed and small boroughs which returned two members to Parliament the elections were dominated by custom-house officers and excisemen, who had obtained these offices in reward for services in parliamentary elections.

George III had some advantages which have never fallen to the lot of American bosses. He could and did open the letters in the post-office of men who opposed him. The correspondence of the eighteenth century teems with expressions of distrust of the post-office; and there is now abundant official proof that this distrust was justified. The opening of letters was so systematic and general that in the post-office accounts for 1763 there was allowance to defray the cost of "engraving the many seals we are obliged to make use of," and until nearly the end of the eighteenth century there was a confidential department in the post-office in London for this business. In Walpole's time it was in the charge of the Rev. Edward Willes, who for his great zeal and discretion in this work was rewarded, first with the deanery of Lincoln and later with the bishopric of St. David's and of Bath and Wells.

Another advantage which George III enjoyed was his power to spring a general election on the country just when he was ready and his opponents were not prepared. Still another was the control which he could exercise over the issue of writs for a parliamentary election. His friends could have their writs at the earliest possible moment, so as to get away to their boroughs, get their elections over, and thus forestall any opposition; while the King's opponents had to unwind all the red tape of the Crown Office, from which the writs were issued.

It was contrary to the law of Parliament that men under age should be of the House of Commons; but like other laws of Parliament, this was not uniformly observed. At one of the elections for Westminster the opposition candidate was under age. While the election was proceeding, an aunt of the opposition candidate informed the King of the young man's age. Her expectation was that the King would at once take steps to invalidate his candidature. But the King's plan was to wait and see whether he was elected, and then to prevent him from taking his seat on the ground of being under age.

The royal borough of Windsor was an inhabitant householder constituency—a borough in which every occupier of a house was an elector; and the King divided the cottage property occupied by his menials at Windsor Castle so as to qualify as many voters as possible. Westminster and Windsor were the boroughs in which he took the most personal active interest. In his dealings with contractors and tradesmen he spent his money and also the nation's money where it would do most good. The King's printer was compelled by the terms of his patent to find a seat in the House of Commons, and there to support the crown. At one time even the office of turnspit in the King's

kitchen was held by a member of the House of Commons; and Hogarth, the King's sergeant painter, had to serve George III by caricaturing the persons and distorting the actions and generally holding up to contempt the politicians who did not act with his royal patron. To the Windsor tradesmen when an election was pending, George III made his appeals direct. He personally canvassed the borough in 1780, when Powney the court candidate, was opposing Admiral Keppel. The King called on a silk-mercer, told him that the Queen wanted a gown, and then exclaimed, "No Keppel, no Keppel!"

Lord North and John Robinson, who had begun his career as a borough boss under the auspices of Lowther, were at this time the men who stood near to the royal boss. To Robinson, who from 1770 to 1782 was Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, George III wrote in detail of what he had done to secure the defeat of Keppel at Windsor. "Whilst at Windsor, during the holidays," wrote the King, "I made it my business privately to sound the inhabitants of that borough. The corporation is desirous of having a candidate recommended by administration; and the inhabitants will warmly espouse such a person. Admiral Keppel can be thrown without any difficulty." In a later letter to Robinson, the King expressed his approval of Powney as a candidate, and added that he would get his tradesmen "encouraged to appear for him," and that he would order the houses he rented at Windsor "to stand in the parish rate in different names of my servants, so that it will create six votes."

Peerages, government contracts, shares in loans and other spoils in his bestowal, never sufficed to meet all the calls made on the King in his electioneering. At the general election of 1780, as at previous elections, the King had to draw on his private funds to buy boroughs, or rather the right to name candidates for boroughs. He had also to contribute to the election expenses of some of the county members who represented constituencies which had to be contested and were not for sale to the highest bidder.

At the settlement of accounts between the King and his assistant bosses in 1782, George was shocked to find that he was in debt at his private bankers' to the amount of £32,750. "As to the immense expense of the general election," he wrote to North, "it has quite surprised me. The sum is at least double of what was expended at any other general election since I came to the throne." This expenditure was all the more disturbing because the King had lost control of the House of Commons, and in consequence North was no longer Prime Minister. "Certainly," continued the King, "the £13,000 due to Mr. Drummond I shall by degrees pay off; but I cannot bind myself further. I think it is most likely that on the reduction of the Civil List I shall be obliged to see my Privy Purse diminished by £12,000 per annum. If that should happen, I have no means of satisfying the remainder you unexpectedly put to my account of £19,754 8*s.* 2*d.* I cannot conclude without saying that I am sorry to see that there has been such a strange waste of money."

Not quite all the money disbursed by the King had gone in electioneering. George III, like bosses of a later period, desired to influence public opinion; and out of the money he turned over to North and Robinson, much of it saved by rigid personal economies, payments had been made to newspaper writers who were in the service of the court, and to defray the cost of getting up public addresses to the King approving and commending the policy of the crown during the long conflict with the American colonies.

After 1782, George III was less active; but he made his private contribution of twelve thousand pounds to the ministerial fund at every general election up to that of 1806, when for the first time the King's contribution was withheld. His last triumph of personal government was in 1807, when he exacted pledges from his ministers against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

George III was in completest control of the House of Commons during the conflict with the American Colonies; and at this time his work was harder and more continuous than the "Queen's Letters" show the more constitutional work of Queen Victoria ever to have been. George III was convinced that in his policy toward America he was acting in the best interest of the empire, and he

was anxious that posterity should commend his conduct. "I offer my most fervent prayers to Heaven," he wrote when the struggle was at an end, "that posterity may not lay the downfall of this once respectable empire at my door, and that if ruin should attend the measures that may be adopted, I may not long survive them." This was written on the 11th of September, 1782, when the treaty was pending. After the independence of the United States was finally assured, the King was inclined to a more cheerful view. "I cannot conclude," he wrote to Lord Shelburne, on November 12, 1782, "without mentioning here how sensibly I feel the dismemberment of America from this empire; and that I should be miserable indeed if I did not feel that no blame lay at my door, and did I not also know that knavery seems to be so much the striking feature of its inhabitants that it may not in the end be an evil that they will become aliens to this island."

For England, the American Revolution had at least this compensation: George III's control of Parliament, and the methods by which it was obtained, called public attention to the rotten character of the representative system; and while England was at war with America there was begun the movement for parliamentary reform which culminated in 1832 in the sweeping changes from which the beginnings of modern political England must be dated.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

THERE is no doubt that, unless unexpected deaths occur, one of four or five men who can easily be named by any person who reads the newspapers will be the next President of the United States. It would not be so easy to name four or five men, one of whom, no matter which party succeeds, will be the next Vice-President of the United States.

Though the Vice-Presidents of the United States have often proved entirely satisfactory, yet the happy-go-lucky manner of placing in nomination our Vice-Presidents is one of the weak spots in American political practice. At times it amounts to cynical, even scandalous indifference to the dignity of our institutions. The selection of a candidate for the second place occurs after the members of the nominating conventions are exhausted by the conflict over their favorite candidates for the more important place on the ticket. And so it happens that small considerations of expediency, or the expectation of large contributions to the political funds, or the most trifling influences, are sometimes allowed to have sway in a choice that may prove as momentous as that of the Presidential candidate himself.

The importance of a proper choice for Vice-President does not rest only in the fact that, as often has happened in our history, he may succeed to the first magistracy, through the death of the President. This is the most obvious reason for deliberation and wisdom in the selection.

It is very greatly to be desired, also, that even without regard to fatal contingencies, the Vice-President should be himself of Presidential caliber; that he should, in the manner of his selection, in his commanding abilities, in the dignity of his personal character, not only bring "strength to the ticket" during the Presidential campaign, but in the exercise of his high office, after election, inspire confidence in his disinterestedness and in his character generally, and that he should not, as has sometimes happened, become the center of personal and petty disaffection with regard to the administration which at any moment he may be called upon to supplant.

An appeal is in order to the members of both of the great conventions not to neglect their duty in the selection of either Presidential or Vice-Presidential nominees. They will be alert enough as to their "favorite candidate" for the Presidential nominations. There is no danger that men unknown to the country will be put forth for the first places. The danger of default on the part of delegates refers only to the nominees for the second place. The voters of both parties and all parties have a right to demand that first-class, tried, high-principled, and well-known men be put in nomination not only for the Presidency, but for the Vice-Presidency of a government as great as that of the United States of America.

PUBLIC OFFENSES TO EAR AND EYE

THOUSANDS of sufferers from the din of this world will welcome the two articles on that subject in this number of THE CENTURY: the consideration of "Our Barbarous Fourth" by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, who, as founder and president of the "Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises," is doing a great public service in New York, and the well-reasoned article on "Noise" by Dr. R. O. Beard of Minneapolis, a relative of the distinguished neurologist of the last generation, Dr. George M. Beard, who was a pioneer in popular education on the subject of nervous perils. We who live in the metropolis, exposed to the crash of elevated, subway, and surface cars (called "rattlers" in the argot of the pickpocket) and to many another excruciating noise, are accustomed to think ourselves sinned against above all men; but evidently in this regard the bustling smaller cities have troubles of their own. But it is a compensation of our too free tolerance of invasions of the general comfort that these grow the more rapidly into downright nuisances, until something *has* to be done to preserve "the pursuit of happiness."

These nuisances are often strongly intrenched in vested interests. Many a summer night in New York is made intolerable by odors from a suburban rendering establishment or glue factory. A score of Western cities have been well-nigh ruined by the use of soft coal in factories, the ends of living being subordinated to its means. (These cities, happily, will be restored some day to their old beauty and cleanliness by inventions of electrical power.)

The offenses to the eye by "the nuisances of advertising" have been set forth recently in our pages by Mr. Sylvester Baxter, but the most assiduous recorder cannot keep pace with American inventiveness. The approaches to most of our cities—and many in Europe are hardly more agreeable in this respect—are disfigured by a procession of standing signs or painted roofs or rocks, the work of "the Iconoclast of Sensibility," who must himself be overthrown before our suburban beauty can be anything more than oases in a desert of ugliness. Some hope of a better day is afforded by the recent decision of a New York City court sustaining the complaint of citizens against a line of omnibuses displaying offensive advertisements—in which decision, by the way, we have the advantage of London and Paris. A step in the right direction is the suggestion to the Hudson-Fulton Memorial Commission that any scheme of the approaching celebration will be incomplete and unworthy that does not include an effort to save our majestic "North" River from pollution, from the destruction of the forests on its shores, and from the vandalism of advertisements.

In the matter of noise there is no danger that reform in the public interest will deprive the human animal of a healthy exercise of lungs and legs. There is din

and din. Recently two small girls who were making a racket, which was objectionable only because of illness in the house, were gently interpolated:

"What is the matter up there, children? It seems to me that 's a pretty big noise."

"We 're playing soldier," replied the six-year-old.

"Well, but soldiers don't have to make that kind of noise."

"Yes, but we 're playing the kind of soldier that makes that kind of noise."

With the military traditions of the country taking such strong hold upon the imagination of youngsters, some outlet must be found for the boy's desire to be heard as well as seen upon the Fourth, and the rational methods suggested by Mrs. Rice are an admirable example of constructive criticism. If, moreover, the boy in the street could be taught that what he takes for imitation of soldiers is only imitation of bushwhackers—that at its best military life is the perfection of order, subordination, and coöperation, much would be done in the direction of that discipline the lack of which is a large defect in American life. While much is to be said against the military spirit, it has this in its favor; and, properly directed in the schools, it may be made to serve admirable and patriotic ends. In the next number of this magazine we shall print an account of what has been accomplished in the organization of the physical energies of boys through the New York Public Schools Athletic League.

But apart from the animal development of the boy, there is a vast amount of tolerated noise that ought to be suppressed. To mention only one sort, sufficient attention has not been given to the nuisance of whistling in public conveyances, an annoyance which often reaches a nerve-racking intensity that prevents reading or repose. Every city should pass an ordinance against this wanton practice, chiefly indulged in by boys. Placarded in the cars as a misdemeanor, alongside of a more objectionable habit, it could in due time be as nearly eradicated.

OPEN LETTERS

Noise

[The following consideration of the effect upon the nerves of noise in general, is a fit and highly suggestive accompaniment of Mrs. Rice's paper on the celebration of "Our Barbarous Fourth" (see page 219).—THE EDITOR.]

NOISE is fast becoming a neurotic habit of the American people. Inevitably, as an organism takes the impress of its environment, a persistent atmosphere of confusion sooner or later forms a permanent background of consciousness. The nervous system, constantly compelled to combat with noise, acquires an habitual alertness, and an abnormal irritability keeps it forever occupied. Actual quiet produces a functional vacuum. Tension, incompatible with real rest, marks even the hours of customary repose.

A peculiar liability to the prejudicial influence of noise may be predicated of the American people. Under the intensive conditions of human life on this continent, a distinctively nervous national type has developed. Upon such a type, the effects of over-stimulation, of continual resistance to destructive stimuli, are most disastrous. The wear and tear of noise is carried to a pathological degree.

Coincidently, the conditions which have fostered this susceptibility to suffering have cultivated a popular carelessness of the sanitary code. The very largesse of opportunity which nature has bestowed upon the people has led to a cheapening of human life and a disregard of human health.

NOISE NUISANCES

ENUMERATION of the forms in which the noise nuisance exhibits itself should be unnecessary; yet so inured are the residents of our great cities to the environment of confusion that they hardly recognize the causes of offense. So habitually indulgent, moreover, is a popular government, so great is

the inertia of the self-governed, that public sentiment needs to be aroused to the occasions of its own abuse.

Locomotives shriek in town and country by night and by day. Beautiful suburbs in our Western cities suffer nightly from the incessant signals of engines on adjacent freight-tracks. A great university has its campus doubly crossed by railway lines, and hourly its lecturers pause in decline of competition with the voice-drowning steam-blasts of the locomotives as they approach the viaducts. Trolley-cars replace the steam-whistle with the compressed air "screamer."

Electric and cable cars, upon surface or elevated lines, contribute a large share to the general and miscellaneous volume of a city's noise. The grind of flanges upon unlubricated curves; the unnecessary back-lash of worn gearing upon down-grades; the rattle of cable and clutch and brake; the roar and jar of rushing speed—all testify to the fact that science has not yet developed, or that the transportation companies of America have not yet secured, the means of reducing locomotive noise.

Steamers, tug-boats, and electric launches practice a well-nigh fiendish ingenuity in their varied achievement of toot and whistle as they ply the lakes and rivers, while occasionally some sportive captain equips his craft with a steam siren by way of extra noise.

In many towns and cities of America operatives are called to work, to eat, and—strange anachronism—to rest, by a concert of blasts from the throats of scores or hundreds of factory whistles. Frequently, the factory clocks vary by minutes, when the concert of noise is broken and becomes a succession of prolonged and painful shrieks. It is still the custom, in many places, to put steam-whistles into service as a fire-alarm. It is recorded that the admission of the State of Oklahoma to the Union was lately celebrated by the screaming of steam-whistles for a full hour.

Wagons, laden with structural materials, add to the babel of cities the jar of their carelessly loaded burdens. Automobiles course the city streets and country roads with every variety of discordant signal.

PERSONAL DISORDER

PUBLIC nuisance, unforbidden, is an incitement to personal disorder. Out of the great mass of public noise, the individual noise struggles to be heard. So habitual is the sense of confusion that the single voice, in need of attention, rises into competitive clamor. Street peddlers vie with one another in the noisy advertisement of their wares. Newsboys reëcho the sensational features of the press in tones as exaggerated as many of the journals they vend. Enthusiasm, in any and every cause, vents itself in catcalls, horns, and piercing whistles.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HEARING

AN appreciation of the pathology of noise is dependent upon a simple understanding of the physiology of the nervous mechanism which it offends.

Sound-waves, or composites of sound-waves, to which the human ear is responsive, are placed in two groups—noises and musical sounds. The one class is characterized by the absence, the other by the presence, of the quality of rhythm. These groups are susceptible not only of physical, but of physiological distinction. Noises are recognized by that comparatively simple portion of the auditory mechanism which is known as the vestibule of the inner ear. The appreciation of musical sounds depends upon the cochlea, a part of the inner ear which, in form and function, is essentially a musical instrument. In period of development and quality of function the vestibule is primary. In certain animal forms it alone is present, and these exhibit no differentiation of musical sounds from mere noises. In early infancy, the human babe reacts to noises, often to the point of excitement or terror, but it indicates no differential response to musical sounds. The higher function is the subject of exercise or training. Its development varies widely in different persons and depends upon the sound-analyzing and sound-synthesizing qualities of the cochlea spiral, an organ endowed with a high degree of sympathetic vibration.

It is a physiological rule that, as the specialized features of a function are exalted, its simpler and more general properties, its rudimentary possessions, are contracted. So, as the appreciation of musical sounds increases, the range of the normal appreciation of noises is narrowed.

It is a physiological axiom, also, that specialized function tends toward more and more perfect rhythm. As this rhythmic quality develops, the exercise of the function becomes increasingly pleasurable. So, the more perfect the analysis of musical sounds, the more perfectly rhythmical are the impressions to which they give rise, and the more exquisite is the intellectual pleasure they afford. Directly proportional to this pleasure is the discomfort which arhythmical sounds, or noises, provoke. To the highly organized musical brain, noise is causative of a variable degree of actual pain, the common result of the over-stimulation of any special sense. Loud noises are not only heard, but felt. That even the comparatively untrained ear of the mechanic suffers from continual violence, witness the occurrence of "boiler-maker's deafness."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF NOISE

THAT noise has never been defined as a public nuisance under the common law or the sanitary code is strange, for it is easy to prove its injury to human health. In common with all stimulants, its withdrawal makes its pathological influence physiologically clear.

Now and again, when the vast volume of a city's roar is broken by some musical sound, the sense of auditory relief is testimony to the nerve tension which the hearer habitually and unconsciously suffers. Even in the comparative calm of a city's night, this nerve tension enters into sleep, and mars the relaxation upon which rest depends.

When the neurasthenic undertakes the rest-cure, the overwrought and exhausted nervous system at first rebels against the enforced quietude. It has simply been strung to noise. So integral a part of the consciousness becomes the appreciation of habitual sound that actual silence brings a painful sensé of vacuum, to which the nervous mechanism finds it difficult to adjust itself. A young lad whose whole life had been spent in the ceaseless uproar of a great city cried out upon his first introduction to the country-side, "Oh! it is too much! The stillness hurts!"

The mischievous consequences of irritative stimuli are not by any means confined to the specific sensations that they evoke. Against these prejudicial influences, the nervous system wears an invisible armor, which the physiologist calls the quality of resistance. Multitudinous stimuli act upon the peripheral sense organs of hearing, of sight, of touch, etc., to which the nerve-centers are refractory. They may excite impressions, which flood the avenues of special sense, but against these, whenever they are ineffective (sub-minimal), whenever they are too intensive (hyper-maximal), or whenever they are markedly arhythmical, this wall of resistance in the nerve-centers is raised.

That not only the response, but the resistance of nerve-cells means the expenditure of energy, is shown by the fact that when nerve-cells suffer partial exhaustion, their resistance is readily overcome: they prove too easily responsive. Slight stimuli provoke in them marked reaction; strong stimuli, riotous results. In early and in late life this instability of the nervous mechanism is frequently exhibited. The aged start at slight and unexpected noises. An infant of four months, startled by the explosion of a cannon cracker, has been known to pass into convulsions.

The nervous system is prejudiced by the forced recognition of unpleasant impressions induced by marked noises; but it is also continually taxed to maintain a barrier of protection against the conscious effects of a great volume of minor noise stimuli or to interpose muffling or dampening agencies between the nerve-centers and their excessive and offensive stimulation in this auditory field.

THE REGULATION OF THE NOISE NUISANCE

WHILE this discussion is concerned specially with the sanitary side of the question, there is an economic aspect of it which invites consideration. Noise is the direct measure of wasted power in other forms of force than that of nervous energy.

The regulation of this form of nuisance is both physiologically and economically desirable, and it is practically attainable. A careful review of the principal sources of noise nuisance suggests that education, leading up to public legislation on the one hand, and to personal control on the other, is requisite for relief.

The general adoption of the block system, with automatic semaphores and crossing-guards, would do away with virtually all locomotive signals on steam and trolley roads. Muffling or sound-deadening devices of various sorts are available for application to both locomotive and stationary engines. So far as safety demands the retention of sound-signals on boats and motor-cars, a certain musical quality in these may be secured. The tremolo, in use upon some automobiles, is proof of the possibility.

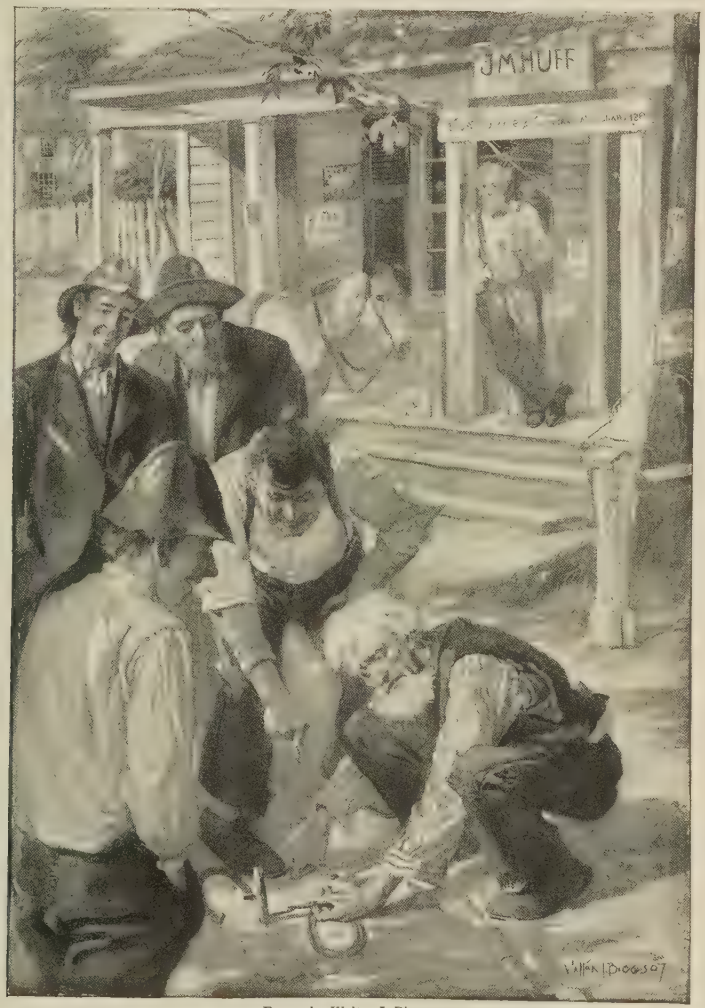
Preference should be given to those forms of street paving which combine durability and sound-muffling qualities. Manhole covers may be made to fit firmly. Wagons, loaded with structural materials, uncushioned to prevent jar, should be forbidden travel upon the public streets. Rubber tires, already in general use, should invariably be employed. Whistling in street-cars should be forbidden.

Vendors should be required to present their wares in inoffensive quiet. Public and private celebrations which partake of the nature of riot should be forbidden by law. The use of firearms and fireworks should be generally suppressed in the interest not only of life and limb, but of nerve-poise. Exhibitions and athletic events should not be permitted to degenerate into disturbances of the peace. A note of comfort is to be found in the recent prohibition, in a Western city, of automobile tooting as a form of applause, at park concerts.

PUBLIC and private education should encourage the belief that enthusiasm is not dampened by dignity; that the low, modulated voice is music to the ear, and speaks alike of culture and of good taste.

Richard Olding Beard.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

PITCHING QUOITS—THE TIE

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

Humor in School[1]

THE inspector was examining a junior class, and asked if any of them had ever seen a tomahawk. "I seen a hawk in a tree, but I did n't know if it was a Tommy hawk or a hen hawk," answered a little chap.

It is a boy who writes, "Meddlesome means a woman." (He is evidently suffering from over-government.) He goes on to elucidate: "Temper means anger and haterad mixed"; "Negroes are black men that grow into boogies"; "Explosion is something like gas

[1] For similar articles by the same writer see THE CENTURY for April and July, 1905.

when you can't put it out or on"; "Groan means you are disgraceful sick"; "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle—it is very hard to get."

Traces of home didactics are discernible in this written composition: "You should always be clean in your person, specially on gymnasium days, because if you broke your leg or anything, you would n't want your family disgraced all over the town by an unclean skin." This brings to mind a startling response from a normal-school student in Toronto. The professor of hygiene had been holding forth for an hour, and, winding up his discourse, asked, "When, then, is the best time to take a bath?" "In the spring," was the somewhat disconcerting response of a country youth, who evidently waits till the ice breaks in the creek.

In Ontario schools they have public worship, and one young teacher of a primary class taught her flock to sing many hymns. An inspector was on his periodic rounds. He talked to the little people informally, and they read for him in concert, and showed their paper-weaving, and did callisthenics till they were red in the face. One little chap raised his hand and asked, "Can't we *thing* for Mr. Hughes?" His teacher discouraged him, but after the next school-room stunt, again the hand waved and again the request was preferred. The inspector unbent. "Well, Sammy, little man, what would you like to sing?" Sammy ducked, and came up with, "Plethe,

'Here we thuffer grief and pain.'"

Wordsworth calls his "She was Phantom of Delight" "a poem of the imagination," and so it proved. The couplet,

> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,

is thus explained: "At first when he met her, he thought she was too lovely to eat common food as common people do, but after he was married to her he found she was a good woman—a spirit still—but she could eat common food and was a good housekeeper."

Another explains the passage: "She did n't think nature's daily food was too simple for her, but took anything she was offered and was pleased with it." Concluding remarks on the "Phantom" are: "She received every one who called on her, and she agreed with 'most anybody." "She was a true woman and always kept herself young." "When Wordsworth married her he was n't very well acquainted with her, but he soon came to know her very well indeed."

An uncomfortable little boy was sitting in the school hallway crying. "What 's the matter, little boy?" queried the tender-hearted visitor. "I 'm—*boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!*—waitin' to get licked." "What are you to be whipped for?" "I don't know—*boo-hoo!* I never done nothin'." "Oh, does your teacher whip you on general principles?" "No, *boo-hoo!* on the hands." Another boy, asked at home if he had got any marks at school that day, answered feelingly, "Yes; but they 're where they don't show."

In the city of Vancouver they have a private school for the "daughters of gentlemen," and their advertisement promises "a refined English accent." After morning prayers the pupils take a daily drill in the "accent." One sentence which they carol in unison is, "It makes me *loff* to see a *coff* walk up a *poth* to get his *bawth*." The young hyenas from the public school around the corner have christened these elect "the spotted cows," and jeer them on sight. An elder brother declares, "It comes high, the accent; on the Canadian Pacific Railway you can get a bath for a quarter, but a 'bawth' costs you fifty cents."

"Who is your teacher?" I asked a little girl in the corridor. "Mith Lee; and I go to Thunday-Thchool, too." "Do you? And who is your teacher in Sunday-School?" "Juth the thame, with a hat on."

It was the first lesson in fractions. "If your mother had six people to dinner, and only five potatoes, how must she divide them so that each would get an equal portion?" They struggled with the problem for a while, and no light came, then joyfully a member of the domestic-science class exclaimed, "Mash the potatoes."

The manual-training teacher and the demonstrator of domestic science were leisurely walking home to lunch together, when one little girl on the cathedral steps announced to another, "That 's the wood-man and the cook-lady from the central school." More dignity was theirs than fell to my own lot. "Move your bicycle nearer to the fence, dearie, and let the lady pass." "That ain't a lady, mama; that 's a *school-teacher*." Still, like the policeman and the pound-keeper, I had my uses. My school was on the borders of a park. Another fond mother was taking her daughter, aged four, to see the swans. The child balked in front of the school, sat down on the bench, and refused to move. Through the open windows we heard: "Come, Gertie; come quick. Come, or Miss Cameron will get you."

"Gee, I can't do this!" complained Ted, busy over his home-work. "Say, mother, how many turnips in a bushel?" "I don't know, dear. Surely your teacher did n't ask you that." "She did, sure; we 've got to have it to-morrow in our music exam." The perplexed parent made inquiries, and found the demand to be, "How many beats in a measure?"

In a Winnipeg school a young Galician was asked to define "settler." "If two kids is fighting on Main Street and a big pleaceman yanks them apart, the big pleaceman is a settler."

Some "made in Holland" ideas: "In Holland the curious little girls also wear big, full dresses, but all other ways they are made very plain." "Amsterdam is noted for its windmills, five miles long, and four hundred of them." "The men are no less queerless than the children."

Roy Cluness spent most of his time in the reformatory. In the brief spaces between his lapses from grace he found himself far behind the others in the class. I came across him one day scowling at his slate, the very picture of despair. Before him was a long sum in cancelation. He looked up at me with, "Nothink won't go into nothink!" and you could hear the Dead-Sea ashes crunch between his teeth. There was something ever in this sinner's attitude that appealed to me. Dirty and disheveled, he presented himself in the office one day, reported for disorderly conduct. Looking down, I saw in the lapel of his coat a celluloid button with the legend, "I have troubles of my own." Who could resist that mute appeal?

In a nature-study exam came the demand, "Of what use are snails?" Jimmie racked his brains in desperation, and then wrote, "Snails are good to compare us to when we are slow." It was he who to the question "What are heavenly bodies?" replied, "Good dead people."

In Killarney, Manitoba, a perigrinating preacher of the mild type pronouncedly English, with a congenital dislocation of his h's, went over to the school to announce a "lectchaw" that he was to "delivaw." He remarked that in South Africa there were "all sawts of men: black men, wite men, red men, and even green men," and asked the children if they had ever seen a green man. One stupid urchin, who did n't have brains enough to be "cheeky" or "smart" if he tried, raised his hand with fingers excitedly snapping. "And what is a green man like, my boy?" (With a bland smile.) "Please, sir, he 's an *Englishman*, sir." It may be said in explanation that the boy had no intention of being personal. He was just stating a fact that he had heard reiterated a hundred times at his home, where the remittance-men sent out from the mother-land to learn "rawnching" are familiarly known as "mud students."

Geography is a subject full of variations: "The motions of the earth are from east to west, and revolting." "Hills are good to plant potatoes and corn in." "A hemisphere is a thing which gives us the different kinds of heat." "The axis is that spear that the earth turns round on." "A canal is a place where garbage is dumped." "Steppes is little holes in the sides of a mountain." "Geography is a kind of book that teaches you the situation of the world."

The advantages of the higher education are hinted at in this advertisement in a recent issue of an English paper: "Wanted—a gentleman of good presence, capable of milking goats. University man preferred. Apply in first instance, with reference to Z."

Duncan came from "ayont the Tweed" and was fitted with that peculiar kind of "Caledonian mind" against which Charles Lamb inveighs. In the Latin class he read slowly, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" Teacher, impatiently, "Well, Duncan, can't you translate?" "Oh, yes, sir," assented Duncan the literal, "I get the words all right,—'the poet is born, not made,'—but I don't quite catch on to the point. Most other men are born, too, are n't they, sir?"

To the question, "What are the three independent parts of speech?" a small child hazarded, "The three independent parts of speech are *will, won't,* and *sha'n't.*"

The class was asked to define certain words, and then to use each in a sentence to show its application. This appeared: "Vengeance, a mean desire to get even; 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord."

This advertisement from an English paper tickles the fancy: "The late head-boy of an excellent private school desires to recommend it after being a pupil in it for seven years."

The examiner's demand, "The name Evangeline means the bringer of glad tidings. Show from the poem that the name was wisely bestowed," brought forth this answer: "The word 'Evangeline' means the bringer of glad tidings. This name was given to her when in the sultry noon-tide she carried to the tired reapers flagons of home-brewed ale."

A little girl on the point of leaving the playground at recess was called back. "I 'm only going to the store for ten cents' worth of taffy." "What do you want ten cents' worth of taffy for?" asked the monitor. "For ten cents," was the demure and unanswerable reply.

Strange are the children's complaints as indicated by "excuses" from the home. "Jimmie is suffering from pomonia," suggests the green-apple season. A deep reproach lies in this: "Dere teacher, you allow the children to drink altogether too much water, it has gone to Tommy's brain."

A meek mother writes, "The children must stay home to-day for their grandmother's funeral; I recognize it is a very inconvenient season just at the term's end, but trust you will excuse it."

Agnes Deans Cameron.



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

IT MIGHT BE WORSE

"You don't know," said Spot, "what a dog's life is mine.
Dear Puss, how I wish that my life were like thine."
"If it were," replied Puss, "don't you think you 'd repine—
If, instead of one dog's life, you had to live nine?"

Lines to My Growing Son

STOP pulling father's papers round,
Don't pick holes with his pens,
And please remember not to drink
Your versifying daddy's ink:
It costs him many yens.
Now, come, give dad that book you found
Before you have it all unbound.

Stop playing with that match, my dear
(Yes, I 've no doubt it burns);
Now, *why* should daddy buy you meat
If you forever try to eat
The small change that he earns?
You need n't cry and think it queer
When that shoe-button hurts your ear.

'Cause you can't eat the gravel walk,
Don't bite your nurse's arm.
She 'd let you eat it, but she feels
That it might spoil your other meals
And do your tummy harm.
And really, son, papa must balk:
You 've marked the whole house up with chalk.

You *will* lift pussy by the foot:
No wonder you got scratched.
Don't fall down-stairs; you 'll break your legs.
And don't play ball with fresh-laid eggs,
Or how can they get hatched?
If in the grate your head you put,
Of course your hair gets full of soot.

ENVOY

Wherever you 're going,
Come right back now!
Whatever you 're blowing,
Do stop that row!
Whatever you 're drinking,
Will make you sick!
Whatever you 're thinking,
Forget it, quick!
Whatever you 've found to play with,
Drop it!
In short, whatever you 're doing,
STOP IT!

Julian Street.

A Protest

I AM not fond of finding fault when things go wrong with me,
I rather pride myself upon my broad philosophy.
I 'd rather smile than weep about the troubles of this life,
And never yet have failed to find some joy amid the strife;
But honestly I dra[illegible] the line at calling down a blessing
On "Predigested[illegible] Anti-septic Dressing.

In foods I 'm not particular—'most any kind of pie
Will find a welcome at my hands, a twinkle in my eye.
If hard-boiled eggs are all there be, why, hard-boiled eggs I 'll eat,
And manage, even if they 're cold, to hold them quite a treat;
But ne'er will I be reconciled in all this world of guessing
To "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-septic Dressing."

An ancient steak, a chop of veal, with tough sole-leather hide,
Will always find a nice warm spot awaiting them inside.
The chicken-neck such as they serve where comic writers dwell,
I 'll taste, and, if I 'm forced, admit I like it pretty well;
But never will I render thanks, to taste for it confessing,
For "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-septic Dressing."

The breakfast foods I do not mind. Saw-dust is often good,
And shavings, chips, and splinters, too, especially when stewed.
The coffees, too, in which there is no trace of coffee left,

I do not find of virtues quite teetotally bereft;
But never can you make me like, with all
your nice finessing,
This "Predigested Turkey stuffed with
Antiseptic Dressing."

ENVOY

Cook, for the love of Savarin, and other
noble chefs,
Why don't you leave this health-food stunt
to other plain D. F's?
Come, serve the good old stuffs of yore, and
not this nerve-depressing,
Canned "Predigested Turkey stuffed with
Antiseptic Dressing!"

John Kendrick Bangs.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author



Drawn by Oliver Herford

III. The Gargoil

THE Gargoil often makes its perch
On a cathedral or a church,
Where, mid ecclesiastic style,
He smiles an early-Gothic smile.
And while the parson, dignified,
Spouts at his weary flock inside,
The Gargoil, from his lofty seat,
Spouts at the people in the street,
And, like the parson, seems to say
To those beneath him, "Let us spray."
I like the Gargoil best; he plays
So cheerfully on rainy days,
While parsons (no one can deny)
Are awful dampers — when they 're dry.



Drawn by Oliver Herford

IV. The Hydra

THE Hydra Hercules defied
Its nine diminished heads must hide
Before the baneful modern beast
Who has a thousand heads at least.
See how in horrid tiers they rise,
With straining ears and bulging eyes,
While, blinded by fierce calcium rays,
The trembling victim tribute pays
Of song or measure, mime or jest,
To soothe the savage Hydra's breast.
If she please not the monster's whim,
Wild scribes will tear her limb from limb;
Even if charmed, he rend the air
With hideous joy, let her beware;
For she must surely soon or late,
Fall 'neath the hissing Hydra's hate.

Precaution

BY ELOISE LEE SHERMAN

I NEBER had no wish to be
A sho 'nough mill'onaire,
'Ca 'se so much money es dat is
Mus' be er right smart care.

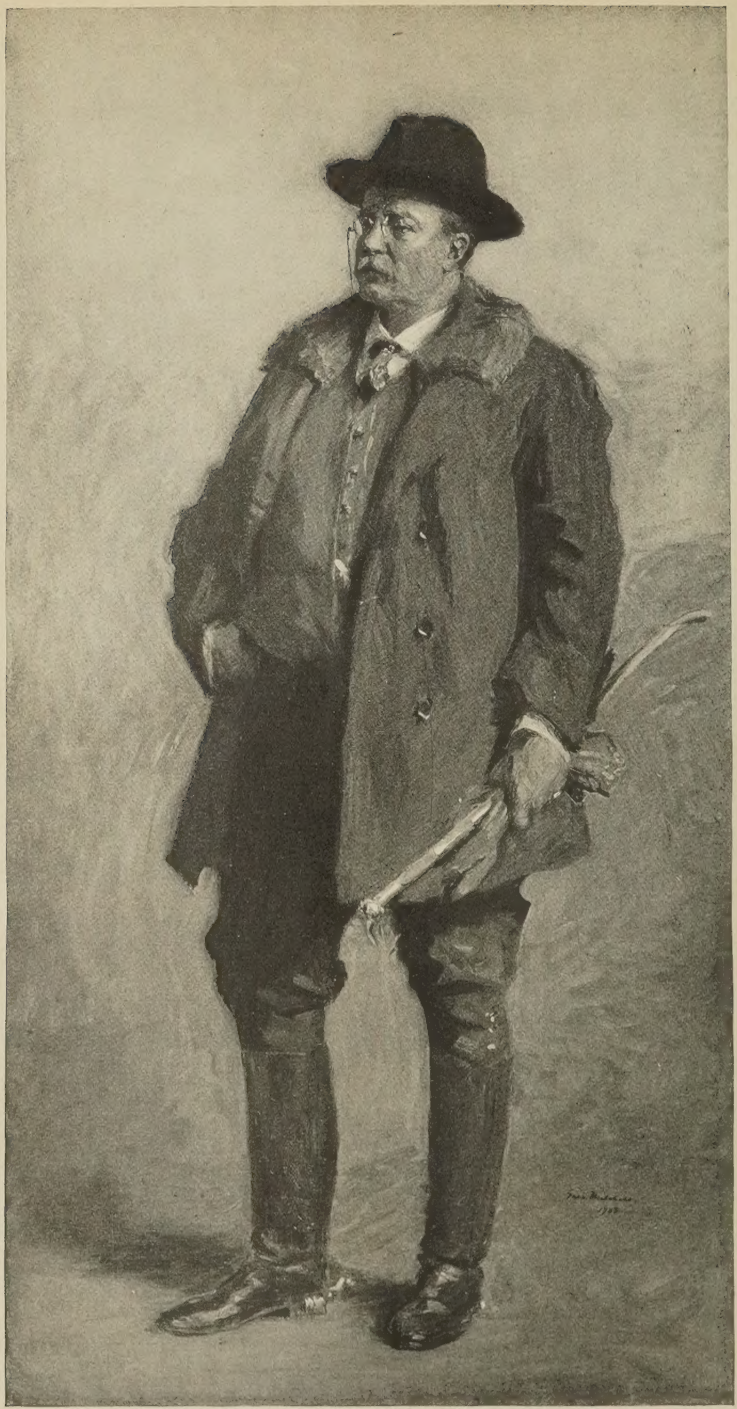
What I 'u'd like, is des enough
To keep things runnin' smoove,
As ef de wheel er life was 'iled
An' easy in hits groove.

I 'd like to git along so well
I would n' hab to pinch;
I 'd like to hab bofe ends to meet
An' lap about er inch.

Ef dey did dat, dat 's all I 'd ask,
'Ca 'se dat 'u'd be er lot;
But I 'd sho take dem ends an' tie
In des one good hard knot.

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